THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illus[trated] Weekly Magazine
Found[ed by Benjamin Fr]anklin

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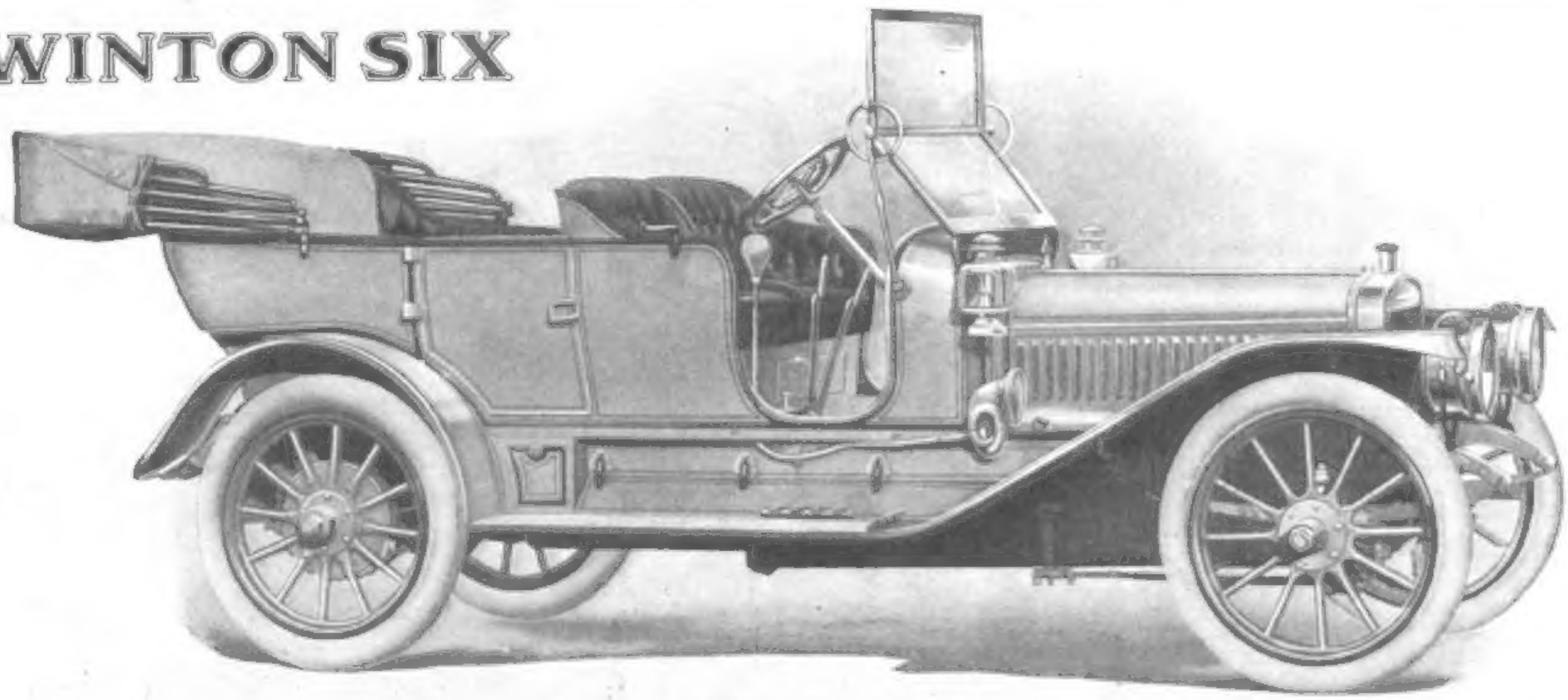
THANKSGIVING

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

WINTON SIX



You Always Pay *More* Than a Car's Actual Value

¶ Every buyer pays the maker the cost of materials and workmanship in the car, and the maker's profit.

All legitimate charges.

Especially profit, which is the maker's wages for his skill in producing from raw materials a finished article of merit.

The Buyer Pays *More*

¶ But the buyer pays for more things than these.

Increased payment that profits *neither* maker nor buyer.

We refer to "overhead."

What "Overhead" Is

¶ Overhead, a business term, means "non-productive" expense.

Includes the maker's bonded debt, mortgages, rents, racing expenses, losses, waste, and the cost of administration.

Overhead Adds No Merit

¶ Most overhead never adds an iota of merit to the car; never increases the car buyer's enjoyment.

But the buyer pays for it just the same, whether he knows it or not, and whether he likes it or not.

1911 Winton Six Features

Smooth as velvet six-cylinder, 48 H. P. motor. Only motor that *cranks itself*. Ball bearing multiple-disc clutch and four-speed selective transmission. Stromberg carburetor. Bosch magneto. Exide battery. 124 inch wheel base. Frame narrowed in front to permit short turns. Spacious five-passenger body. Holds the world's lowest upkeep record —77 cents per 1000 miles. Price $3000.

The Duty of the Maker

¶ Since overhead does not make the car better, but only adds to the buyer's expense, thereby forcing upon him a burden for which he receives no value, the maker's duty should be to keep overhead expense down to absolute minimum.

These Are Our Inside Facts

¶ That is exactly the Winton Company's policy.

We carry no bonded debt, and no mortgages.

Own our plant and equipment scot free from debt.

Have no water in our stock.

Take the cash discount on our accounts payable.

Waste no money in racing or other unnecessary "stunts."

And manage our entire business with minimum red tape, minimum waste, and absolutely no extravagance.

Our Price Explained

¶ That is the sole reason why we can sell you a car of highest grade at a price so extremely low.

¶ In other words, because we believe you should not be required to pay for anything *you do not get*, we keep quality *up* and overhead *down*.

Our Car is the Best Proof

¶ The car itself, the Winton Six for 1911, proves these facts.

Look it over. Observe what it is, and what it can do.

Then compare it, point for point, with other high-grade cars; and satisfy yourself that you save yourself from $1000 to $3000 by purchasing a Winton Six—a car of convincing merit, whose overhead is down to rockbottom.

Get Our Factful Literature

¶ We have three books that every car buyer ought to read. These are our 1911 catalog, The Difference Between Price and Value, which tells more facts about overhead, and Twelve Rules to Help Buyers, a guide to safety in buying a car of whatever make, size or price.

Clip the coupon and mail it today.

Send the three books mentioned in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Cleveland, O.

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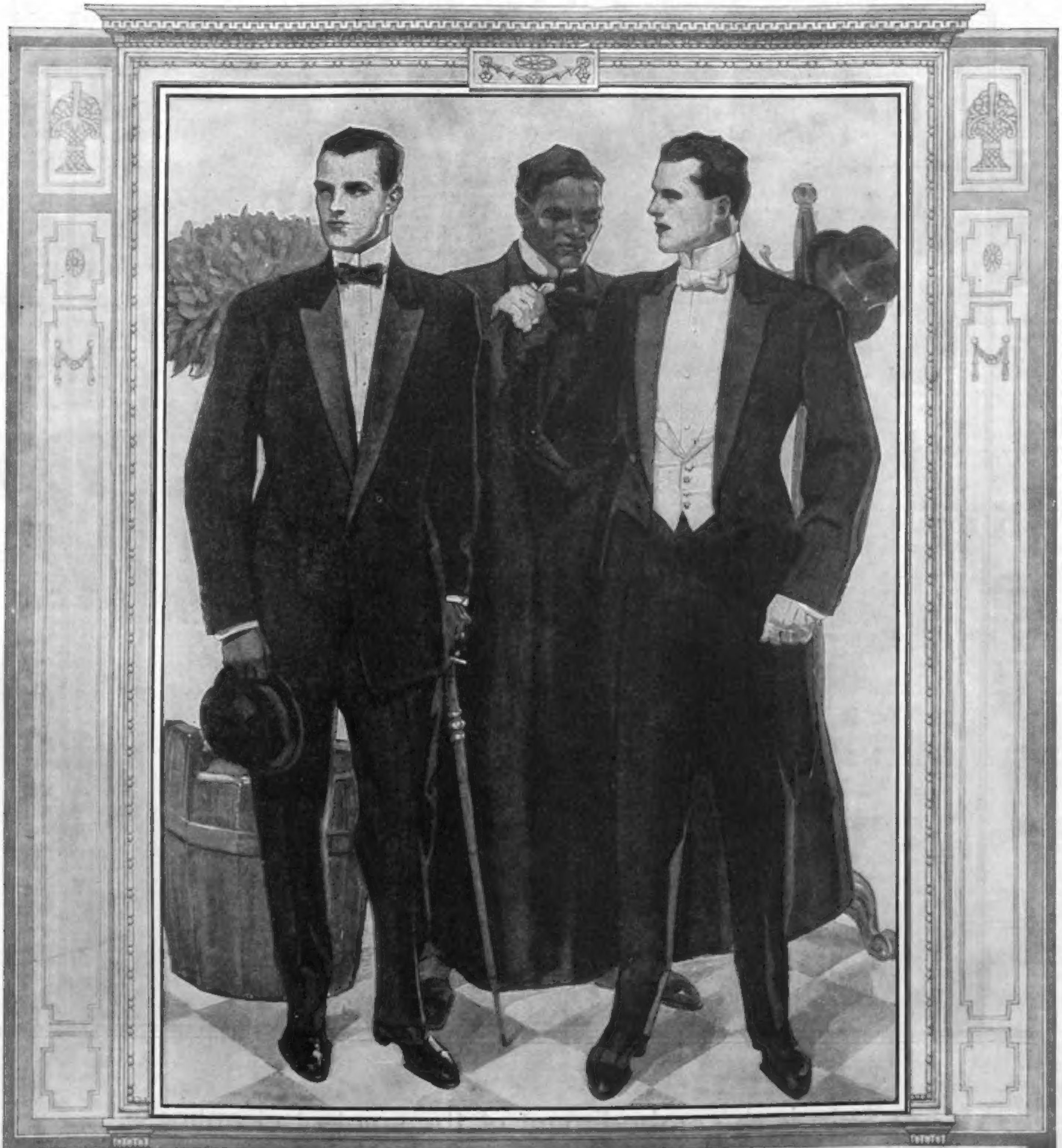

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IF all of you men knew, what some of you know, that you can step into any store selling our clothes and be quickly and correctly fitted in evening dress, all of you would do it; which would be a good thing for all of us.

Our name is your security of quality, tailoring, style

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

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Ivory Soap is the embodiment of the spirit of cleanliness.
It is mild. It is gentle. It is pure.
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FAIR PLAY

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"PAY? O' course she don't pay!" Tom Pancoast, a sour, elderly man in blue overalls, reached his lank arm over the other men's heads and chose a dusty hat from the peg-row. "What do you care? You pull yours, don't ye? Thought I seen ye leadin' your thirst up to the Mint every Saturday night!"

"So he does!" cried another ranch hand from the bottom of the long table. "And there ain't none left to lead home!"

"You pull yours, don't ye?" Pancoast repeated in surly triumph. "Y' old blanket-stiff, what do you care whether the Blue Knoll pays or not?"

"That's right too!" A youngster, rising from the table and plucking down another dusty hat, wiped his lips with the back of his fist and laughed. "What's the odds how your time-check gits to ye, when ye know how it gits away?"

"The old thing does pay, I tell ye!" cried still another disputant, sliding cramped between bench and table, then clumsily rising. "Tell ye she does!"

"Don't neither!"—"Does so!" Wrangling more from habit than from interest, the men got slowly on foot, recovered all the dust-brown hats, and with the slouching gait of laborers who have finished another meal and another day's work, began trooping toward the door. "Lot you know, anyhow!"—"And all that noo levee!"—"Well, the boss he says to me"—"Ever hear o' one that did?"—"And them cows with the lump-jaw"—"All I say is"—"Aw, pay your gra'mother!"

The door stood open to the veranda, the back yard, and the high, broad-sweeping twilight of the valley. In from this, up the steps and through the broken ranks of the debaters, reeled a dusty little man who, like Moses, wist not that the skin of his face shone. It glowed with something redder than sunburn. He made a few tangled steps into the room, stood swaying in the crowd, and looked heavily from face to face with unseeing, owlish wisdom.

"Hi there, Joe!" The chorus greeted him joyfully. "Drunk again, Joe! Been to town, ain't ye? Got a snoutful, Joe? Where's your mail-bag? Get me so, I want to be so!"

The unfortunate reveler stared about him, helpless, until, stumbling by chance into the arms of Pancoast, he received an indignant push that sent him headlong. "Quit your tramplin' on my feet!" cried an angry voice. Another shove returned him on old Tom; and now, the game being fairly afoot, he was bandied about the circle, clutching wildly at this or that tormentor, sweeping both arms in ineffectual blows, like Peer Gynt bedeviled by goblins.

The men laughed; but as their horseplay grew more rough it took a sudden turn away from comedy. Joe's fist, swung back at random, smacked on a man's jaw. The man laughed, and sent him spinning again. A chair intervened. Joe toppled into the empty fireplace with a crash. From the narrow mantelshelf something fell clattering upon the hearth. It was a large, black revolver.

"Hi!" said Pancoast. "There goes the boss' gun!"

The drunkard stared at it and considered. Next moment he hoisted himself upright, grasped a corner of the shelf in one hand, and in the other brandished the ugly weapon that chance had given him.

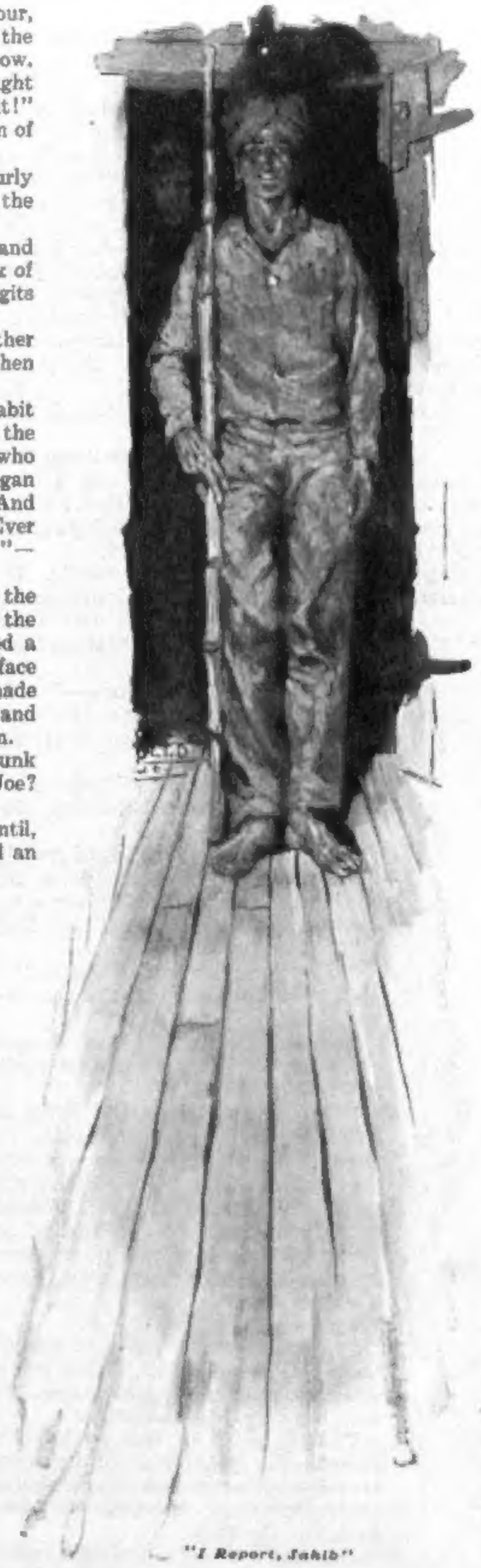
"You fellers," he cried, exalted with fury—"You fellers think —— Ye can't make small o' me!"

The men, just now so noisy, became very quiet. They heard the click of the hammer, cocked by an unsure thumb. One or two of them silently dodged into the veranda; another, apelike, vaulted through the open window; another knelt abjectly behind the supper table. Some stood their ground, but not without flinching.

"Call the boss!" murmured one.

The youth who had spoken rashly concerning money, its ebb and flow, advanced toward the fireplace.

"Aw now, Joe," he wheedled, raising a conciliatory hand. "You look here, Joe. Don't you go be foolish."



"I Report, Sahib"

The drunken figure of menace held his weapon drooping, but let the muzzle describe a generalized ellipse. "I'll show ye!" he declared thickly. "I'll show ye who's best man in this room." He fixed the peacemaker with dull yet cunning eyes. "You come one step furder, Brannif, and I'll blow your block off."

His hand slipping on the shelf, he lurched sidelong, but recovered himself with measureless gravity.

"Call the boss!" repeated the same uneasy voice.

"Mr. Blake!" whimpered the man who knelt behind the table.

"Mr. Blake!" Other voices took up the call. "Mr. Blake!"

The master of the situation flourished its key aloft. "Blake, is it?" he croaked. "I'll Blake him! He thinks he's a devil of a man, don't he? Show your nose inside here, Blake, and I'll make ye the meanest-lookin' bag o' bones on the Coast!"

Across the room from the fireplace a door quietly opened. Daniel Blake, manager of the Blue Knoll, entered from his little bedroom and office, carrying in his arms an old saddle. A solid, erect young man, brown as the very leather, he held himself like a trooper. Worn riding-breeches of whipcord, and leggings chafed through at the calf, gave him the stamp of active service. It seemed anachronism for such an outdoor figure, so alert and martial and sunburnt, to come within the walls of a house.

"You men make noise enough," he announced curtly, without appearing to see anything in the room. "Could hear you clear out by the front fence." Laying the saddle on a chair, he crossed the floor as though preoccupied, halted close to the drunkard and looked down at him, more surprised than offended.

"What you doing with my gun, Joe? Put her back where she belongs."

It seemed no more than a bit of advice given in passing. Like a child replacing a forbidden ornament, Joe laid the revolver on the mantel.

"We don't run a New York Wild West here," Dan continued in that weary tone which conveys the most blighting discouragement. "Plain farming—no fancy work. Joe, you come in tomorrow when you're sober. I'll give you your time." He glanced over the disorderly table. "All hands had supper?"

Taking this royal hint that the audience was ended, the men grinned sheepishly at one another and withdrew. Joe, somewhat dazed, found his way out among them. Their voices, the scratching of a match or two on the veranda posts, flares from lighting pipes, the wheeze of the pump-handle and clank of dipper and chain came through the open door as the troop slowly dispersed.

Dan stood before the fireplace and surveyed without satisfaction the long room thus cleared. He gave no thought to present scene or past episode. It was with a distant, meditative air that he fingered the revolver on the shelf and, carefully easing its hammer down from cock, let it stay where the drunken man had left it. He did not rouse or turn his head when the kitchen door swung open close behind him.

The cook, a wiry little Chinaman in white, his queue neatly but impudently coiled into a diadem of braids, went scuffing back and forth, bearing off dishes from the ruins of supper. Now and then, with a grimace at the veranda and the departing men, he expressed his opinion of their manners.

"Allee same Ho Bo!" he grunted. And when he had cleared a space at the head of the table, brought in a lighted lamp and placed it, he was still muttering: "Allee same Ho Bo! Awful dirty man! No good!"

Iteration brought result. Dan broke off his musing and turned. His sunburnt face took a more genial cast.

"What's the matter now, Tau?" he inquired. "Wha's matter no good?"

The little Chinaman slammed a clean plate down beside the lamp, tossed his head, and cried over his shoulder:

"No likee this place!—I leave I go!—No work no more! I leave I go!"

"All right," replied his master with calm good humor. "Go as soon as you please. It's a long walk to the station." Dan crossed the room, halted at a little desk by the corner window, lifted and shuffled a few letters there, and pitched them down. "All these are old letters, Tau. Joe, he no bring mail today?"

Tau, discarding a resignation taken so placidly, turned all his scorn toward the new grievance.

"Huh!" he snorted. "Joe, he no catchem. Allo time losem! Joe, he dronk. Cally bottle, he pocket. Allo time dronk! Las' night, head on doorstep!"

Dan smiled at this testimony.

"All right." He snapped a rubber band over the letters and stowed them in a drawer. "Third time, now, the mail's gone astray."

"Heh-heh!" The little white-robed servant kicked open the kitchen door, swung against it backward and cackled before disappearing with his burden of dishes. "Heh-heh! Pretty quick, Joe, he fire'!"

The young manager, alone for the moment, viewed again with a look of disgust, half comic and half sincere, the long, bare chamber, the disarray of the table, the wooden benches pulled askew. If Dan had the aspect of a trooper, his dining room had that of a barracks, not to say a stable.

"Humph! Joe makes four men fired this week." He stood musing. "Shiftless lot. Tau's right: all same hobo. That's where Joe'll probably head for—that hobo camp down among the live-oaks. Shiftless ——Hallo!"

A sound on the veranda had brought Dan about face. A tall man dragged himself up the steps and stood looking into the room. His head, against the failing twilight, loomed supernaturally big; its disproportion to his long, slim body appeared enormous, until the stranger, lowering it in a slight bow, made manifest the cause. He wore a heavy black turban. His dark eyes and pale brown face had the look that comes only from exhaustion. Placing one hand at the top of the doorframe he leaned there weakly, and again bowed.

"What do you want?" Blake's question sounded far from hospitable. "You're one of those Hindu Bengal ragheads, aren't you, that come overrunning this country nowadays?"

The tall foreigner's teeth gleamed, splendidly white, in a faint ironic smile.

"Not *babu*, sah." His voice, low but resonant, was that of a tired man. "No, sah: Punjabi. I am a Sikh."

Dan sniffed.

"All same to me. Where'd you come from?"

The Sikh made a weary gesture toward the north.

"Vancou Vir, sah. Walking the railway."

With a long unresilient stride he came forward into the lamplight. Besides his great black turban he wore only a ragged jacket, green with age, and trousers of khaki tight-scanted about his spindling legs. Dust, coating the bare feet, helped to staunch the blood that smeared one ankle.

"Foot hurt?" said Dan, pointing.

"Yes, sah—on the way of walking," replied the Sikh indifferently. "I am very hungerry—to die."

"Go wash 'em off," Dan ordered. "There's the pump."

The wayfarer limped into the veranda, thrust his feet by turns under the spout, and pumped a stream over them. When he returned young Mr. Blake had brought from his desk a vial of collodion and a fluff of white cotton.

"Sit down on that bench," came the stern command, "and hold out your hoof."

The Sikh, with a slow look of surprise and deprecation, obeyed. His shoulders, high and thin, made a sharp edge under the shabby jacket; but that edge ran straight and upheld his turban erect, with the unmistakable poise of army habit. Dignity appeared in his pinched brown face—the dignity of some Old Testament warrior.

"What You Doing With My Gun, Joe? Put Her Back Where She Belongs"

"How's that, Raghead?" inquired the flippant Dan, as he painted a cocoon over the wounded ankle. "Let her dry. So you walked the ties from Vancouver? What's your name, anyhow?"

"My name, sah?" replied the patient, inspecting with a grave smile of curiosity the white patch on his foot. "My name Lal Singh."

Dan rummaged in a closet, and came out bearing an old pair of boots.

"Try those." He tossed them over without ceremony. "Tau!" he called. "Tau!" And when the cook opened the swing-door of the kitchen to thrust in his braidbound head he said: "Tau, you bring a bundle of grub here for this man."

The little Chinaman gave a snort of mutiny.

"I not wait on Niggo man!" he cried, glaring at the barefooted stranger. "I leave I go!"

Lal Singh raised his mild brown eyes in a look of scorn.

"You bring food," Dan repeated calmly.

Tau's head vanished. A rebellious yell and the noise of outrage among dishes resounded from his kitchen. The Sikh wearily smiled.

"When we fight those men"—he waved his hand toward the disturbance, then made as if brushing flies away—"they good for nothing. They running always."

Dan regarded him with greater interest and favor.

"Where did you fight Chinamen? Oh, siege of Peking?"

"That was the name of that city." Lal Singh drew a boot on his sound foot and slowly fastened the lacing. "I fight there, in the regiment, and my three brother. Hari Singh, my brother, he is killed that place. We having bad officer. That officer can help—my brother fighting—that officer let him die. That sahib was no born sahib! Look!" Tugging at his bootlace, the Sikh broke it. "The officer like that inside!" He dangled the rotten string. "My brother is killed. We four—now we being three. That officer go out of army. Every man spitting to see him, inside the heart."

The speaker flung away his broken bootlace in disgust. "Like that!"

The kitchen door flew open before a thundering kick. Little Tau entered and, throwing on the table a newspaper bundle, turned without a word, bent back his head to signify languid superiority, and went dragging out like a man whose body is weary of this great world.

"There's your food." Dan pointed at the bundle. The Sikh rose from the bench, straightening his lean figure till the black turban towered over Dan's head. Then proudly he gave the military salute.

"The sahib—the sahib ——" His English failed him. He tapped his breast over the heart. "You good man! You good man!"

Boot in one hand, bundle in the other, he limped slowly toward the door; then paused.

"My two brother," he added gravely, "I tell how the sahib is good man. My two brother, they eat this foodings also."

"Your brothers with you?" said Dan.

The Sikh bowed.

"What you going to do when that"—his benefactor nodded at the bundle—"when that's gone?"

The Sikh's white teeth flashed again as he replied, with a smile of gentle melancholy:

"Tighting the belt, sahib. That all finish, we going hungerry more again. No money." Suddenly a light crept over the thin brown face. "The sahib can give work? We having no work. Cannot get. I am good night-watchman of go-downs. We three brother do workings for the sahib? Good watchman. Good working. Yes!"

Dan considered, frowning.

"I don't like to let any man starve," he declared reluctantly. "When you've eaten your supper come back here. I'll see. There may be something."

The tall man, his face yet brighter, made another bow, turned and, depressing his black turban to clear the doorframe, set his long shanks moving. He passed forth into the dusk.

Dan watched him out of sight; stood for a time looking vacantly about; glanced at the table, where his own supper had not yet appeared; and then, sitting by the little desk, relapsed into his former state of reverie.

After a hot day the night closed in like the spreading of a scorched blanket. What little wind was alive came unwelcome from the north—more hot and dry than the Auster of Horace, and laden

He Opened It at Random and Began to Read

with microscopic grit blown all the way from Oregon. The sour, burnt smell of wheat and barley stubble pervaded the house at every puff; and whenever the lamp gave signs of flickering, a line of thin black dust crept farther across the floor, or redisposed itself in a capricious whirl.

All this Dan knew of old; he noted merely that the night, like the day, would be stifling. He reached out mechanically, took from the desk a small blue volume, opened it at random and began to read. The frown gradually cleared from his face; after a time his lips began slightly to move, as though the young man were testing the words by his inward ear and relished them. Yee Tau, the little Chinaman, scuffed in from time to time, bearing clean dishes; collected the fragments of the former supper; drew back his head with a painful motion, to show the ache of his discontent, and scuffed out again. He came and went, bringing and taking away. His master sat absorbed in the little book.

Thus Dan—when at last he laid the book face down on the desk, and turned—discovered that a newcomer had slipped in quietly from the veranda. Weather-worn khaki, variously stained, gave the man a queer, nondescript, ambiguous look, as if he might be either a dissolute workman or an industrious wanderer. He had paused to survey the table and to calculate. The gray eyes that he turned toward Dan were lively, humorous, but his lips, undisciplined and slack.

"Well?" said Dan gruffly.

"Well, old fellow?" retorted the man in khaki, with a British drawl, at once as cool, impudent and friendly as—from so bedraggled a figure—it was startling.

"How goes all?" he continued, his predatory eye roving once more toward the table.

"How goes it all with our lord and master, eh? Any chow left for the poor scout that guards you safe at home?"

Young Mr. Blake's face could not lose all the lines of habitual good humor. These altered, however, almost to disappearance. He paused before answering.

"I could tell you better if —— Look here, we may as well have straight talk! Which am I speaking to: the gopher man or Mr. C. Hamer Gitcombe?"

The visitor laughed readily, as though disclaiming offense.

"Suppose the latter?" he ventured.

"Then I think," said the manager, eying him squarely, "that you don't altogether keep our agreement. You were to be treated exactly like the other men. Is this kind o' thing fair?"

The Englishman smiled indulgently.

"Oh, come!" he protested. "Surely you're not such a stickler as all that, now, are you? I tramp round your beastly hot levee scouting for the festive gopher, don't you know, and come in a bit late, perhaps, and that sort of thing. Well, then, suppose you are talking to the gopher man?"

Dan, who had risen and flung one leg across the corner of the desk, sat watching him without resentment, but without compromise.

"Gopher man it is, then," he agreed. "Now, I hired you as I've hired dozens of other men. You wanted a job; I gave it to you. You understood that on this ranch there are no favorites. It's not a question of coming late to dinner, but coming here to loaf and talk. However pleasant your company may be ——"

Mr. C. Hamer Gitcombe made a surprising little bow, finished and ironic.

"Haven't said it was, yet," continued Dan, unmoved. "Pleasant or not, I can't have it; and you know why. Suppose Tom Pancoast or young Johnny Brannif came

in here slapping me on the back. They'd have as much right. And there's the square-toed truth."

Mr. Gitcombe appeared to lose the thread of this discourse while gathering a handful of ripe olives and a hot biscuit from the Chinaman, who now came bearing in the manager's private supper.

"Right you are, old fellow," he answered somewhat vaguely, seating himself with his plunder on the end of a long bench next the head of the table. "Right you are. Won't occur again, I assure you. Sorry," he continued, between olives; "but don't let me delay your dinner."

With no very good grace Dan occupied the single chair at the head. In the lamplight his face, clean, swarthy-red and competent, took on as it were new brightness beside the shifty and jaded countenance of his guest. Hunger, which makes the best truce, kept them silent for a time.

"You understand, Gitcombe," said Dan presently. "I don't want to be mean about it. But a manager's no easy life—being fair and keeping up discipline."

"Quite right," assented the other, eating cheerfully. "I can sympathize, old chap. Discipline's a bore—unmitigated. Nothing vexes one more. I know what discipline means, to my—that is to say," he added quickly, "I know it second-hand. Friends of mine, army men, all used to crack on about it no end. South Africa, for example, and India, I remember ——"

Pausing, he helped himself to a biscuit and murmured some disparagement of hot bread.

"You've seen a big slice of the world," Dan observed.

"Fairly good bit," said Mr. Gitcombe.

"Fairly good?" his employer echoed. "I'd call it quite a whack o' geography. Australia, India, Africa—Japan, I suppose? Ever in China?"

The man in stained yellow glanced up from his plate.

"No. Why do you ask?" He found Dan busily sawing a joint of tough meat; then shrugged his shoulders, and explained: "The ports of call, naturally—I've seen them. Everybody has, nowadays. But not the real China. No such luck."

The meal progressed in silence. Gitcombe was the first to speak. "A goodish bit, that's all," he reflected. "On the look-see, you know. And here we are, prying the little gophers from their holes for a livelihood. But, do you know, I rather like it after all. Outdoor life—that kind of thing; sunshine, birds, flowers and all that. Really delightful! Even the humble gopher lends an element of sport, doesn't he?"

As Dan made no reply, conversation flagged once more. The north wind rustled in a great walnut tree outside the window; a current of dry heat passed throughout the room; the lamp wavered, and the dust advanced its black line across the floor.

The gopher man again took up their dialogue.

"Oh, by the way," he drawled, "I heard the workmen just now ——"

"We're all workmen," cut in his manager.

"The other workmen," amended Mr. Gitcombe easily. "They were arguing away among themselves in the yard, you know—arguing whether or not this ranch was a paying property. Is it, old fellow? I wonder now. And, by the way, who are the owners?"

Dan started, looked at him fiercely; then, growing calm again, he shoved back his chair and crossed his legs.

"There's a good British word," he declared, in soliloquy—"a good British word called cheek." To his resentful stare the adventurer's drooping, world-weary face remained impervious, a blank wall. Dan laughed impatiently. "I give it up. If you must be told, No; this ranch hasn't paid so far. Her lawyers rub that fact into me by every mail."

"Her lawyers!" Gitcombe's eye grew, for the moment, not quite so listless. "Who is she?"

Dan, finishing a cigarette, bit the tag and grunted as he tugged home the string of his linen pouch.

"She's the owner," he grumbled. "What? Oh, I don't know! Some old maid pestering the Atlantic seaboard, with a voice sharper than her nose. I never saw her. Don't want to. Janet Woodgate by name. Spends her time improving her mind, probably, except when she's egging her lawyers on to me. Lawyers! Lawyers! Feel as if I had my pockets full of 'em!"

"Janet Woodgate," repeated Mr. Gitcombe lazily. "Pretty name, rather."

"Maybe; but she ain't." Dan blew out a hearty cloud of smoke as he tilted back. "No, sir. No woman outside of hoopskirts, no woman without squirrel teeth and tree-moss hair, could pick on a man the way Miss Woodgate can. 'Our client begs to know'—she's always begging to know! The more I explain, the worse she begs. I've worked for her like a horse. Without bragging: ninety acres of hops, all ready to begin paying; the best peaches and prunes in the valley, on her old land; then that stretch o' tule, all new, reclaimed out o' nothing. Levees! Why, she must think levees grow like Bermuda grass! That's where her money's gone, and where it might come back from if the old maid would whistle off her lawyers and give me a chance. But, no:

'The widow and the orphan,
Who pray for ten per cent.

That's what she is!"

Gitcombe nodded, and remoulded a cube of bread.

"Most rich women are," he asserted wisely; then, shifting on his bench, he studied the bare, whitewashed walls, the saddle flung on the chair, the severe masculine appearance of the whole room. "I say, Blake," was his comment, "no one would ever guess it. This hasn't the look of woman's property, has it now?"

Dan sprang up and, stalking back and forth in the lamplight, smoked with all the fury of a man sore troubled.

"No!" he thundered. "No! It has not! No woman ever set foot here—that's the only comfort. Bad enough to have her shaking her ringlets at me, three thousand miles away. Not a woman on the place, to mess things; and by the great horn spoon, the hook block, and the lamb's hind leg, there never will be one."

Dan's back was toward the door, the sound of his own oratory in his ears; so that he heard only Mr. Gitcombe's dry chuckle of malicious delight, until ——

"Oh, I am so sorry!" broke in a loud voice from the veranda doorway. A large woman stood there, beaming.

"Record's broken," drawled Mr. Gitcombe, as he rose and bowed with excessive deference.

"I am so sorry," the cheerful voice hurried on. "But you'll excuse me, I know, because I wouldn't intrude on you gentlemen for an'thing in the worl', and your mail-boy was intoxicated and left these lying in the road; so I thought I'd be neighb'ly and run in with them, though it's an unconventional thing to do, I guess, and sort of—er—sort of—bohemian!"

The speaker, coy and florid, smiled from under a great hat nodding with green vegetation and hung with veils that fluttered in the breeze of her own personality. One hand reefed her ample skirts; the other held a small sheaf of letters, which now she playfully shook at the courteous gopher man.

"I don't know which is Mr. Blake," she cried, suddenly bouncing into the room.

"And I'm sure if I'd 'a' dreamed there was two gentlemen I'd never'd 'a' dared to come, for it is such a—a bohemian thing for a lady to do; and then one gets so mussed—don't they?—riding in a jolty wagon ——"

"'A sweet disorder in the dress,'" murmured Gitcombe, placing a chair. Over the nodding hat, as she subsided, he winked atrociously. Dan, in two prompt martial strides, already had intrenched himself behind the other chair. The shameless cosmopolite winked at him again, bent sidelong like a condescending giraffe, and feigned to browse on the greenery below. Just in time he recoiled, upright and grave, as the lady turned to pat gratefully toward him with her bundle of letters.

"It's lovely," she declared, dividing her smiles with great vigor, "to come where menfolks are polite! My second husband"—she bent an approving glance upward and backward—"My second husband was always just like that. So thoughtful and considrit. Poor fellow, he took me round the Kite-shape Track for a little outing and then he died. Immediately afterward. So thoughtful and considrit he was always. Resemblances are so funny, aren't they?—and coincidences? I was thinking just as I drove in the gate how much I would like to go round that Kite-shape Track again! For old-time sake; and then little trips do rest and refresh you—no use talking! I would like to!"

Blooming and freckled as a tiger-lily, she tried a pensive tone, and looked to Dan for sympathy.

"Too bad you can't," he replied uneasily. "I mean—I wish you might." He stammered, and his brown hands twisted the corners of the chair. "That is—much obliged to you for bringing the mail."

"Oh, that's nothing! Nothing at all!" His visitor tossed the letters on the table and eyed him with evident approbation. "I just couldn't help bringing them, for it wouldn't be neighb'ly not to when we are neighbors—friends I might say; because I know you by rep'tation so well and you know Mrs. Watt's ranch next door almost—

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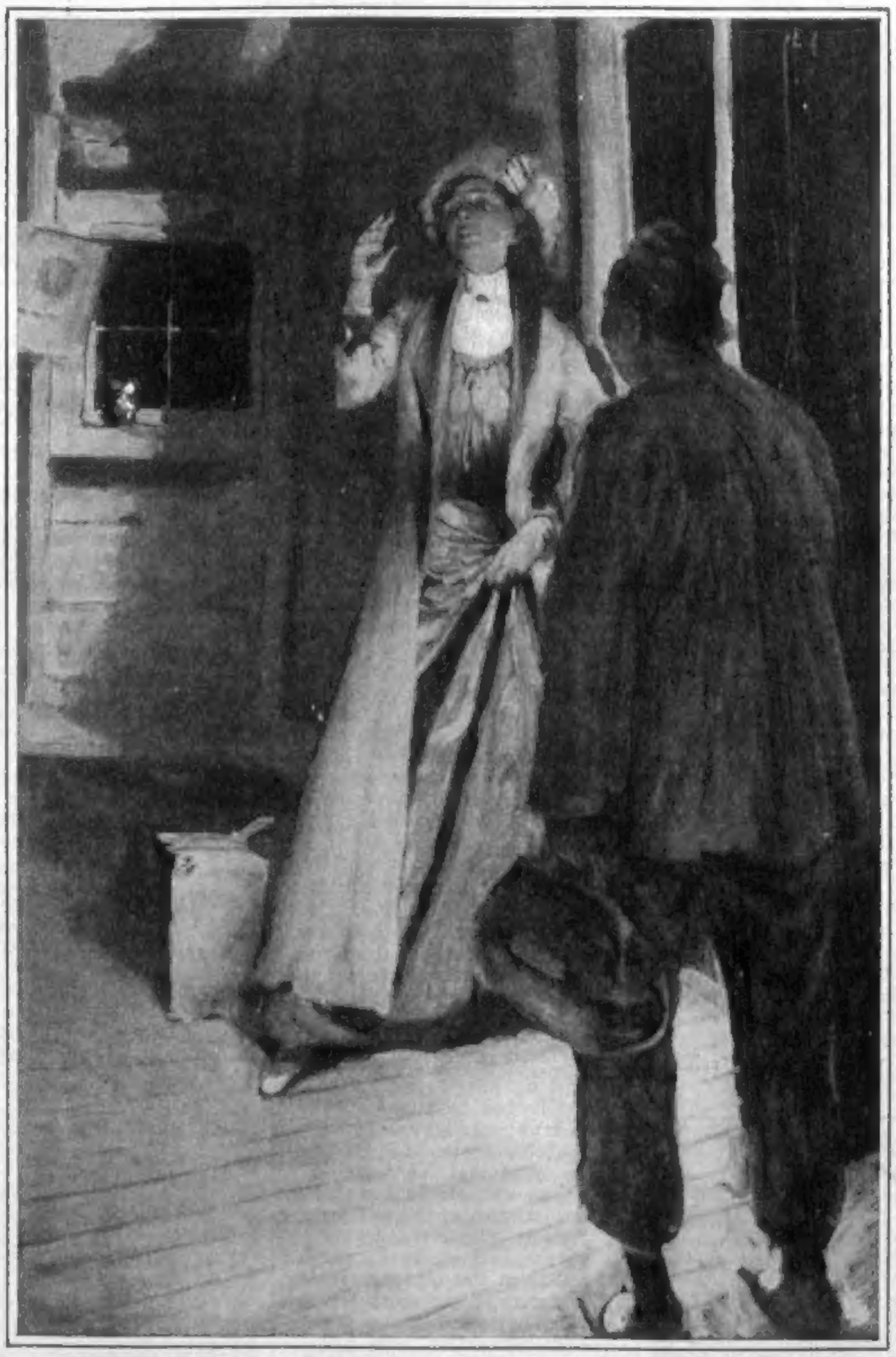
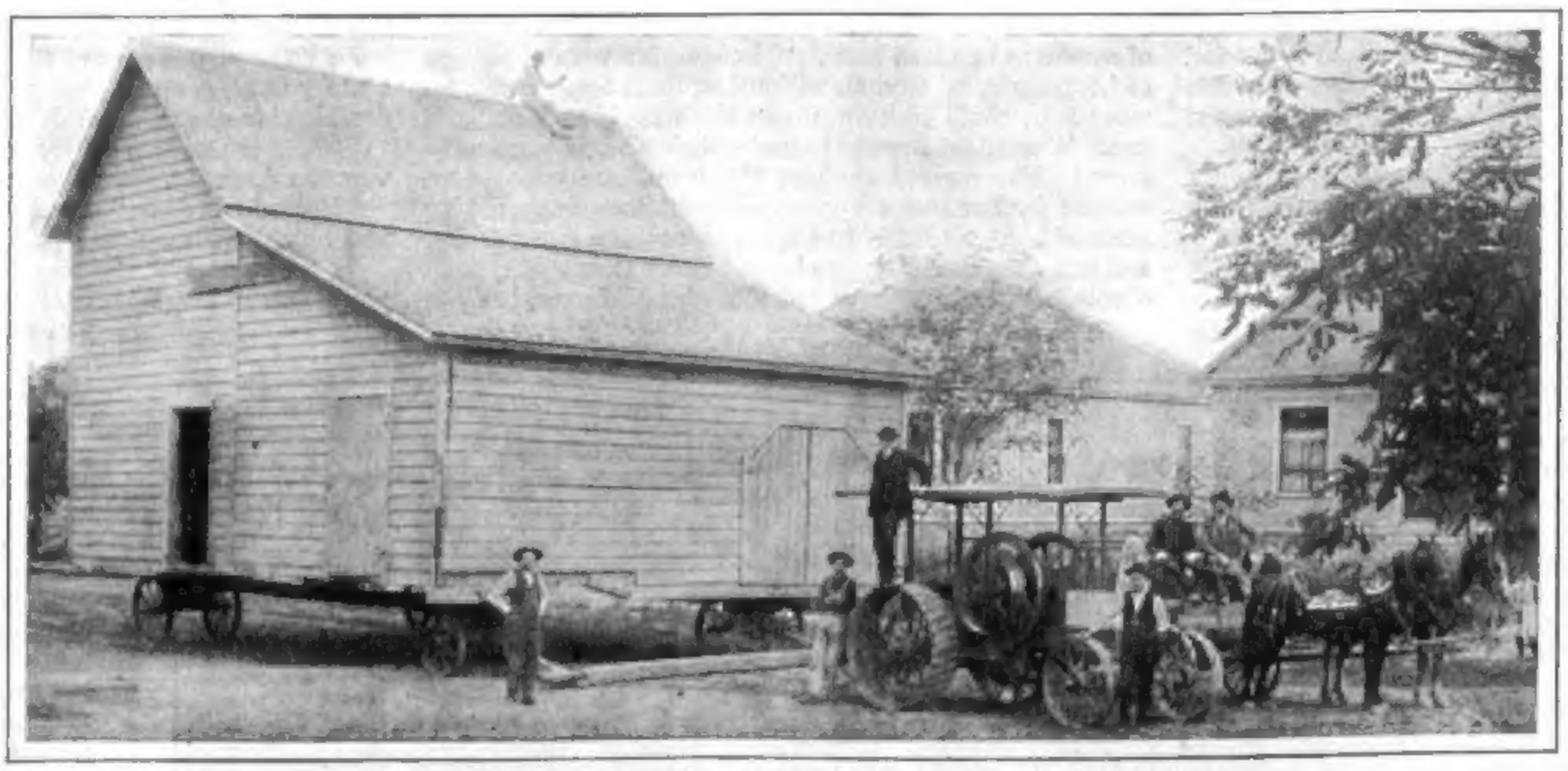


"Don't Forget, I'm to See Your Gophers. Good Night!"

Farming With Power and Electric Light -- By Forrest Crissey

POWER is the big word out in the frontier West—for power, hitched to plows, harrows, seeders and harvesters, is the thing that is making pioneering a matter of months rather than of years, and is reducing the traditional "hardships and privations" of the homesteader almost to the proportions of an average "roughing-it" vacation. Certainly it is not too much to say that horseless farming is today marvelously shortening the hard probation period of the modern homesteader in the Dakotas, in Montana and the other frontier states—condensing the normal development of ten to sixteen years, under the old-time "team breaking," into one. In other words, the settler working with his team did well to turn forty acres of virgin sod the first year; now, with the power tractor, he is easily able to break a section—six hundred and forty acres—the first season.



Fifteen Horse Power Traction Engine Moving a Barn at Walla Walla

It is not a wild prophecy to predict that within ten years power tractors will prevail in the level lands of the West in the ratio to teams that the automobile now bears to driving horses on the boulevards of the big cities. Today horseless farming has become so confirmed a fashion in the new country of the Dakotas and Montana that the development of that region, from the richest cattle and sheep range in America to a vast wheatfield, is being hastened by not less than ten years through this agency alone. Horseless farming is the one bright particular hope of the pioneer who must practice the new agricultural art of "dry farming" in order to get sure crops where the rainfall is sometimes as whimsical and uncertain as the course of a disturbed jack-rabbit. With the dry farmer, perpetual cultivation is the keynote of success; he must not only get over the ground quickly but he must keep eternally at it.

And the power tractor, which can plow as much land in an hour as a team of five horses can turn in half a day, is not alone for the big farmer who counts his holdings by sections; it is equally the salvation of the homesteader with his hundred and sixty or his three hundred and twenty acres—the man who has really settled on his land, who is there to found a home, and who needs to get the greatest possible return from his land right at the start in order to make both ends meet. To be sure, he may not be able to afford an investment of twenty-five hundred dollars in a tractor engine for his own use until after he has taken several crops from his land. But this does not compel him to fall back upon the plodding plow-horses. There are few communities in which horseless farming has gained a foothold where the settler cannot hire the services of a tractor outfit from his capitalistic neighbor and arrange to have the payment for the work taken out of the crop when it is harvested.

Again, the enterprising settler, with comparatively small holdings but with a fair amount of capital or good credit, may, and often does, reverse this operation, buying the tractor outfit himself and selling its services.

One of the largest manufacturers of gas tractors in America makes the statement that the demand for tractors for the next ten years will increase—according to the most careful estimates made by manufacturers for their own guidance—at the rate of fifty per cent a year, and that in two years' time Canada will be taking as many horseless farming outfits as the United States.

Night and Day Work in North Dakota

ONE farming company alone owns and operates six tractors. It is estimated that there are now fully four thousand gas tractors alone in operation in the United States west of the Mississippi River and in Canada. Steam-power outfits are so numerous and have been so long in use that it is impossible even to estimate their number.

What horseless farming means is best illustrated by a practical example. Seven years ago J. R. Smith drifted into the country about Beach, North Dakota, where the cattle and sheep range was just beginning its transformation into an agricultural region under the plows of a few daring pioneers. Mr. Smith had never had a month's experience as a farmer and did not entertain the remotest idea of getting back to the soil except for the purpose of selling it to others, for he had engaged himself to a big land company as a hustler; but he had both eyes open and two perfectly good ears on the job every minute. First, he found that the ranch-owners were eloquent in the denunciation of the soil for farming purposes and that they told all comers that the soil there was worthless for any purpose except grazing. Next, he learned that the few scattered settlers who had shown the hardihood to defy the cattle barons and the sheep kings, and had broken up a little land, had secured results demonstrating that the soil was as good for cereal crops as for sheep and cattle.

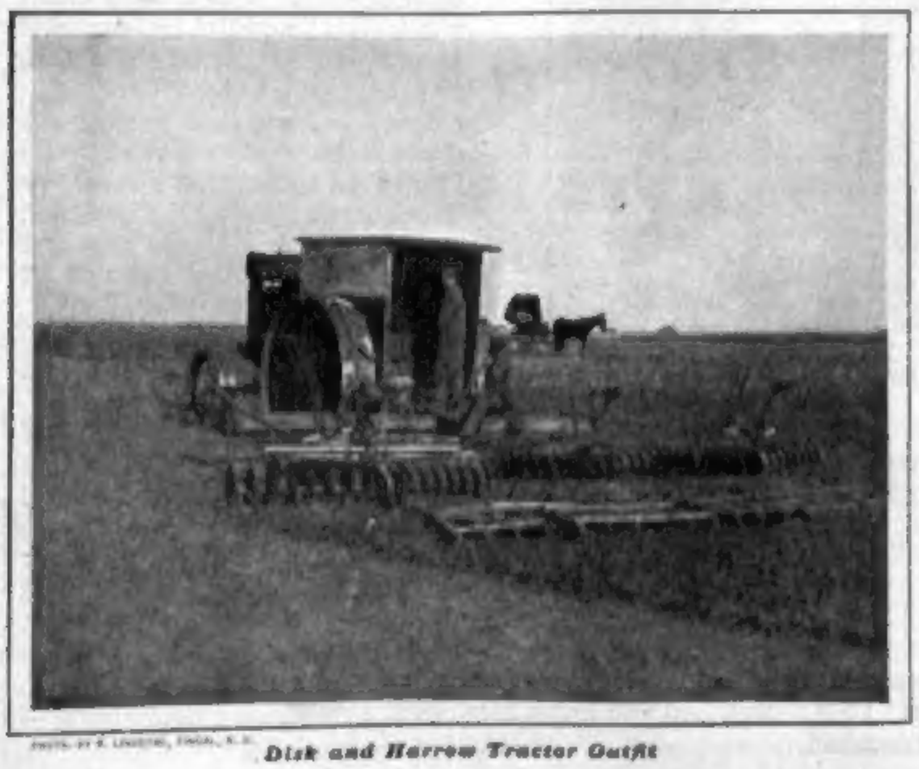
Consequently, after Mr. Smith had been in the country a year or two, he decided to buy a section of land on his own account, merely as a speculation. Meantime, more settlers were coming in, more soil was being turned over and more crops were being raised. Actual observation showed him that the best farmers of the region secured richer returns from their soil than did the Eastern farmers of his acquaintance, and that the weather conditions enabled them to harvest their crops in good shape and without loss after they had been grown. Though he still intended to sell his land, he decided that it would be good business to put it under the plow and get a good crop return from it while he was waiting for the right customers. Just at the time when he had reached this decision the land company by which he had been engaged sold out and left him free to follow his own devices. He bought six more sections and decided to go into farming in good earnest. This was in January, 1909. Being a business man, he had a conviction that the most modern and up-to-date methods would probably produce the best results, and that if he could produce a crop of five bushels of flax to the acre, on an average, he would be able to break even. Therefore he bought two gas traction engines and began work.

In a period of exactly sixty days, with his new horseless team, he had broken and prepared two thousand acres of land, although to do this he had to run night and day with different shifts of men. His plows were followed by a heavy roll crusher. After breaking several hundred acres one tractor was started seeding, with three crushers followed by three drills back of the tractor, thus seeding forty to fifty acres a day. In the harvest, five reapers were attached to each engine and cut two hundred to two hundred and twenty acres a day.

The threshing was done with one tractor while the other was used to haul a train of eight wagons to town, each containing one hundred and twenty-five bushels. Thus a thousand bushels were hauled at a single trip. Here are the figures of Mr. Smith's expenditures in producing a crop of thirty-two thousand bushels of flax:

Total cost of breaking 2000 acres	$ 3,307
Total cost of seed and seeding	2,092
Total cost of cutting	901
Total cost of threshing	3,495
Total cost of hauling	430
Oils and incidentals	860
Total	$11,085

The cost for each acre, therefore, amounted to five dollars and fifty cents. For his crop, which was entirely machine-made, Mr. Smith received forty-eight thousand



Disk and Harrow Tractor Outfit

Filling Tile Ditches With Gas Tractor and Roadgrader

Harvesting Over 200 Acres a Day on the Farm of J. R. Smith. Each Tractor is Pulling Five Eight-Foot Harvesters

dollars, or nearly thirty-seven thousand dollars more than the direct cost of production. His entire outfit of machinery—which included two gas tractors, one separator, two engine-gangplows of six bottoms each, harrows, clod crushers, six big drills and ten grain wagons—cost him about twelve thousand dollars. This seemingly large expenditure, however, was fully justified by the increase in the value of the acreage put under cultivation.

Last spring Mr. Smith put the two thousand acres, which had previously been in flax, into spring wheat—and did it without plowing the ground. He hooked up his disk-harrows so that they overlapped and thus accomplished a double disking with one operation. Only one man, an engineer, was used with each outfit. After the greater part of the land had been disked he put one of the engines to the task of seeding. This engine drew five twelve-foot seeders, and thus covered a strip sixty feet in width. For this operation two men were required—the engineer and a cheaper hand to watch the seeders. The seeding took exactly one-half as much time as the disking.

He also seeded to flax one thousand acres of land broken last fall. This was also done without replowing and the help showed the same average as for the land put into wheat. After finishing the seeding of the flax Mr. Smith broke four hundred acres of virgin sod and double-disked it for seeding in the spring.

Breaking Plows, Clod Crusher and Leveler in Tandem

In his wheat-harvesting operations this year Mr. Smith used twelve binders, six to each engine, hooked up with the best modern binder-hitch, which is constructed to prevent side draft. The same outfit is used in flax harvesting.

Work on this big horseless farm begins about April first. In the opinion of Mr. Smith, no man who attempts to farm on a horseless basis can afford to trifle with cheap help; he should get the best in the market and pay a good price for it. His engineers receive five dollars a day; two extra men get forty dollars a month; a man and his wife run the commissary department and together receive sixty-five dollars a month. Lubricating oils and incidentals cost about three dollars a day. In operating his engines Mr. Smith has used about one hundred gallons of kerosene a day at a cost of twelve cents a gallon. His wheat yield for this year averaged about twenty bushels to the acre and his flax about fifteen bushels. Flaxseed seldom brings less than a dollar a bushel and is now worth in the neighborhood of two dollars.

One prime requisite on a farm operated on the horseless basis is a man of sufficient mechanical ingenuity and resourcefulness to be able to meet mechanical emergencies as they arise. For example, a train of eight wagons cannot make the sharp turns of the roads when hitched together in the way a farmer ordinarily hooks up two or three wagons. This emergency was met by Mr. Smith in a novel way. He fitted the wagons with short tongues, for steering only, while all the pulling was done by a wire cable running the length of the train, each wagon being attached to this cable. By this contrivance he is able to make the turn within a radius of thirty-five feet.

At the outset of his operations Mr. Smith found it necessary to make a device for hooking up his various field machines, as manufacturers had not at that time provided any standard and easily available devices for that contingency. He compassed the difficulty by constructing a crude but serviceable traveling drawbar, mounted on three wheels and constructed of strong timbers. With this he was able to handle at one operation six four-horse disk-harrows covering a width of twenty-four feet, arranging them in such a manner that they overlapped and accomplished a double-disking at one operation. Again, he hitched five twelve-foot drills to his big traveling drawbar, three drills having short tongues and two drills having long tongues. With this he was able to seed a strip sixty feet wide.

Ingenuity at Eyebrow

ANOTHER resourceful farmer, located at Eyebrow, Saskatchewan, made a more graceful hitch of gas-pipe, the lengths being joined together by T's fitted with eyebolts and with a triangle in front for connection with the tractor. Gradually, however, manufacturers who see the future of horseless farming are placing on the market hitches and rigs calculated to meet almost every emergency that may arise in the arrangement of the various machines drawn by the tractor; but the farmer is still often hard-pushed for special devices with which to meet the special emergencies of this new style of farming and to meet them with economy in time and labor cost.

Mr. Smith, for example, found it necessary to construct a big portable granary, with a hopper-bottom. This is operated on eight-by-eight skids and is used to receive the grain from the separator while the tractor is hauling its wagon-train to town. This granary is hauled by the tractor along with the separator whenever a new "set-up" is made in the fields. By this contrivance there is no interruption of the work of the separator, and at the same time the other tractor is free to haul the full train of wagons to and from the station.

The rapidity with which horseless farming turns a frontier wilderness into a prosperous and civilized community is perhaps best illustrated by the changes that have taken place in the range country through which the latest transcontinental railroad line has been constructed. This is distinctively the region of horseless farming. Four years ago it was a free cattle range and a plow was an object of curiosity and contempt. Then Scranton, North Dakota, was not on the map; today it is a humming town with one thousand inhabitants and two prosperous banks. The biggest part of its growth, so its business men affirm, is the result of horseless farming. About sunrise, any morning in the cropping season, this little town is alive with automobiles scooting out across the prairies to farm-shacks that serve as day headquarters for the horseless farmer—who lives in a comfortable house in town. Hettinger, North Dakota, is another three-year-old town, having a population of fifteen hundred and three banks, one bank carrying deposits of more than two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

According to the consensus of opinion in this town, and scores of others of the same type, big-power farming is the secret of this sudden and astonishing growth. Without horseless farming the present growth would undoubtedly not have been attained for a decade or more.

Five Binders in Operation at Once. Total Swath, 30 Feet

The present style of tractor, of the kerosene or gasoline type, has a road speed of about two and a quarter miles an hour, or about the walking speed of an ordinary team of draft-horses. It is undoubtedly true, however, that tractor manufacturers are coming to recognize the demand for engines of higher speed on the road and perhaps also for engines of lighter construction than those of the type most generally in use at present. Very likely the time is near at hand when the smaller farmer of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio will be able to buy a smaller tractor, constructed to do the work of about fifteen horses and capable of being driven over ordinary roads at the trotting speed of a draft-team. This machine will undoubtedly be spring-mounted, of steel construction and of lighter weight than the prevailing type.

The life of a tractor, when ordinarily well cared for, is estimated to be ten years in the Northwest and perhaps fifteen years in the older-settled country where implements are better housed and not so often overloaded.

Economy in time, labor and operating cost is by no means the main argument in favor of the power machine as

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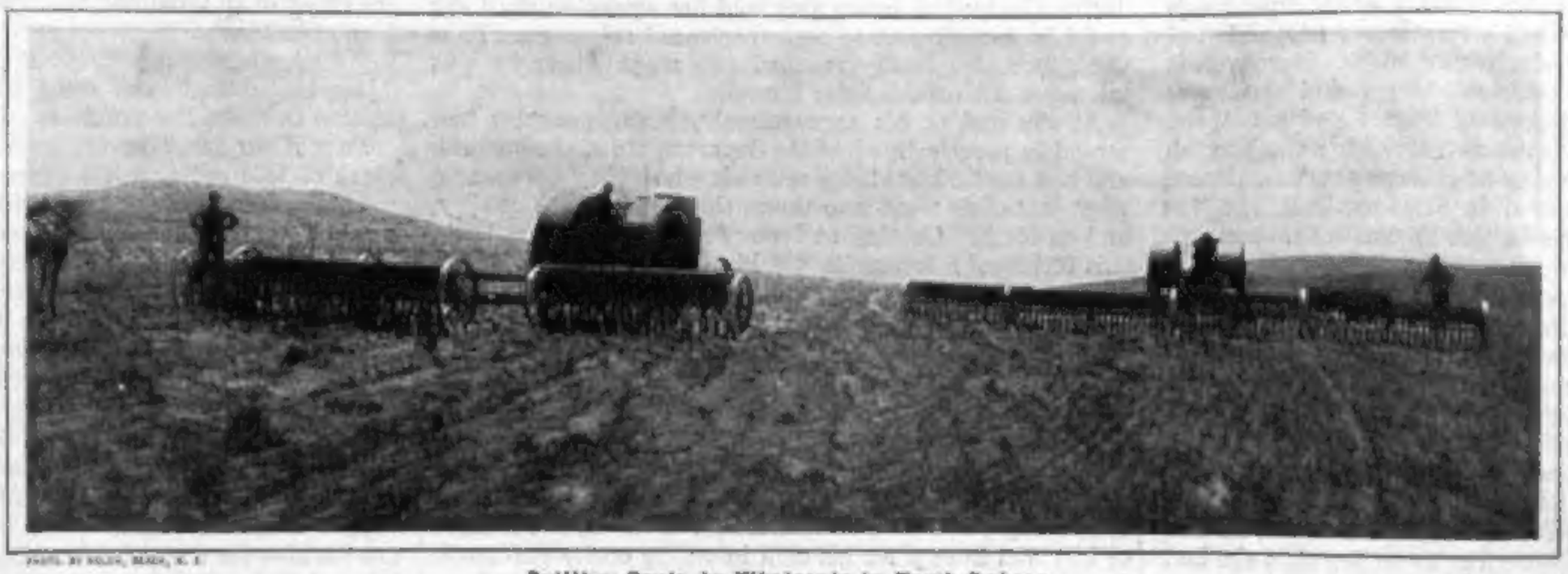
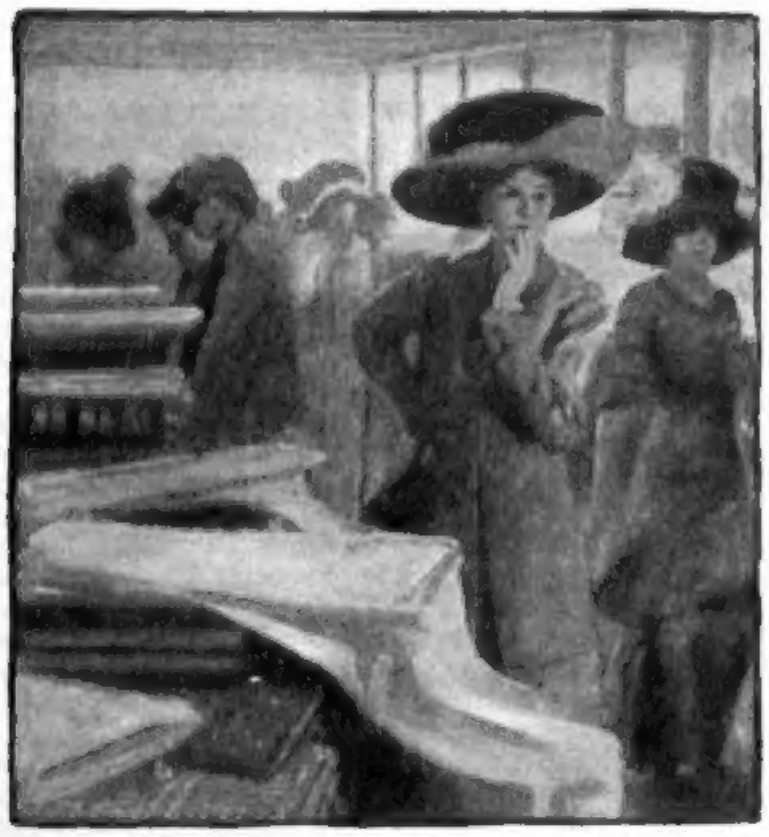


Drilling Grain by Wholesale in North Dakota

The Retail Reconstruction

TRAINING THE RETAIL SALESMAN AND SALESWOMAN

DECORATIONS BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS



By

James H. Collins

THE present-day department store ransacks the whole globe in securing its merchandise. Buyers go abroad and purchasing agencies are maintained in foreign centers, while at home experts compare the quality and cost of a silk handkerchief from New Jersey with similar products from France, Japan and other silk-weaving countries. The search for novelties and values is worldwide and never-ending.

When the merchandise is finally in the store, ready to be placed on sale, prices are determined and qualities gauged by comparison with what competitors are offering. Paid shoppers visit other stores daily to buy samples for this purpose, and these are scrutinized side by side with the store's own goods. Thus prices are governed.

When the merchandise and the price are right the store adds other attractions for the shopping public—skillful window displays and stock arrangements, close adaptation to season and demand, costly advertising, prompt delivery service. Seemingly nothing is overlooked. Yet, when the shopper finally steps into the store, ready to buy, a serious shortcoming of organization is revealed. Between the goods, so carefully assembled, and the customer, who has already been persuaded to purchase, comes the clerk, who loses a heavy percentage of sales through lack of training and lack of knowledge of the points of merchandise.

Jokes about indifferent, gossiping, gum-chewing shopgirls have long been a staple product of the newspaper humorist. Probably no shopgirl could be quite so bad as the jokes and hold her job. Nevertheless, the mercantile world today recognizes that the clerk has not been brought up to a high degree of efficiency, either in the great department stores or in the smaller establishments. It is admitted that methods in retail selling have not kept pace with those in manufacturing, machinery, wholesaling and other fields of American business. So steps are now being taken to improve them.

The True Belfast Touch

IN SOME of the large stores of this country, particularly in Eastern cities and in departments where dress goods and similar lines are handled, a very heavy proportion of the clerks employed are English or Irish. Moreover, it is said they hold their positions longer and rise more rapidly to better ones, becoming buyers and managers. So far as natural ability is concerned neither the English nor the Irish assistant has any advantage over Americans; but they have been trained in sales-methods and the technic of goods under the British apprentice system.

Not long ago a woman entered the dress-goods section of a big New York store and was met by a clerk of American training. The latter immediately began asking questions. What did the customer wish to see? Dress goods? Ah, yes—what material? Was it for herself or a child? What width did she want? What color? About what price did she intend to pay? When these queries caused the customer to hesitate the clerk ran over twenty colors and prices, simply adding to her perplexity, with the outcome that, though he did his best to serve her, no sale was made. The woman left with the feeling that she had been subjected to an irritating cross-examination.

A block farther down the street, in another large store, she was met by a clerk trained in Belfast. Not a single question was asked. The Irish assistant said, "Good morning, madam"; and the moment the customer mentioned dress goods he flipped out a bolt of cloth before her.

"Here is an all-wool serge, fifty inches wide," he said. "We are selling it for a dollar and twenty cents a yard. It comes in a dozen colors."

"I want something narrower," replied the customer, "and do not want to pay so much—what have you got in cotton warp?"

Thus the sale had a foundation in actual merchandise from the very start and was finished in ten minutes.

The American clerk who failed to please this customer was probably hired one busy morning by the buyer of dress goods in the store where he works, sent upstairs to a classroom, given a single day's drill in the salesforms and then put behind the counter. All that the store taught him was properly to make out slips for cash sales, charge sales, and so forth; so that when he did sell anything the house would get the money or have a record of the transaction. How the other clerk was trained may be shown by an actual experience:

Some twenty years ago an Irish youngster was taken to a large Belfast draper's shop by his father, who bound him over for four years' service without salary and paid five hundred dollars' premium to the firm as a consideration for his son's training. The firm fed and lodged the boy, but his father clothed him during service.

This lad was turned over to a tall, thirsty Scotchman behind the counter, who sent him out for a pint of whisky, drank it in a dark corner, and declared that he was now ready to teach him the drapery business. For several weeks the apprentice dusted stock and straightened boxes. Then he was shown how to reroll ribbon and pin it, fold cloth that had been displayed by the clerks, arrange goods according to harmonious color schemes, and so forth. Much technical information about various kinds of fabrics was picked up during several months of such work. Nearly half a year passed before the lad was permitted to watch experienced clerks approach customers and make sales. Later on the apprentice was allowed to greet a customer during the busiest hours and hold her attention until she could be turned over to an experienced salesman. Thus the apprentice finally reached the stage where he was intrusted with small sales himself.

At the end of his apprenticeship this youngster had served in practically all of the departments of the business and had a solid knowledge of goods—how they were made, what materials went into them, the standards of quality, and so forth. Coming to New York several years later, this technical information got him into the United States customs service as an appraiser of textiles, and today he holds a responsible position with a great department store, where he makes comparisons of goods purchased by the buyers, and keeps track of the output of practically every important textile center in the world.

In our drygoods trade the Irish clerk has long commanded respect for his salesmanship, which is as quiet as it is effective. A veteran from Dublin, for example, has been many years with an Eastern cloak house, and is more or less well known for his skill in selling costly garments. One of his characteristics is silence. Times without number he has sold a cloak worth several hundred dollars without speaking three dozen words. Taking his customer in hand, he begins trying cloaks on her, one after another, until suddenly he tears the price-tag off the garment she has on and asks where she wants it sent, and whether it is to be charged. All the time, however, he has been watching his customer closely and using the utmost skill to determine her taste and please her. He knows the moment a garment suits, and at that point quietly terminates the sale instead of going on to upset her decision.

Another Irish veteran in the dress-goods section of a large Chicago store has the same gift of silence. Gauging his customer closely, he busies himself showing goods, and the average amounts of his sales far exceed those of any other clerk in the place. It is said that he will only talk to a customer when she is gossipy. Then his tongue will wag at both ends, because he saves time by talking so fast that the customer cannot get in a word edgewise.

The Strategy of Old Man O'Brien

ONE season, in this Chicago store, there was brisk rivalry between the dress-goods and flannel sections, which are side by side. Flannels were being neglected by fashion for the moment, and the clerks in that department grew jealous of the dress-goods salesmen, who were getting all the trade. On a dull afternoon there were only two or three customers in both departments. Old Man O'Brien glanced across into the flannel section, where a salesman was unrolling bolt after bolt of goods before a portly woman. Everything he displayed was red. Each new bolt brought out was redder still. From this Old Man O'Brien drew the reasonable inference that the customer had a partiality for that color. She was also perplexed, which seemed to indicate that they could not find anything red enough for her over in the flannels.

The situation was no sooner taken in out of the corner of his eye than the Irishman drew down a bolt of flaming red dress goods, carried it under a strong light, and began casting big lengths of the material over a rack. This gave the effect of an illumination. The flannel clerk's customer turned instantly.

"Why, there's exactly what I want!" she exclaimed; "just the thing," and came over into the dress-goods section to make her purchase.

Part of our general retail reconstruction will be to teach some of this selling art to men and women behind the counter. Of course, a veteran like O'Brien is the finest product of the particular system of training that made him, plus natural ability and long experience. The British apprenticeship system, moreover, is now said to be breaking down because youngsters will not serve the long terms that were considered proper by a more leisurely generation. In this it is merely going the way of old-fashioned apprenticeship in the mechanical trades. The employer of mechanics today takes the bare essentials of old-fashioned apprenticeship, adds modern theory and practice, and boils all down into a course that can be taught to youngsters in a few hours a week, while they are working for wages in the shops. The retail merchants, big and little, are coming to the same thing.

Retail clerking is, in some ways, the hardest kind of saleswork. A machinery salesman, life-insurance solicitor or wholesale drummer will visit perhaps a dozen prospective customers in a day. If one of these happens to be cross enough to rub him the wrong way he usually has a chance to walk around the block and compose himself before making the next call. A retail clerk, however, is set down in an aisle or behind a counter for eight to twelve hours a day and used both as a salesman and as a public doormat.

The superintendent of a certain large store knew that his salesforce caused enormous leakage through lack of sales-training and knowledge of goods. In an effort to tone up this part of the organization, he spread around some generalities about courtesy, promptness, keeping well and clean, and so forth. But copybook maxims did not meet the need, so he began studying some of his best salespeople to find out what they had in the way of methods.

Old Man O'Brien, in the dressgoods section, gave him some direct pointers. This veteran was not analytical. He did many things without being able to explain why. It took some time to draw information out of him, but it was worth while. One thing O'Brien had heard about Colonel Roosevelt, he said, was that when the Colonel stood up to shake hands with several thousand people he never permitted anybody to get control of his hand, but did all the grasping and shaking himself. If a crank came along he was ready to get him by the elbow, policeman fashion. The Irishman did this with customers. If a talkative woman came along he controlled her by talking faster than she did. He tried to see customers before they saw him, speak before they did, and head off useless questions by asking the first question himself. In other words, he never let the public shake hands with him, but was quietly on the aggressive.

The old clerk had another line of philosophy that proved very suggestive to the superintendent. He regarded few shoppers as normal. Some persons are flustered in a big store, others self-conscious and none as one would find her at home. The average shopper often hurries through the aisles like a lost dog, and will snap and bite unless tactfully handled. As the art of retail selling consists largely in putting customers at their ease, and in making them feel at home, the salesman must be absolutely at home himself. The novice who fails in retail selling is usually one who never makes his own place in his new surroundings.

The superintendent also found that his salespeople needed a point of view that would lead them to think of the store rather than themselves in dealing with difficult customers. If a clerk can be brought to remember that he represents the store in handling an impatient shopper, and that the store is backed by a corporation too big to be insulted, there would be less temptation to meet rudeness with rudeness than when the clerk meets the customer on a basis of personal feeling.

A girl living at home may dislike dish-washing and similar chores. Placed in a hospital to become a nurse, however, she will willingly do the most menial work, because it is part of her profession. The latter attitude is purely a result of different thinking, and the superintendent sought to have his salespeople get that broader point of view.

Monthly meetings of the chief salespeople were held for discussion of such matters. As good practice came out it was put into shape for handing on to others. When the whole salesforce had the store's point of view toward irritating customers one of the shoppers, who was not known to any one on the salesforce, was detailed to go through the store several times a week in the capacity of an exacting customer and see what she could see. Everybody knew that this shopper was likely to turn up in any department, but at the same time care was taken to avoid any taint of the "spotter" system. The shopper came into a department and made her purchases in an exacting way; but after that she merely wrote a report of each trip through the store, telling just where she had made inquiries or purchases, the number of the clerk who had waited upon her, whether she was well treated and if the clerk seemed to know stock, and so on. These reports, posted for everybody to read, had a remarkably tonic effect, for besides being rational, impersonal criticism, they showed how to deal with cranky customers.

One of the chief shortcomings to be overcome in retail sales-training is lack of knowledge of goods. A customer in the book section of a large store asked for Euripides in English, and also Henry James' Golden Bowl. After some search the clerk came back and said: "Here is the Euripides, but we have no translation of Henry James."

All through the mercantile world today salesmen are making just such amiable blunders in toweling, woodenware and door-butts. In some ways they are not to blame. The old-fashioned merchant's apprentice served four or five years to learn a single line of staple goods, whereas today staple lines have expanded so that they take in thousands of novelties, and only the expert buyer can keep track of them all. But it is still possible to teach clerks much about stock, and merchants are doing it in various ways. In one large store all goods offered in tomorrow's advertisements are placed where salespeople can inspect them beforehand, becoming familiar with the different lots and therefore able to direct customers. In other stores excellent results are being secured by getting groups of salespeople together to hear talks by manufacturers, who explain processes, materials, quality and standards.

Many of the shortcomings in present-day retail selling are due to the way our mercantile machinery is put together; for the big merchant no less than the little one is still possessed by the idea that buying is the principal thing, and as a result the establishment with buying connections all over the world will have no sales-manager at home to supervise selling. Departments are managed by buyers, and the typical buyer is seldom an aggressive salesman.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of Mr. James H. Collins' articles on Retailing

THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT

"'I am the Dodo,' He Says, 'and I Can Do You to a Frazzle'"

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

WITH a current magazine under his arm, Carter Watson strolled slowly along, gazing about him curiously. Twenty years had elapsed since he had been on this particular street, and the changes were great and stupefying. This Western city of three hundred thousand souls had contained but thirty thousand when, as a boy, he had been wont to ramble along its streets. In those days the street he was now on had been a quiet residence street in the respectable working-class quarter. On this late afternoon he found that it had been submerged by a vast and vicious tenderloin. Chinese and Japanese shops and dens abounded, all confusedly intermingled with low bars and boozing kens. This quiet street of his youth had become the toughest quarter of the city.

He looked at his watch. It was half past five. It was the slack time of the day in such a region, as he well knew, yet he was curious to see. In all his score of years of wandering and studying social conditions over the world he had carried with him the memory of his old town as a sweet and wholesome place. The metamorphosis he now beheld was startling. He certainly must continue his stroll and glimpse the infamy to which his town had descended.

Another thing: Carter Watson had a keen social and civic consciousness. Independently wealthy, he had been loath to dissipate his energies in the pink teas and freak dinners of society, while actresses, race-horses and kindred diversions had left him cold. He had the ethical bee in his bonnet and was a reformer of no mean pretension, though his work had been mainly in the line of contributions to the heavier reviews and quarterlies and to the publication over his name of brightly, cleverly written books on the working classes and the slum-dwellers. Among the twenty-seven to his credit occurred titles such as, If Christ Came to New Orleans, The Worked-Out Worker, Tenement Reform in Berlin, The Rural Slums of England, The People of the East Side, Reform Versus Revolution, The University Settlement as a Hotbed of Radicalism and The Cave Man of Civilization.

But Carter Watson was neither morbid nor fanatic. He did not lose his head over the horrors he encountered, studied and exposed. No hare-brained enthusiasm branded him. His humor saved him, as did his wide experience and his conservative, philosophic temperament. Nor did he have any patience with lightning-change reform theories. As he saw it, society would grow better only through the painfully slow and arduously painful processes of evolution. There were no short cuts, no sudden regenerations. The betterment of mankind must be worked out in agony and misery just as all past social betterments had been worked out.

But on this late summer afternoon Carter Watson was curious. As he moved along he paused before a gaudy drinking place. The sign above read, The Vendome. There were two entrances. One evidently led to the bar. This he did not explore. The other was a narrow hallway. Passing through this he found himself in a huge room filled with chair-encircled tables and quite deserted. In the dim light he discerned a piano in the distance. Making a mental note that he would come back some time and study the class of persons that must sit and drink at those multitudinous tables, he proceeded to circumnavigate the room.

Now at the rear a short hallway led off to a small kitchen, and here, at a table, alone, sat Patsy Horan, proprietor of The Vendome, consuming a hasty supper ere the evening rush of business. Also, Patsy Horan was angry with the world. He had got out on the wrong side of bed that morning, and nothing had gone right all day. Had his barkeepers been asked, they would have described his mental condition as a grouch. But Carter Watson did not know this. As he passed the little hallway Patsy Horan's sullen eyes lighted on the magazine he carried under his arm. Patsy did not know Carter Watson, nor

did he know that what he carried under his arm was a magazine. Patsy, out of the depths of his grouch, decided that this stranger was one of those pests who marred and scarred the walls of his back rooms by tacking up or pasting up advertisements. The color on the front cover of the magazine convinced him that it was such an advertisement. Thus the trouble began. Knife and fork in hand, Patsy leaped for Carter Watson.

"Out wid yeh!" Patsy bellowed. "I know yer game!"

Carter Watson was startled. The man had come upon him like the eruption of a jack-in-the-box.

"Adefacin' me walls," cried Patsy, at the same time emitting a string of vivid and vile, rather than virile, epithets of opprobrium.

"If I have given any offense, I did not mean to ——"

But that was as far as the visitor got. Patsy interrupted.

"Get out wid yeh; yeh talk too much wid yer mouth!" quoth Patsy, emphasizing his remarks with flourishes of the knife and fork.

Carter Watson caught a quick vision of that eating fork inserted uncomfortably between his ribs, knew that it would be rash to talk further with his mouth, and promptly turned to go. The sight of his meekly retreating back must have further enraged Patsy Horan, for that worthy, dropping the table implements, sprang upon him.

Patsy weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. So did Watson. In this they were equal. But Patsy was a rushing, rough-and-tumble saloon fighter, while Watson was a boxer. In this the latter had the advantage, for Patsy came in wide open, swinging his right in a perilous sweep. All Watson had to do was to straight-left him and escape. But Watson had another advantage. His boxing and his experience in the slums and ghettos of the world had taught him restraint.

He pivoted on his feet and, instead of striking, ducked the other's swinging blow and went into a clinch. But Patsy, charging like a bull, had the momentum of his rush, while Watson, whirling to meet him, had no momentum. As a result, the pair of them went down with all their three hundred and sixty pounds of weight, in a long, crashing fall, Watson underneath. He lay with his head touching the rear wall of the large room. The street was a hundred and fifty feet away, and he did some quick thinking. His first thought was to avoid trouble. He had no wish to get into the papers of this his childhood town where many of his relatives and family friends still lived.

So it was that he locked his arms around the man on top of him, held him close and waited for the help to come that must come in response to the crash of the fall. The help came—that is, six men ran in from the bar and formed about in a semicircle.

"Take him off, fellows!" Watson said. "I haven't struck him, and I don't want any fight."

But the semicircle remained silent. Watson held on and waited. Patsy, after various vain efforts to inflict damage, made an overture.

"Leggo o' me an' I'll get off o' yeh," said he.

Watson let go, but when Patsy scrambled to his feet he stood over his recumbent foe ready to strike.

"Get up!" Patsy commanded.

His voice was stern and implacable, like the voice of one calling to judgment, and Watson knew there was no mercy there.

"Stand back and I'll get up," he countered.

"If yer a gentleman get up," quoth Patsy, his Celtic eyes aflame with wrath, his fist ready for a crushing blow.

At the same moment he drew his foot back to kick the other in the face. Watson blocked the kick with his crossed arms and sprang to his feet so quickly that he was in a clinch with his antagonist before the latter could strike. Holding him, Watson spoke to the onlookers.

"Take him away from me, fellows. You see I am not striking him. I don't want to fight. I want to get out of here."

The circle did not move or speak. Its silence was ominous and sent a chill to Watson's heart. Patsy made an effort to throw him, which culminated in his putting Patsy on his back. Tearing loose from him, Watson sprang to his feet and made for the door. But the circle of men was interposed like a wall. He noticed the white, pasty faces, the kind that never see the sun, and knew that the men who barred his way were the night prowlers and preying beasts of the city jungle. By them he was thrust back upon the pursuing, bull-rushing Patsy.

Again it was a clinch, in which, in momentary safety, Watson appealed to the gang. And again his words fell on deaf ears. Then it was that he knew fear. For he had known of many similar situations in low dens like this, when solitary men were manhandled, their ribs and features caved in, themselves beaten and kicked to death.

Judge Witberg Declined to Rise, and Was Dragged to His Feet by the Coat-Collar

And he knew further that if he were to escape he must neither strike his assailant nor any of the men who opposed him.

Yet in him was righteous indignation. Under no circumstance could seven to one be fair. Also, he was angry, and there stirred in him the fighting beast that is in all men. But he remembered his wife and children, his unfinished book, the ten thousand rolling acres of the up-country ranch he loved so well. He even saw in flashing visions the blue of the sky, the golden sun pouring down on his flower-spangled meadows, the lazy cattle knee-deep in the brooks, and the flash of trout in the riffles. Life was good—too good for him to risk it for a moment's sway of the beast. In short, Carter Watson was cool and scared.

His opponent, locked by his masterly clinch, was striving to throw him. Again Watson put him on the floor, broke away, and was thrust back by the pasty-faced circle to duck Patsy's swinging right and effect another clinch. This happened many times. And Watson grew even cooler, while the baffled Patsy, unable to inflict punishment, raged wildly and more wildly. He took to batting with his head in the clinches. The first time, he landed his forehead flush on Watson's nose. After that the latter, in the clinches, buried his face in Patsy's breast. But the enraged Patsy batted on, striking his own eye and nose and cheek on the top of the other's head. The more he was thus injured the more and the harder did Patsy bat.

This one-sided contest continued for twelve minutes. Watson never struck a blow and strove only to escape. Sometimes, in the free moments, circling about among the tables as he tried to win the door, the pasty-faced men gripped his coat-tails and flung him back at the swinging right of the on-rushing Patsy. Time upon time and times without end he clinched and put Patsy on his back, each time first whirling him around and putting him down in the direction of the door and gaining toward that goal by the length of the fall.

In the end, hatless, dishevele d, with streaming nose and one eye closed, Watson won to the sidewalk and into the arms of a policeman.

"Arrest that man!" Watson panted.

"Hello, Patsy!" said the policeman. "What's the mix-up?"

"Hello, Charley!" was the answer. "This guy comes in ——"

"Arrest that man, officer!" Watson repeated.

"G'wan! Beat it!" said Patsy.

"Beat it!" added the policeman. "If you don't I'll pull you in."

"Not unless you arrest that man. He has committed a violent and unprovoked assault on me."

"Is it so, Patsy?" was the officer's query.

"Nah. Lemme tell you, Charley, an' I got the witnesses to prove it, so help me God. I was settin' in me kitchen eatin' a bowl of soup, when this guy comes in an' gets gay wid me. I never seen him in me born days before. He was drunk ——"

"Look at me, officer," protested the indignant sociologist. "Am I drunk?"

The officer looked at him with sullen, menacing eyes and nodded to Patsy to continue.

"This guy gets gay wid me. 'I'm Tim McGrath,' says he, 'an' I can do the likes of you,' says he. 'Put up yer hands.' I smiles an', wid that, biff, biff, he lands me twice an' spills me soup. Look at me eye. I'm fair murdered."

"What are you going to do, officer?" Watson demanded.

"Go on, beat it," was the answer, "or I'll pull you sure!"

Then the civic righteousness of Carter Watson flamed up.

"Mr. Officer, I protest ——"

But at that moment the policeman grabbed his arm with a savage jerk that nearly overthrew him.

"Come on, you're pulled!"

"Arrest him, too!" Watson demanded.

"Nix on that play," was the reply. "What did you assault him for, him apeacefully eatin' his soup?"

II

CARTER WATSON was genuinely angry. Not only had he been wantonly assaulted, badly battered and arrested, but the morning papers without exception came out with lurid accounts of his drunken brawl with the proprietor of the notorious Vendome.

Not one accurate or truthful line was published. Patsy Horan and his satellites described the battle in detail. The one incontestable thing was that Carter Watson had been drunk. Thrice he had been thrown out of the place and into the gutter, and thrice he had come back, breathing blood and fire and announcing that he was going to clean out the place.

EMINENT SOCIOLOGIST JAGGED AND JUGGED

was the first headline he read on the front page, accompanied by a large portrait of himself. Other headlines were:

CARTER WATSON ASPIRED TO CHAMPIONSHIP HONORS

CARTER WATSON GETS HIS

NOTED SOCIOLOGIST ATTEMPTS TO CLEAN OUT A TENDERLOIN CAFE

CARTER WATSON KNOCKED OUT BY PATSY HORAN IN THREE ROUNDS

At the police court next morning, under bail, appeared Carter Watson to answer the complaint of the People versus Carter Watson for the latter's assault and battery on one Patsy Horan. But first the prosecuting attorney, who was paid to prosecute all offenders against the People, drew him aside and talked with him privately.

"Why not let it drop?" said the prosecuting attorney. "I tell you what you do, Mr. Watson. Shake hands with Mr. Horan and we'll drop the case right here. A word to the judge and the case against you will be dismissed."

"But I don't want it dismissed," was the answer. "Your office being what it is, you should be prosecuting me instead of asking me to make up with this—this fellow."

"Oh, I'll prosecute you all right," retorted the other.

"Also you will have to prosecute this Patsy Horan," Watson advised; "for I shall now have him arrested for assault and battery."

"You'd better shake and make up," the prosecuting attorney repeated, with a threat in his voice.

The trials of both men were set for a week later, on the same morning, in Police Judge Witberg's court.

"You have no chance," Watson was told by an old friend of his boyhood, the retired manager of the biggest paper in the city. "Everybody knows you were beaten up by this man. His reputation is most unsavory. But it won't help you in the least. Both cases will be dismissed. This will be because you are you. Any ordinary man would be convicted."

"But I do not understand," objected the perplexed sociologist. "Without warning I was attacked by this man and badly beaten. I did not strike a blow. I ——"

"That has nothing to do with it," the other cut him off.

"Then what is there that has anything to do with it?"

"I'll tell you. You are now up against the local police and political machine. Who are you? You are not even a legal resident in this town. You live up in the country.

You haven't a vote of your own here. Much less do you swing any votes. This dive proprietor swings a string of votes in his precinct—a mighty long string."

"Do you mean to tell me that this Judge Witberg will violate the sacredness of his office and oath by letting this brute off?" Watson demanded.

"Watch him," was the grim reply. "Oh, he'll do it nicely enough! He will give an extra-legal, extra-judicial decision abounding in every word in the dictionary that stands for fairness and right."

"But there are the newspapers," Watson cried.

"They are not fighting the administration at present. They'll give it to you hard. You see what they have already done to you."

"Then these snips of boys on the police detail won't write the truth?"

"They will write something so near like the truth that the public will believe it. They write their stories under instruction, you know. They have their orders to twist and color, and there won't be much left of you when they get done. Better drop the whole thing right now. You are in bad."

"But the trials are set."

"Give the word and they'll drop them now. A man can't fight a machine unless he has a machine behind him—and shall I tell you a secret? Judge Witberg pays the taxes on Patsy Horan's resort."

"You don't mean it?"

"No, I don't. I am just telling you."

III

BUT Carter Watson was stubborn. He was convinced that the machine would beat him, but all his days he had sought social experience, and this was certainly something new.

The morning of the trial the prosecuting attorney made another attempt to patch up the affair.

"If you feel that way I should like to get a lawyer to prosecute the case," said Watson.

"No, you don't!" said the prosecuting attorney. "I am paid by the People to prosecute, and prosecute I will. But let me tell you: You have no chance. We shall lump both cases into one, and you watch out!"

Judge Witberg looked good to Watson. He was a fairly young man, with an intelligent face, smiling lips and wrinkles of laughter in the corners of his black eyes. Looking at him and studying him, Watson felt almost sure that his old friend's prognostication was wrong.

But Watson was soon to learn. Patsy Horan and the two of his satellites testified to a most colossal aggregation of perjuries. Watson could not have believed it possible without having experienced it. They denied the existence of the other four men. And of the two that testified, one claimed to have been in the kitchen, a witness to Watson's unprovoked assault on Patsy, while the other, remaining in the bar, had witnessed Watson's second and third rushes into the place as he attempted to annihilate the unoffending Patsy. The vile language ascribed to Watson was so voluminously and unspeakably vile that he felt they were injuring their own case—it was so impossible that he should utter such things. But when they described the brutal blows he had rained on poor Patsy's face, and the chair he demolished when he vainly attempted to kick Patsy, Watson waxed secretly hilarious and at the same time sad. The trial was a farce; but such lowness of life was depressing to contemplate when he considered the long upward climb humanity must make.

Watson could not recognize himself, nor could his worst enemy have recognized him, in the swashbuckling, roughhousing picture that was painted of him. But, as in all cases of complicated perjury, rifts and contradictions in the various stories appeared. The judge somehow failed to notice them, while the prosecuting attorney and Patsy's attorney shied off from them gracefully. Watson had not bothered to get a lawyer for himself, and he was now glad that he had not.

Still, he retained a semblance of faith in Judge Witberg when he went himself on the stand and started to tell his story.

"I was strolling casually along the street, your Honor," Watson began, but was interrupted by the judge.

"We are not here to consider your previous actions," bellowed Judge Witberg. "Who struck the first blow?"

"Your Honor," Watson pleaded, "I have no witnesses of the actual fray, and the truth of my story can only be brought out by telling the story fully ——"

Again he was interrupted.

"We do not care to publish any magazines here," Judge Witberg roared, looking at him so fiercely and malevolently that Watson could scarcely bring himself to believe that this was the same man he had studied a few minutes previously.

"Who struck the first blow?" Patsy's attorney asked.

The prosecuting attorney interposed, demanding to know which of the two cases lumped together this was, and by what right Patsy's lawyer, at that stage of the proceedings, should take the witness. Patsy's attorney fought back. Judge Witberg interfered, professing no knowledge of any two cases being lumped together. All this had to be explained. Battle royal raged, terminating in both attorneys apologizing to the court and to each other. And so it went, and to Watson it had the seeming of a group of pickpockets ruffling and bustling an honest man as they took his purse. The machine was working, that was all.

"Why did you enter this place of unsavory reputation?" was asked him.

"It has been my custom for many years, as a student of economics and sociology, to acquaint myself ——"

But this was as far as Watson got.

"We want none of your ologies here," snarled Judge Witberg. "It is a plain question. Answer it plainly. Is it true or not true that you were drunk? That is the gist of the question."

When Watson attempted to tell how Patsy had injured his face in his attempts to bat with his head Watson was openly scouted and flouted, and Judge Witberg again took him in hand.

"Are you aware of the solemnity of the oath you took to testify to nothing but the truth on this witness stand?" the judge demanded. "This is a fairy story you are telling. It is not reasonable that a man would so injure himself, and continue to injure himself, by striking the soft and sensitive parts of his face against your head. You are a sensible man. It is unreasonable, is it not?"

"Men are unreasonable when they are angry," Watson answered meekly.

Then it was that Judge Witberg was deeply outraged and righteously wrathful.

"What right have you to say that?" he cried. "It is gratuitous. It has no bearing on the case. You are here as a witness, sir, of events that have transpired. The court does not wish to hear any expressions of opinion from you at all."

"I but answered your question, your Honor," Watson protested humbly.

"You did nothing of the sort," was the next blast. "And let me warn you, sir, let me warn you that you are laying yourself liable to contempt by such insolence. And I will have you know that we know how to observe the law and the rules of courtesy down here in this little courtroom. I am ashamed of you."

And, while the next punctilious legal wrangle between the attorneys interrupted his tale of what happened in the Vendome, Carter Watson, without bitterness, amused and at the same time sad, saw rise before him the machines, large and small, that dominated his country, the unpunished and shameless grafts of a thousand cities perpetrated by the spidery and verminlike creatures of the machines. Here it was before him, a courtroom and a judge bowed down in subservience by the machine to a divekeeper who swung a string of votes. Petty and sordid as it was, it was one face of the many-faced machine that loomed colossally in every city and state, in a thousand guises overshadowing the land.

A familiar phrase rang in his ears: "It is to laugh." At the height of the wrangle he giggled once aloud, and earned a sullen frown from Judge Witberg. Worse a myriad times, he decided, were these bullying lawyers and this bullying judge than the bucko mates in first-quality hellships, who not only did their own bullying but protected themselves as well. These petty rapscallions, on the other hand, sought protection behind the majesty of the law. They struck, but no one was permitted to strike back, for behind them were the prison cells and the clubs of the stupid policemen—paid and professional fighters and beaters-up of men. Yet he was not bitter. The grossness of it was forgotten in the simple grotesqueness of it.

Nevertheless, hectored and heckled though he was, he managed in the end to give a simple, straightforward version of the affair, and despite a belligerent cross-examination his story was not shaken in any particular. Quite different it was from the perjuries of Patsy.

Both Patsy's attorney and the prosecuting attorney rested their cases, letting everything go before the court without argument. Watson protested against this, but was silenced when the prosecuting attorney told him that he was the public prosecutor and knew his business.

"Patrick Horan has testified that he was in danger of his life and that he was compelled to defend himself," Judge Witberg's verdict began. "Mr. Watson has testified to the same thing. Each has sworn that the other struck the first blow; each has sworn that the other made an unprovoked assault on him. It is an axiom of the law that the defendant should be given the benefit of the doubt. A very reasonable doubt exists. Therefore, in the case of the People versus Carter Watson the benefit of the doubt is given to said Carter Watson and he is herewith ordered discharged from custody. The same reasoning applies to the case of the People versus Patrick Horan. He is given the benefit of the doubt and discharged from custody. My recommendation is that both defendants shake hands and make up."

In the afternoon papers the first headline that caught Watson's eye was:

CARTER WATSON ACQUITTED

In the second paper it was:

CARTER WATSON ESCAPES A FINE

But what capped everything was the one beginning:

CARTER WATSON A GOOD FELLOW

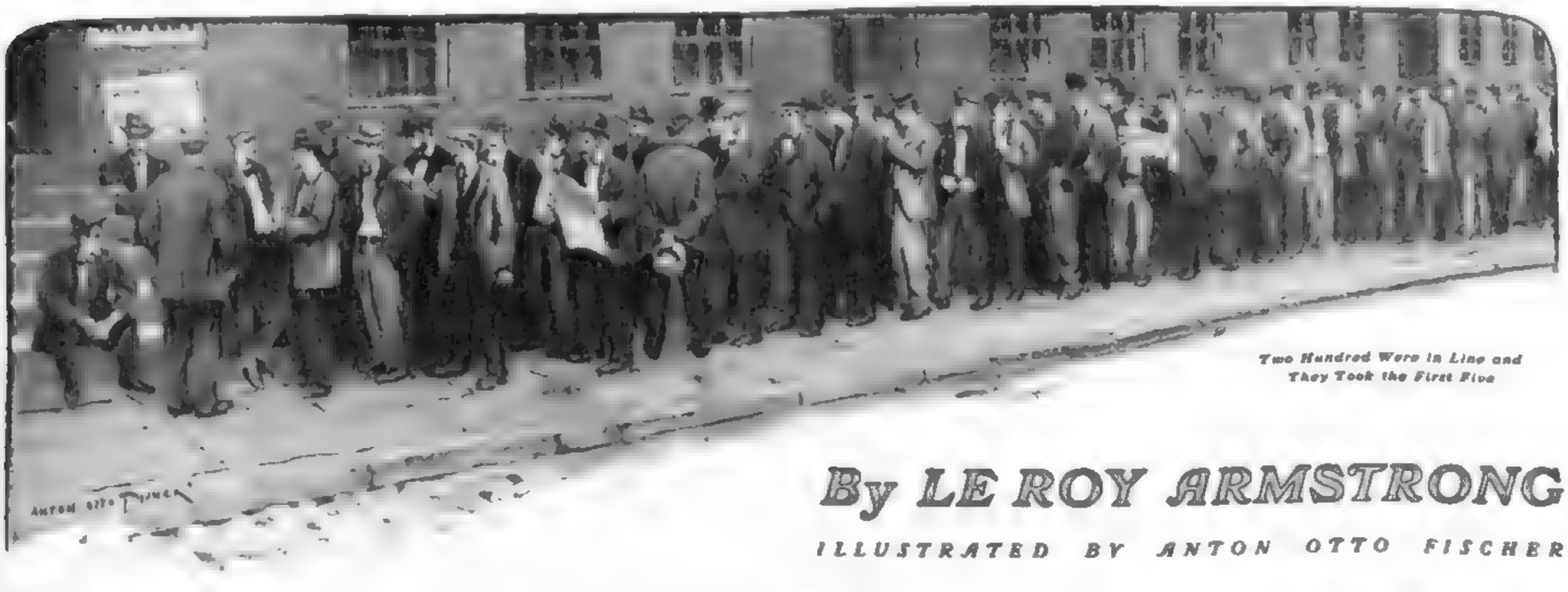
In the text he read how Judge Witberg had advised both fighters to shake hands, which they promptly did. Further, he read:

Continued on Page 69

"I Don't Want to Fight. I Want to Get Out of Here"

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

Two Twentieth Century Pilgrims and Where They Landed



Two Hundred Were in Line and They Took the First Five

By LE ROY ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SINCE I have been laid up here—for a man can't do much when his leg is broken—I have been reading books; though I suppose some books are read by people whose legs are not broken. Either that, or else those other cripples are handling themselves better than I can.

Anyway, one of the books said that it is better to live a right life than to write about one. And there is something in that. But I am not going to brag about my life being right. I am just going to try to show you some of the points of difference between then and now—between holding a job and having a home. I shall not write very well. My business has been setting type; putting other men's copy so some one could read it. Sending my own copy to the printer will be a new thing. And yet it will be readable. Somebody will edit it as I go along.

I shall not write very well, but then I am not writing for the professionals. All I want is for the boys at the cases—and other boys in other trades—yes, and still others with no trade at all—to hear me. If I could get up on a fireplug at Dearborn and Van Buren Streets some night when the crowd is biggest with men and women who have jobs, and men and women who want jobs—ah, how they want them!—and even men and women who swear they wouldn't take a job if it were offered to them—if I could get up there and say what I have to say so they could hear it, so that not even the hammering of the elevated could drown my voice—why, then I wouldn't try to write the story. But I can't. And I want to reach those men and women. They need it.

. . . . . .

November is my month. The worst and the best of my life has come in November. And the best is going to stick. I've got that locked and planed down, and it lifts, and there isn't anything in the world can pi it. I am here in the grape arbor, with my land all about me—my land! Earth! What everything comes from! What everything rests on! What everything goes back to! My land all about me—and crops and fruits and stock on it, so that my wife and my children are sure—listen!—are sure of a place to sleep, sure of plenty to eat, sure of enough to wear, sure of all the education they need or can use, sure that nobody in all the world can cuss them! My land, where we can't be put off; where we can lie down and be sick in comfort if sickness comes; where no one but us is big enough to come in and give orders. It's mine. I got it.

My Bachelor Life as a Printer

WOULD I go back and take eight hours and the scale? Would a man who had just got through dying and had waked up in Heaven—— Oh, I can't make it strong enough! Just go with me up and down this story. But, after all, I bragged a little. I said: "I got it." Between you and me, Mary got it. I just came along. I'll tell you how it was.

. . . . . .

Away back there in another November I was working in a big job-office in Chicago. My father was a printer before me—a country printer; but he moved up to the city while I was a kid, and I grew up between the Slocum School and the North Pier. Sometimes I caught fish and sometimes I caught a licking. Sometimes both. The Dad stuck to the news side and held cases on the old Times. I remember going up to his alley one summer night, and fifty men were setting type by gaslight. It was so hot I couldn't find enough air to breathe.

He said he was too old to learn the machines when they put in linotypes, and he went on to the last, sticking type in little book offices—in littler ones all the time. He always made some sort of living and he wouldn't come out here to the Western mountains. He was one of the flock—the numberless flock—that saw life getting thinner and weaker and less worth while every year, instead of stronger and richer and more beautiful, and more sure. There is the big thing—more sure!

I took to jobwork when they gave me an apprenticeship. I think they had suspended me for the last time, and I was due for the police court—and maybe Pontiac—when some one steered me into the job side. I knew many things about the trade, having been about type and presses all my life, and I learned quickly. I was as good and as fast as any man in the office when I finished my third year. And that made me a little uppish and a little headstrong at the end. How I managed to marry Mary, when there were so many chances against my getting a good girl, is one of the miracles. She was the only one of just her kind in all Chicago—the only kind that could have saved me. And yet I married her.

"There's Our Valley. It Has Hills to the West of It and It Slopes to the South"

To go back to the days before my marriage, those were pretty good times for me. I was getting my eighteen a week and had no one depending on me. I boarded at home for a long time and gave Mother ten dollars every payday. But I guess I was costing more than I came to, and so I went over to a sort of hotel near Union Park.

There were lectures at a hall down in Randolph Street and I used to go there. Any man with a message for working people—provided it hit capital hard enough—could get an audience there. I used to laugh at these lectures, though I used to listen to them. I was a workingman, but I didn't ask odds of any one. I didn't consider myself in the capitalistic class, nor below it, nor above it. I didn't care a whoop about it. Only sometimes, going home from these lectures, I would pass some rich fellow's home and think for a minute how much better he had things than I had. When I read of some plutocrat getting a divorce, or some swells having an orgy at a South Side hotel, I would feel resentment.

In spite of the trouble I had at school I had always read good books, and I had quite a lot of them in my little room at home. And mother kept sending them over, and new ones for birthday presents, and for Christmas presents, and just for presents.

A woman there at the boarding house used to borrow them. She was a great reader and had quite a library herself. The boarders said she was an author. She certainly knew lots of famous people, for many of her books were presentation volumes, with authors' autographs in them. She was not young. Her hair was perfectly gray. And yet she wasn't old. She thought quick and talked quick. I think she had about as good a time as any one I have ever known.

My First Sight of Mary

ONE Christmastime she asked me—right out—to take her to hear the Messiah. I liked the theater and went there often, but I never cared much for music. But I liked this woman in a good-fellow sort of way, and told her, all right, I'd take her.

She said, "Very well. Here are the tickets," and handed them over. I had expected to buy them, of course; but she wouldn't have it that way. So we went. It was in the old Central Music Hall at State and Randolph Streets.

I never saw and never shall see anything like the rising of that chorus. And I never heard, and in this world never shall hear, anything like that oratorio. As I sit here in this grape arbor, miles and years away from all of it, I can still hear that "Unto us a child is born" tossed back and forth from soprano to tenor, from alto to bass. And the boom of that Hallelujah Chorus will never go out of my ears. I didn't care much for the solos. They seemed to interfere with the real business of the entertainment. I rather pitied those "principals," but I reveled in the choruses.

There was a girl in the third row from the top of the contraltos who had a red pin at her throat, and was so pretty—so more than pretty! All the rest of them were just men and women. She was in a class by herself. It seemed to me I could hear her voice no matter how crammed with music that old hall might be. And it made the thing clearer and more beautiful.

I thought of her all the way home. We walked, and I was humming over some of the passages. The woman with me said she used to sing in the Apollo Club herself, and she knew a good many who were still there. I wondered if by any chance she knew the girl with a red pin at her throat, but I didn't ask.

One Easter I was reading the theater page in the Sunday paper. It was all full of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. They were going to play Faust, and from all accounts the people were a good deal crazy about it. I called across the hall and asked this gray-haired woman if she would go with me to the play Tuesday night. She said she would. Then she added:

"Come in here. I want you to meet my best friend."

I went over, and there was the girl with the red breast-pin. I hadn't known that any one was in the room except the woman, and was a good deal embarrassed.

They talked of different things, and finally of the Messiah; and I found this girl, this Mary Garnett, felt a good deal proud of being in that club. It was her first year in the chorus. She was an orphan, and lived with her uncle, a contracting carpenter up on the North Side. And they had come from the country, just as I had.

The woman and I went to see Irving and Terry, but on the next Sunday I went up to the Garnett home and called on Mary. She played and sang a little, and I tried to think I was right about hearing her voice through all the others—not above them. It wasn't so very loud.

We Marry

SHE went with me to see Fanny Davenport in Fedora, and that night I remember I tried to believe the American workingmen were in exactly the same position as the Russian common people in that play—the victims of a terrible and an intentional injustice. We went to see Booth and Barrett that winter, and once to see one of Dave Henderson's extravaganzas at the Chicago Opera House—Crystal Slipper or Sinbad, I don't remember which. And I got it into my head that the oppression of the people by the money crowd had something to do with the willingness of all those girls to show themselves in little clothing; girls who looked as if they had come from the country, from my sort of home—not rich, but decent and respectable.

Mary would never have lunch after a play, but one night when we came out with the crowd, and the moon was shining, she said she would rather walk than ride. We walked clear up to the far end of Lincoln Park, and all the crowded cars passed us.

As we came to her block Mary said: "My, what a pleasant evening I have had!"

I said: "You have made it very pleasant for me."

She seemed to be gratified, and started to add something about the theater people who had helped; but I interrupted her.

"No; it was you. Come on. Let us try to make each other happy always."

She looked around at me slow and straight and solemn—and then she looked down at the sidewalk.

I said: "Will you?" and tried to put my arm around her, but she wouldn't have that. And yet, right at the door, she kissed me quick and flew into the house. I walked back along the Lake Shore Drive and tried to sing the Hallelujah Chorus all by myself—with the waves for instruments; past all those rich houses, and I didn't care a straw for any of them.

I took her over to my boarding house when we were married, and paid twelve dollars a week for the two of us. But after a while she wanted a place of her own, and we rented a little flat and fitted it up on the "easy installment" plan. And it was there, just on the first anniversary of our marriage, that the baby was born. And all that day, as I set type, I was humming the line: "Unto us a child is born."

I got behind a little with money matters along there. It happened that there were just then an unusual number of speeches and pamphlets on the oppression of the poor by the rich. And I got to giving the idea more attention than before.

Mary laughed and sang just the same as ever; she didn't seem to find anything wrong. And that was strange, for she was up a good many nights with the baby as we couldn't afford to hire a nurse. Sometimes it wasn't easy to get medicine for him. He died when he had been with us less than a year. And our second wedding anniversary was a pretty gloomy day. The funeral expenses discouraged me; and, although the baby was buried in Mary's uncle's family lot, I had to assign a part of my wages for more than another year. It was the hardest money I ever paid.

Seeing people who had more than they could use; reading about people who wasted more in a night than would have paid all our debts and bought groceries for a year—that grated on me a good deal.

A Part of the Whole Earth Was Actually and Absolutely Ours

The first time I stayed away all night Mary kept something warm in the oven for me and never spoke a cross word. Only, just as I was leaving next morning, she said the installment man had been around; but I didn't have any money to give her. We had been drinking and playing poker, the fellows and I; and I felt pretty sore as I went downtown. I was ten minutes late and they docked me half a day. I was mad; but when it happened to other fellows they didn't seem to care.

The next time they docked me I quit. And that time the installment man took the furniture—or most of it—and Mary made a picnic dinner on a box. I borrowed some money of a Shylock and we moved to the Northwest Side. It was not long before the Shylock garnisheed my wages. The Dad lent me enough to offer him the amount I had borrowed, with lawful interest, and he took it, but the judge held up the garnisheed money. It was something about an appeal. Anyway, I never got it.

We boarded a while after that, and I went to another shop. I could make money, and there must have been some months of steady work, for we started housekeeping again in a little flat on the South Side.

Ben Hawkins quit the trade and started a poker room, and we used to play up there. He kept drinks, just as they do in the regular gambling houses; but he quarreled with the policeman and the place was pulled one night. Mary must have been holding out on me, for she came across with enough money to pay the fine.

After that things got worse. Somehow we managed to keep the flat and live; but I guess Mary managed a good deal of it by walking away over to the stockyards and buying meat bargains there. I loafed two months straight—and got steadily madder at the great big Something that was against me and against all workingmen.

One of the fellows started an anarchist paper and advocated labor's asserting its rights, and taking by force what force unjustly withheld. I was for that.

Mary didn't argue it with me. She acted as if she didn't think I was in earnest. She just laughed as I started away and laid a ten-cent piece in the palm of her left hand, put her right thumb on it as if she would mash it, and said:

"That's the bottom of our bank, Bunkie. Get another one or two if you can. Kiss me. Goodby."

. . . . . .

The next morning along about nine o'clock I turned into my street. The sun was shining very warm, and there was a little crowd of people in the middle of the block. Pretty soon, as I got nearer, I saw Mary sitting in a rocking-chair on the sidewalk. And there was the furniture—set out. She came to me and put her arm around me, and then she took me down a narrow passage and into a cool, dark place—a sort of basement. I slept on a broken lounge till the middle of the afternoon. Then I went out, and Mary was still with the furniture; but the people had gone. I looked at her, and she smiled, just as pleasant as ever. Then she said:

"Let's go into Mrs. Watson's and get a bite of dinner."

On the Street

WHEN we came out again she sat down in the chair and I sat on the stove. It had a roll of carpet on it. Some children came near and looked at us. I looked over at Mary when they went away, and said:

"Well?"

She laughed a little, but it was a sober sort of laugh too. Then she said:

"I don't know what we'd better do. I thought I would put it up to you."

I said: "'We?' What 'we' had better do?"

She looked very straight in my eyes, and said: "Yes, 'we.'"

"Don't you count me out?"

"Not much!" says Mary. "We stick together."

Then I got up and walked to the corner and came back. I began to wonder where we could put the things for the night; where we could begin again. I stood by Mary for a minute, but she didn't say anything. Then I walked down to the other corner and past it, and there was a man and a woman on the porch of a two-story house, and he was smoking. I knew him. He was a stereotyper on the Herald. We spoke, and I asked him pretty soon if he didn't have a couple of rooms he would rent for a month.

He came out and walked up and down with me. He asked me how much money I had, and I turned my pockets out. He said:

"Well, I don't want no trouble."

I said: "You won't have any trouble. I guess I have been wrong. I am going to play the other game."

He told me: "All right. There is a carriage-house on the back end of my lot. The fellow that built this place had a horse and buggy. Come and look at it. If it's worth five dollars a month to you take it for two months. No longer. And say, you stick to that hunch about playing the other game."

It seemed to me I never saw so good a man. I was very thankful, and made up my mind I would do him some big favor—and watch out mighty close for the chance. I

carried nearly everything down there, and the stereotyper helped me with the stove. Mary was as happy as a lark, and so was I. She went out just about dusk and came back with some groceries, and we had strong coffee and fried meat. We didn't leave a thing. In the morning I went down to the secretary of the union. He said there was nothing stirring. He told me there were five men for every job, and that he expected it would be worse before it got better.

"What am I going to do?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "I know of good printers who are unloading lumber. And I know other good printers who have enlisted in the regular army."

I went across the Randolph Street viaduct, where they were unloading a lumber schooner from upper Michigan; but they didn't want any non-union lumber shovers, and they wouldn't let me join their union. I went into a big wholesale house, and a boy steered me back through to the big platform in the rear where packed goods were being loaded on trucks for shipment.

"Ask that man," he said, pointing to a sort of clerk—a big kid with a book and pencil.

I walked up to him, but he didn't seem to see me. I wondered if he would hire me to hustle boxes—me! I looked at the men working—working hard—tearing at it. And I thought: "Oh, if he will only give me a chance!"

Pretty soon the young fellow said: "Well, what do you want?"

"I want work."

He looked at me again, and then bawled out a direction to a teamster and tore off a sheet of the paper he had been writing on. I thought he didn't want me, and I was just going to Yes, I was just going to plead with him for work. But he said:

"All right; I'll try you. Roll those nail-kegs out to the edge of the platform. Get a hustle on you."

Odd Jobs Better Than None

THERE was a flash of thought about what might be said to a boss who would talk that way to a workingman; but only a flash. I did hustle. It was hard work—the stooping and lifting being the worst. When it was done he set me to shifting packed boxes that came up from the basement in the elevator. While I was working at this some of the printers that I knew came down Randolph Street for the suburban trains. They looked clean and unwearied. But they didn't see me. It seemed as if six o'clock would never come. I was very tired.

When I went past the young man I asked him if I should come again in the morning, but he said, "No." Then he gave me a little slip of paper with "eighty cents" written on it. I had worked four hours.

And I couldn't get my money till next day. The office was closed at five o'clock. So I walked clear home. Mary made some strong coffee, and had some more fresh meat. I don't know how she could have gotten it.

After supper I laid down on the floor and Mary rubbed my hands and arms with arnica. I waked up in bed, and she was getting breakfast. I went down to the same place, but the office wasn't open yet, and I walked around to the big platform and saw the same young fellow. I wondered if he would give me work if I would split the pay with him.

He used me for an hour and gave me another slip; and I cashed the two and took the dollar to Mary. Then I went to the packing-houses in the stockyards, but there wasn't anything for me. A man hired me to clean buggies in a livery stable, and gave me half a dollar. Everywhere men were begging for work. There was a panic. I was scared. That day Mary walked clear up to Sixteenth Street and Wabash Avenue and got ten cents' worth of stale bread. It lasted a week, and we liked it.

One Sunday there was an advertisement for printers at a Plymouth Place shop. I was down there at six o'clock in the morning, and twenty-one men were ahead of me in line at the door. Two hundred were in line at seven-thirty. And they took the first five.

As I waited there while the boss was asking questions of the printers I wondered if that tired-looking man realized how much power he held in his hands. I trembled when he looked along the line—almost to me. Maybe he would want more than five. Surely I could not get that near work and then be sent away!

But I was sent away. About fifty of us stood around there by the door when the five had gone upstairs, and I could smell ink through the basement gratings, and could hear the clatter of the presses. I knew two or three of the men. They were pretty blue. As we walked away we could hear presses all the way to Polk Street.

"There's plenty of work," one man said. "Somebody's getting it. Why can't the fellows on the outside get a chance?"

Another said: "Oh, you and the capitalists are getting the usual division! He has ice in the summer, and you have it in the winter. What are you kicking about?"

I got away from them and got out to the roundhouses of the Illinois Central. A foreman told me to come back at seven o'clock in the evening, and bring a shovel.

That was all—and I started home happy. On the way, I kept down the far East Side. I passed the alley where I sat one cold night and needed only a match to burn a barn. A man was spading a big lawn, and he asked me what I would take to finish it for him.

I said: "A dollar, if you will give me the spade when I am done."

"I'll give you a new shovel," he said. "I need the spade."

"Well, there's a difference in the price of spades and shovels," I said. "I'll do the work for a dollar and a quarter and the shovel."

I trembled—till he said: "Very well."

Crossing the Rocky Mountains on Foot is Not Easy for Any One at Any Time

It was midafternoon when I was through and the man was gone; but a woman gave me the money. I told her about the shovel, and she said:

"He didn't mention that, but you look honest. Go down to the barn and pick out the right thing."

I had a match and could have burned that barn, and two handsome carriages, and a lot of hay and grain; but I didn't want to.

Saturday afternoon, just before I started to work, a man came to the door and looked in.

"Moved, have you?" he said.

"Yes. Come in," says Mary.

It was the furniture installment man. She went over to the bed and got her pocketbook and took out four silver dollars, and gave them to him. He sat down in the door and wrote the receipt. Then he got up and handed me the paper.

"It is a pleasure to do business with your kind of people," he said.

Curious; but I rather liked that.

Mary's New Idea

I USUALLY got home about daylight, and Mary always had breakfast ready for me. One day when I woke up she told me she had rented a better place for us to live, if I felt like helping to move the furniture. It was only a block away. I found two fellows down at the corner, and I gave one of them a quarter to help with the stove and a few other things. There wasn't much.

The stereotyper came out and gave me a pan of baked beans.

"Your woman'll be too tired to get supper," he said. "You're playing the right game, Pick."

Next day was Sunday, and he came up to the new flat—which wasn't much of a flat; only two rooms upstairs, back, over a butcher shop. He sat there a while and didn't talk much; but he gave me a cigar. I don't know how long it had been since I had smoked one. Mary laughed at me.

We smoked along for a while and then the stereotyper started away. Just at the door he said:

"I was speaking to Frank Ehlen last night, and he said he could use you for a week or two. They are putting on an ad-compositor."

I said: "Do you mean ——" And then I couldn't say any more. But Mary walked up to him and said:

"Do you mean you have got a job for Bunkie—a job at the trade?"

And he said he didn't just know. I was to go down and see Frank Ehlen at noon, Monday.

I told the foreman at the roundhouse and he gave me leave at eleven o'clock. I went home on the street car and walked up. Mary had fixed an old coat and a pair of trousers—and a necktie. She shook her head at the shoes; but I got them shined at an Italian shop over in Clark Street, and went up to the Herald.

They put me at work and I worked there steadily for three months.

I have been trying to show you some of the hard side of the inside. I suppose there were more than three hundred thousand people in Chicago who would have called me lucky—and the menfolks of that number would have envied me—there in the ad-room of the Herald.

The day they laid me off was a black day for me. We had been taking care of every penny and had a little money—a very little—saved up.

Mary kept it in the bed.

I had seen for a week that some one would have to go, and I walked straight home and told Mary all about it. That was the first time she cried.

Next morning, when we had eaten breakfast, she smiled soberly and said:

"Bunkie, what do you think about it?"

"I think there are too many of my kind here in Chicago."

"That's just it," says she; "there are too many. I reckon we have as good a chance to live as any of them. But that's the best we can hope for—just a chance to live."

"Isn't living enough?"

"It may be for some, but it isn't for our kind."

Then I remembered the little warm pride I felt when the installment man said it was a pleasure to do business with our kind of people. Men scared of the Something couldn't get that rating. I couldn't see daylight, but I wasn't scared any more.

Mary said: "Isn't there vacant land somewhere—land for settlers?"

"Yes—out in the mountain states; out in Utah, and Montana, and Colorado."

"Can people make a living on it?"

"People do."

She was still for a time, and then she said:

"My grandfather and grandmother walked from Baltimore to Laporte, Indiana. Their things came to Toledo by railroad and canal and the lake, and they got them to the land someway. And my grandfather owned four hundred acres when he died."

I thought of that for a long time. Then I said:

"Do you mean that you think we could get to this land?"

"I think I'd rather die trying than die here."

So I thought about that too.

There was a little printshop over in Cottage Grove Avenue, and I saw a "Compositor Wanted" card hanging on the door. So I went in and they put me to work. That lasted four days. Then we sat down and talked it over again.

"We can fight as hard as we want to," said Mary, "and the best we can get is a bare living—mighty bare, most of the time. If one of us gets sick ——"

"Mary!" I cried.

"Don't worry," says Mary. "We are out of debt now. But we seem to be as well off as we can hope to be, and we are getting older every minute."

"Are you game to sell the furniture and start out West?"

"In a minute," says Mary.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

She went over to a box of papers and things, and fished out a folded map. We spread it on the table and hunted for country where there seemed to be the fewest people. We didn't want too much mountain and we didn't want desert; so we picked out a region in western Colorado.

There was an excursion rate to Denver and Omaha and the Pacific Coast. We could go to Denver for twenty-one dollars apiece. I saw a second-hand man and he offered us twenty dollars for the furniture. It had cost us over a hundred. I asked the stereotyper what he thought of an auction, and he said it was too much of a gamble. Just as I was going—for he didn't talk very much—he said: "I will give you half you paid for your furniture and store it in my stable. Any time you want it, send me my money and I'll ship the goods.

So we arranged it that way.

The waiting room of the depot was crowded with people. Every one seemed to be going on these excursions. We knew it would be awfully crowded and unpleasant, but Mary looked past all that.

"My grandfather walked most of the way from Baltimore to Indiana," she said, "and my grandmother walked with him. If they could stand that we can stand this."

We Begin Life Over Again

WHILE we were waiting for traintime I sat there with the things we had brought along, and she walked over to one of the windows. As she stopped to look about her, coming back, I took more notice of her.

She wasn't a big woman, nor heavy. But she was straight and round and trim, and she held her head high and back, and her chin up as if there wasn't anything in the world better than she was. Her hands were clasped behind her, and her lips were closed and her cheeks were red. She was handsome.

"Mary," I said, as she came back to the bench where I was sitting, "you are the prettiest woman in the depot."

And she leaned over and nuzzled my head to one side, and kissed me. Then she stood up and looked straight ahead, as if she dared any one to make remarks about it.

We got away in the evening, and after we had given up our tickets and got settled for the night Mary looked at me and asked:

"Where are we going?"

"Home," said I.

Two nights and a day on the train wore us down some, but Mary wouldn't go to a hotel. We ate a twenty-five-cent dinner in a restaurant, and walked about three miles to find the one that seemed likely to give us the most for our money. We didn't have half enough, but we felt better as we came out. I looked for work at the trade, but there was nothing, and we were glad of it.

We sat down on a bench in a park, with the sunshine pouring around us, and I wondered what the next move would be. Mary solved the question.

"Now we are face to face with it," she said. "We've got to walk."

She had that little folded map on her knees, and I let her study it a good deal. She traced with her finger back to Chicago and then traced with her finger out to the Grand River.

"There's our valley," she said. "It has hills to the west of it and it slopes to the south, and there is a stream running through it, and many trees. There is just enough rain to keep the grass green and just enough snow to make us glad when spring comes, and just enough work to keep us busy—and just enough of everything to make our home. And we will sit down there in the evening, just as we are sitting here, and be independent of every one on earth. We will have enough, and they can't take it away from us. Come on."

She got up and we started. From Denver, from that beginning of the real hardship, we walked about a thousand miles before we got to Mary's valley. And we were six months on the way.

I don't suppose I can make any one realize the hardships of that tramp. It wasn't like walking on a cement pavement. Our shoes were not made for such rough walking, and the heavier shoes we got later hurt our feet. One of the show places in hell, I am sure—one of the places where the proprietors proudly take their guests—is the place where people have to walk when their feet hurt. Part of the time was winter. And through the worst of it we kept to the road. Several times we stopped and worked for a little time. But crossing the Rocky Mountains on foot is not easy for any one at any time.

All we had now was in one little pack; and I carried it. We didn't hurry, and when Mary got tired we stopped and rested. But after the first few days we got hard; and then we walked right on for hours and hours at a time, talking little—thinking a good deal. Most of the days were hot, even in winter. All of the nights were very cold. *(Continued on Page 38)*

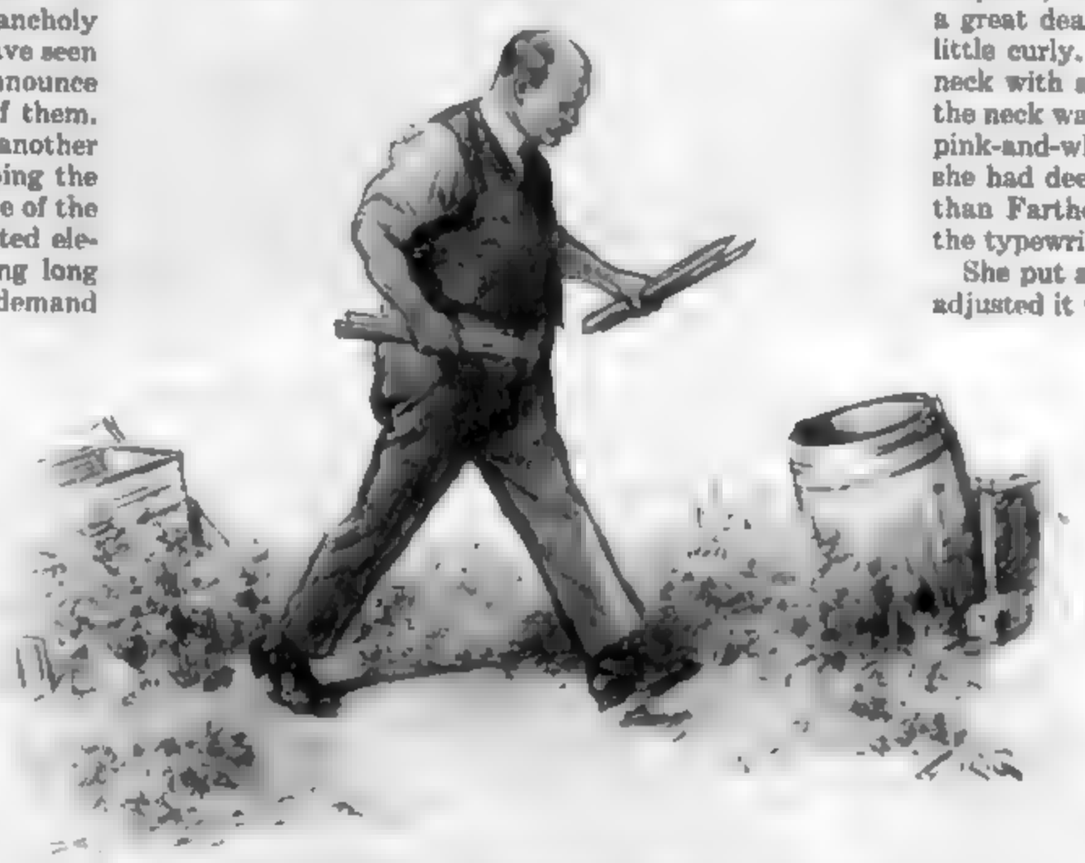
The Career of Farthest North

Purloining a Goddess--By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ON A CROSSTOWN street between Fortieth and Fiftieth, in New York, stands a long and melancholy row of four-story dun-colored houses that have seen better days. Placards in the parlor windows announce that furnished rooms may be had in a number of them. In one of the basements clothes are pressed; in another hats are cleaned and umbrellas mended. Climbing the steps that lead to one of the doors about the middle of the row, you enter a dim hall and come to a dilapidated elevator cage inclosed in a wire screen. If you ring long enough a negro will emerge from somewhere and demand to know whom you wish to see. His clothing suggests that he may have been tending the furnace or emptying the garbage, and his manner plainly implies that he would prefer kicking you out to taking you up.

Upstairs, in what should have been the dining room of a small apartment at the rear of the third floor, Francis North paced impatiently about. He was in bad humor, which was very unusual for him. More than an hour before he had telephoned to a stenographic bureau asking that an operator be sent over at once. Nobody had come and there was a lot of work to be done. On the dining-room table lay a stack of letterheads and envelopes, a heap of unanswered letters and a litter of pamphlets and handbills. The letterheads were of large size, and a full third of each was occupied by a gorgeously colored lithograph showing a group of comely young ladies in bright blue tights and red tunics, with the legend—in heavy red letters and blue capitals—"Royal Bohemian Terpsichorean Marines." Beneath, in smaller type, sedately black, appeared: "Francis North, Press Representative."



She Had Caught Her Father Surreptitiously Pacing Off His Twelve Lots

The doorbell rang. Frowning slightly Farthest hastened to answer the summons. He meant to give the stenographer a scolding for her tardiness. He threw open the door, beheld the figure in the dingy hall and caught his breath.

"I've been waiting some time for you," he said meekly, even apologetically. "Please come in."

He led the way to the dining room, and then without even venturing to glance at the stenographer he seized a chair, dusted it with his pocket handkerchief, placed it carefully in front of the typewriter, darted to the table, caught up a sheaf of letterheads and envelopes and put them on the typewriter stand. Next he raised the window-shade a little higher, and finally turned to look at her with a rather frightened air.

She was standing by the table. "I think I'll take off my hat," she said in a low, musical voice.

The hat was of the sort called lingerie, being composed of two terraces of filmy white cloth over a wire frame, with pansies running around it. She wore a white dress also, with elbow sleeves, and the arms that she lifted to the hat were round and milky white. The hat being off, she stooped a little to look in the cracked mirror over the fireplace, and patted her hair at either side. There was a great deal of the hair. It was chestnut in color and a little curly. As she brushed it up from the nape of her neck with a deft touch of her hand, Farthest noted that the neck was round and smooth as a marble column. Her pink-and-white complexion looked deliciously edible, and she had deep blue eyes. She was a good half head taller than Farthest's slight self, and as she stepped across to the typewriter he lost his breath again.

She put a letterhead into the machine deliberately and adjusted it with care. Then she turned her dazzling head and smiled at him. Her lips formed a cupid's bow. "I can't write so very fast," she said melodiously. "I'm just beginning."

"Oh, take your time! Take your time! There's no hurry at all," Farthest hastened to assure her—entirely forgetting how impatient he had been five minutes before. He began dictating slowly and distinctly: "Mr. James Thompson ——"

"A 'p' in Thompson?" she inquired.

"Yes, a 'p' in Thompson," Farthest replied in tender accents. "Wilkesbarre, Pennsylva ——"

She hesitated a moment and gave a low, sweet laugh. "I don't believe I know how to spell that," she confessed.

Farthest spelled it out for her as though he were lulling a restless babe to sleep.

"Just 'P-a' for Pennsylvania?" she asked.

"Just 'P-a,'" he cooed back. "Dear—sir—your ——"

She picked out the letters one by one, with a pause as of triumph after each word. "You're ——" she reminded him.

"Oh, yes!" said Farthest hastily, blushing in his momentary confusion. For his message to Mr. Thompson had floated clean out of his head as his rapt eyes followed her pretty white fingers, with dimples at the knuckles, moving slowly over the keyboard. "Your esteemed," he began again.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in enchanting dismay, making her deep blue eyes round. "You meant 'your,' possessive case! I wrote it as a contraction of 'you are.'" She opened the typewriter drawer and daintily poked a finger into the dusty mess within, then looked under the stack

of letterheads. "You haven't any eraser!" she announced, smiling, as though she had caught him in a fault. "Shall I take another sheet?"

"Oh, certainly! Take another sheet," Farthest encouraged, and watched her remove that letterhead and put a fresh one in the machine. He observed, with mysterious joy, that she seemed a beautifully strong girl. When her finger found the right key she hit it a firm, ringing blow, and her periods punched holes in the paper. By the time she had written down to "esteemed" again he was far afield and had to shake himself together. Ordinarily language flowed from him as water from a spring; but the curve of her white neck and the way the long chestnut lashes half veiled her deep blue eyes kept demoralizing his train of thought.

"You haven't been at this work long," he ventured to suggest by-and-by.

She gave him the smile and the full view of her matchless complexion that he had hoped for. "This is my very first job," she said. "I'm awfully glad you didn't want me to write shorthand. I don't have any trouble to write it, but sometimes I can't read my notes at all." She laughed adorably. "Professor Wilkins says that's always the trouble with beginners. I took a two months' course at a business college, you know. Don't you think shorthand is awfully hard to remember?"

He thought it almost beyond human ability.

"I shouldn't have got this chance either," she added with charming candor, "only the first two girls that the bureau sent backed out when they saw the place. It seems the girls dislike going into any strange place that isn't a regular business office, because sometimes they're not treated nicely."

Farthest then understood why he had been kept waiting so long; but what made his heart flutter was the thought of her going into a strange place where she might not be treated nicely. "Yet you came!" he breathed in awe.

"Oh, I was bound to come!" she replied firmly. "You see, my father and mother didn't want me to do this at all. But we needed the money, and I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't help. So I was bound to take the first chance I got. As to the appearance of the place, I don't think that has anything to do with it. Do you? It's the appearance of the person that I would count on. Of course"—she hesitated and blushed ravishingly—"if the person didn't appear to be a gentleman I should just go away."

Farthest, at the moment, felt an indescribable affection for his own appearance of gentility. That she should be working because she needed the money and going to strange places where she might not be treated nicely seemed to him the most penetratingly tragic thing he had ever heard of.

"You know, I'll have work of this sort to do right along," he said eagerly, his heart aflutter. "I'd like you to come every day—right along—make it a regular position——" He stopped abruptly, horribly embarrassed, for after all it was like asking Venus to darn his socks.

"Oh, really! Do you mean it?" she exclaimed, her eyes shining upon him gratefully. "I'd be so glad to!"

When she had gone away Farthest wandered about the room a while in ecstatic imbecility. Then he pulled himself together with a great effort, went around the corner and got a light, early dinner. Returning, he sat himself down to the typewriter and worked diligently until midnight, pounding out the letters that he had expected the stenographer to write. It was tiresome; but from time to time he took from his breast pocket an unaddressed envelope bearing the return card of the Marines, and drew from it a slip of paper that he contemplated rapturously.

The slip was merely a receipt for two dollars and ten cents stenographer's fees. But it was signed Edith Thayer in a fair round hand. After doting upon those characters a moment Farthest resumed his heroic labors at the typewriter with a light heart. He was obliged to take a receipt for the money, because the other name of the Royal Bohemian Terpsichorean Marines was Levy Einstein, and unless he turned in a duly signed voucher Levy would deduct the two dollars and ten cents from his modest salary. Up to that afternoon, indeed, Farthest had considered himself in hard luck; but he had no time to think of that now.

Edith Thayer then became his daily companion, and he deemed it quite miraculous that every morning when she came gliding into the office and smiled at him she was exactly as enchanting as she had been the day before. Her transit through ethereal space had brushed off no particle of the delicious bloom upon her cheeks.

Presently, however, he discovered that her transit was merely from Far Up, New Jersey. He discovered, indeed, a great deal about her, for she was singularly open-minded, speaking of herself and her family with the perfect candor of a large, adorable, unsuspecting child. In any one else Farthest might have blamed this lack of discretion, but in Edith a simple and open mind was an added charm.

"My father's an interior decorator," she told him within a fortnight; "puts on wall-paper, you know. They say he's the best in the city. He makes eighteen hundred a year right along. But, you see, our house at Far Up is always needing repairs. The company built it for Father on the installment plan, and Father has to keep building it over again. That and the partial payments on the lots take all his money."

Coming from a creature with an ideal Greek profile and a figure that a goddess might have envied, such offhand confidences were simply bewitching. By the time she had been in the office three weeks she let him into the secret that her father was also an inventor; there was a great deal of money in the invention, only he hadn't so far been able to market it. Farthest pounced eagerly upon the opportunity. Marketing inventions, he told her, was exactly in his line. Hence it came very naturally that she invited him to meet her father and take dinner with the family at Far Up.

If you draw a straight line from the center of population of Brooklyn Borough through the center of population of Manhattan Borough and on across the river it will strike

His Two Thousand Razors Would Fetch Fifteen Hundred Dollars

Far Up exactly in the center. That fact had seemed immensely significant to James Watt Thayer when he purchased twelve lots in the newly platted settlement on the installment plan. Illogically enough, however, population had failed to follow the straight line, and the number of Far Up's inhabitants was still precisely what it had been on the day the Thayer family moved in. For this condition Mr. Thayer blamed the penny-wise, shortsighted policy of the Far Up Realty and Improvement Company. There being no further sale for lots, and many of those originally sold having reverted to the company as discouraged owners defaulted in their partial payments, all improvements had been stopped. Weeds grew rank in the empty streets and over the neatly platted lots. The cement walks were falling out of plumb everywhere. The little cast-iron lampposts, from which no cheering light had ever shone, tilted at unseemly angles. Worst of all, Mr. Gindle, one of the principal stockholders, had put a rude barbed-wire fence around half the place, including the plaza where the city hall, opera house and public library were to be, and turned it into a horse pasture, Mr. Gindle being a horse dealer. There was no doubt that the company had shortsightedly slighted the construction of Mr. Thayer's house—a two-story frame structure containing eight rooms and a bath, strictly modern in every respect, with hard-wood floors, tiled fireplace and open plumbing. No matter how much he patched the roof a hard rain was sure to discover fresh leaks, and he always kept a bucket of cement behind the kitchen door where it would be handy for the purpose of replacing the tiles as they fell out of the fireplace.

Very strangely, Edith's papa was a rather short and thick-set man, even inclined to be pursy, with a bald furrow running over the top of his head between two mats of reddish hair. His habit of speech was jocular and ironical.

"As near as I can find out," he observed to Farthest while he searched for the joint in the leg of mutton, "the company is composed exclusively of chuckle-headed idiots. I said to Gindle, 'Well,' says I, 'Mr. Gindle, I reckon as soon as Andy Carnegie sees that horse pasture he'll move right over here and put up a billion-dollar residence!'" He chuckled as he repeated the sarcasm, then drew down the corners of his mouth, frowned horribly and spoke in a gruff voice to imitate Mr. Gindle: "'No use payin' out money when they's no money comin' in, Mr. Thayer,' says old Gindle. He's got just about as much foresight as a mud-turtle! Mother, what'd you do with the joint when you cooked this meat?"

The lady thus addressed was large and fair, very comfortable and motherly in appearance; but with the years she had taken on flesh. Miss Gwendoline Thayer, who was stout like her mamma, and Master Edison Thayer, a freckled lad in spectacles, who occasionally kicked Miss Gwendoline's shins under the table, sat opposite Farthest and Edith.

After dinner they repaired to the warped front porch, whose pine pillars had cracked badly, and there Mr. Thayer produced the invention. It was a safety razor. Holding the implement up to the light and moving it slowly back and forth as though to assure the spectator there could be no deception, the inventor said: "Before dinner, Mr. North, with that identical old one-horse, no-account machine, I shaved myself in exactly eighty-seven seconds, and I have done it in eighty-two."

Farthest had noticed a strip of court-plaster three inches long, extending from the point of his host's chin along the jaw bone, and he had also noticed that Mr. Thayer's face was curiously marked all over with little scars.

"Sometimes," said the host candidly, "I cut myself because the light in the bathroom is no good. And you'll see that the invention isn't complete. That's due to my peanut-headed friend Gindle. Of course I hadn't any capital with which to put the thing on the market. An inventor never does. So I went to the human doodlebug known as Ezra Gindle. Oh, yes! He'd finance it, Gindle would! Well, first and last he put up two thousand dollars and we had two thousand of the razors manufactured. Then because they didn't go off like hot cakes Gindle just laid down; wouldn't put up another cent. The razors are packed up over yonder in his barn. He'd rather let 'em rot than put up another two thousand and make ten thousand profit. That's the kind of a sawdust-brained financier Gindle is!"

Farthest examined the invention with interest. It was larger than any razor he had ever seen and it operated upon an entirely new principle. Instead of presenting a straight cutting edge to the beard it was provided with a serrated blade that played rapidly back and forth like the blade of a reaper on a miniature scale. Two stout strings hung from the implement. These strings were wound on small drums. When you pulled the strings the drums revolved, making the blade play back and forth. It was clear that to hold the razor in the right hand, pull the strings with the left hand, and perform the operation of shaving would require considerable skill. Farthest understood his host's scarred face.

Mr. Thayer explained that he expected to replace the strings with a stout spring that could be wound up once a week like a clock and, being released, would cause the drums to revolve. He hadn't fully worked out the details of the spring, however, and as Mr Gindle owned fifty-one per cent of the stock of the Thayer Safety Razor Company, to which the patent had been assigned, the inventor felt there was little use in trying to perfect the device. He hoped somebody with horse sense would buy out Gindle and put in some fresh capital.

Now, providentially, Miss Gwendoline, who was helping her mother do the dinner dishes, went down into the cellar, there discovering a fresh and rapidly spreading puddle.

Her alarm called Mr. Thayer in haste to see if he could find out at what point the strictly modern open plumbing had sprung a new leak. This left Farthest alone with Edith, who was sitting on the warped railing at the corner of the porch, one splendid shoulder lightly leaning against a cracked pillar, her profile beautifully outlined against the rosy western sky.

"Do you think it would sell?" she asked eagerly as Farthest joined her.

He wished, of course, to say the pleasantest thing possible, but he was profoundly embarrassed. It was a strange fact that he dared not lie to her. "Why, you see, it's rather heavy," he said apologetically. "I judge one razor weighs about half a pound; and then pulling the strings while you shave is sort of awkward."

Worked Diligently Until Midnight, Pounding Out the Letters

"You see how Father is," she said with her noble candor, dropping her musical voice to a deliciously confidential tone. "He gets carried away with an idea. He couldn't see anything but millions in Far Up, and the same way with the razor. But I don't know what we're going to do if he doesn't sell it," she murmured, looking at Farthest very gravely indeed out of her deep blue eyes. "You see, making repairs and keeping up the payments on the place take all his money, and the big payment on the place comes due in the fall. It's five thousand dollars. Mr. Gindle said he could borrow it as long as he liked on a mortgage. But"—she looked out dubiously over the expanse of weeds—"Mother's afraid nobody would lend on a mortgage out here. What do you think?"

Farthest braced himself powerfully and spoke the truth. "I don't believe anybody would," he said.

"It would be too awful if he should lose the place and all he's put in it," she murmured. "Poor Father's getting on in years and his work isn't very healthy. I can see he doesn't stand it as well as he used to. And there's Gwen and Eddy. They ought to be kept in school a long while."

Farthest was silent and utterly miserable.

"You know, I wanted Father to raise berries," she said. "Mr. Gindle has lovely berries in his garden, and our twelve lots make quite a bit of land—so near the New York market too. Don't you think it's good fun to dig up the ground and make things grow?" she asked with enthusiasm. "I love to do it! But Father wouldn't hear of it. He thinks it would spoil his chance of selling the lots for choice residences if he planted them to berries." She looked down at him, very grave indeed, her eyes veiled by long lashes, her lips a cupid's bow. "I'm afraid to think of his losing the place. I don't know what would become of us. If only I could earn more money!"

That noble generosity was the crowning stroke. Farthest's brain whirled and his heart leaped into his throat. "If you'll stand by me, Edith, I'll pull him out of this! Sure's I'm alive I will!" he blurted out, without knowing exactly what he was saying. He did know, however, that he had called her Edith and his unmanageable heart stood still with fear.

But she bent her shining head toward him. "Really?" she breathed with candid admiration. "Do you know, I knew you were awfully clever the very first time I saw you!"

Only when he was on his way home did he succeed in getting his elated mind down to a practical consideration of how the pulling out might be accomplished.

From that time forth he was a constant visitor at Far Up, and he soon began bringing literature with him. Whenever he appeared his coat pockets bulged with circulars, folders and pamphlets, gathered from the four corners of the continent, containing maps, photographs of berry patches and bright-colored pictures of small fruit. He subscribed to three weekly papers that were devoted to that industry. Small-fruit culture, it seemed, had been his lifelong dream. At the end of a fortnight he had Mr. Thayer eagerly figuring on yields per acre; cost of fertilizing, cultivating and picking berries; freight rates and the average market price in New York. In another week Edith—whom he had, in a measure, taken into the secret—reported that she had caught her father surreptitiously pacing off his twelve lots and putting little sticks in the ground among the weeds to show where the berry bushes were to be planted.

Reporting this she laughed gayly and melodiously, clapped her lovely hands and exclaimed in simple, open-minded admiration: "How clever you are, Francis!" For she had fallen into the way of using his first name too.

Yet much remained to be done. There was the five-thousand-dollar payment on the place to be met in the fall, and to prepare the twelve lots for berry culture would take, he calculated, at least a thousand dollars in cash. There was absolutely no cash in sight, but with such a prize as he had in view discouragement was not to be thought of.

Notwithstanding the overpowering attraction that the press-agent headquarters now possessed for him he began absenting himself a good deal. Lovely Edith put in many solitary hours there crocheting. Not that she minded it in the least, for in spite of her beauty her disposition was simple, placid and sweet, and her tastes were quite domestic. To save his job and serve his mistress Farthest personally pounded out the Marines' correspondence at night. Meanwhile, unknown to Edith, he had set up another office. By the strictest economy he managed to rent a shabby back room far downtown, containing a desk, two chairs and typewriter, and to lay in a tiny stock of stationery. Using one of the neatly printed letterheads, with envelope to match, he addressed Mr. Ezra Gindle, Far Up, New Jersey, as follows:

Dear Sir: I find you are a stockholder of the Thayer Safety Razor Company. I have examined a model of the razor in the Patent Office, and if you have a stock of them on hand I believe I can dispose of same to our mutual advantage. If this interests you please call at this office between ten o'clock and noon next Tuesday.

Directly after ten o'clock on Tuesday a stocky and elderly gentleman entered the shabby office. He was long-bodied, bow-legged and moved with a heavy, rheumatic awkwardness. A red wart on the side of his broad nose and a slouch hat pulled low over his brow gave a somewhat sinister suggestion to his rugged countenance. His lips were set firmly, and from beneath the limp hat-brim his small gray eyes twinkled suspiciously about the poor room. His whole manner indeed suggested cautious doubt, and in his gnarled hand he held Farthest's letter conspicuously, as though refusing to commit himself to it even to the extent of putting it in his pocket.

"You write this?" he demanded in gruff belligerence of the slender figure at the desk.

"Sit down, Mr. Gindle," Farthest replied amiably.

Slowly and tentatively, so to speak, the visitor lowered himself into the chair at the end of the desk, looking Farthest hard in the eye and resting his two knotty fists squarely on his rheumatic knees. Farthest's manner was good natured and unconcerned, as though the matter in hand were a little venture that he had happened to think of, of no particular importance, yet possibly worth trying. In short, he thought he could dispose of Mr. Gindle's razors; at any rate he was willing to try, and for as many as he succeeded in disposing of he would pay Mr. Gindle spot cash on delivery at the rate of seventy-five cents each, which would about cover the cost of manufacture. That was the proposition, and he implied that Mr. Gindle could take it or leave it just as he pleased.

Mr. Gindle rapidly calculated that at seventy-five cents apiece his two thousand razors would fetch fifteen hundred dollars, which was exactly fifteen hundred more than he had expected to realize from them. He haggled a while over the price and made it very clear that he would not deliver a solitary razor until the cash for it was counted down in his fist, to which Mr. North readily agreed. He sought to discover how Mr. North expected to dispose of the articles, but Farthest merely laughed, nor would he listen to a suggestion that he pay some cash down as an evidence of good faith. Mr. Gindle could take the proposition as originally made, or leave it. Of course Mr. Gindle took it, as he had nothing to lose that he had not already lost and some small prospect of getting back part of his money. But he did not regard this prospect as bright. In fact he frankly declared that Mr. North would find himself unable to give the razors away, much less sell them.

But ten days after this interview he received a note from Mr. North requiring him to deliver three hundred razors at the office forthwith, in accordance with their agreement. This note was written on a different letterhead. The printed card at the top of the sheet and on the envelope said "McCormick Distributing Company." Mr. Gindle brought the razors himself in a brown canvas telescope bag. He was sweating copiously and bristling with suspicion when he entered the office, but Farthest promptly handed out two hundred and twenty-five dollars in perfectly good money.

This plainly surprised Mr. Gindle. He silently counted the bills over twice and examined each separate one, then sat a while at the end of the desk, first staring at the money tightly inclosed in his fist, then regarding Mr. North with an expression at once inquisitive, hesitating and dubious. Conflicting thoughts seemed to press for utterance in his tongue-tied brain.

"See here—young man," he demanded at length, narrowing his eyes to shrewd slits and looking once more at the roll of bills, "you don't mean to tell me you've sold them razors?"

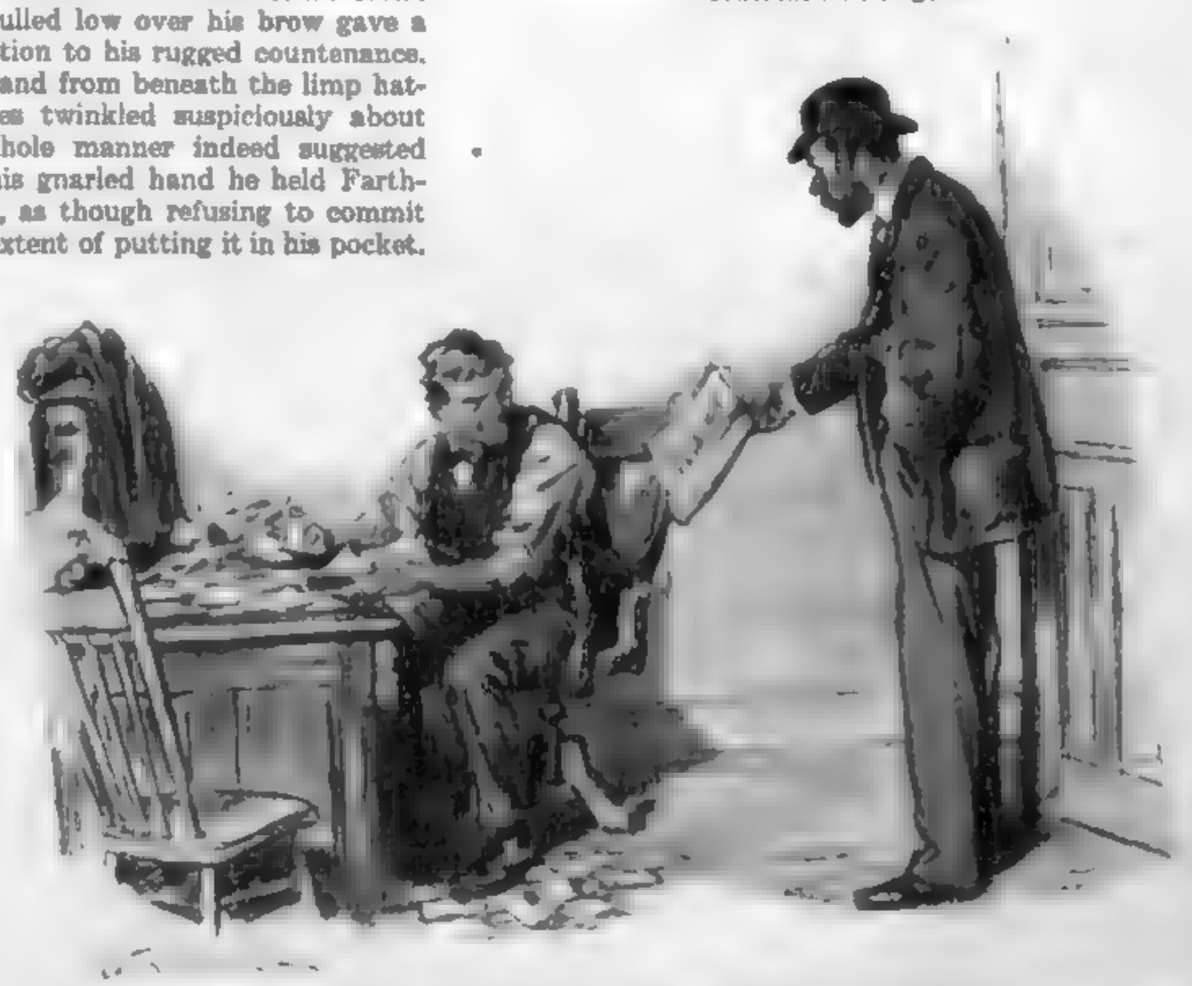
Farthest laughed gayly. "Oh, no!" he said; "I'm using them for ornaments!"

Mr. Gindle was plainly bursting to ask some questions; but he was a man who both distrusted speech and made it a great virtue to mind his own business. He shut his lips grimly over his almost loosened tongue, arose and stumped out; but his round-shouldered shrug seemed to say that in spite of the money he didn't believe a word of it.

A week passed. Then Farthest notified Mr. Gindle to deliver five hundred razors. Mr. Gindle hired a boy to carry the package, but came himself for the money. Again Farthest counted it out to him—three hundred and seventy-five dollars in good bills. And again Mr. Gindle sat a while at the end of the desk, struggling speechlessly with desire and suspicion.

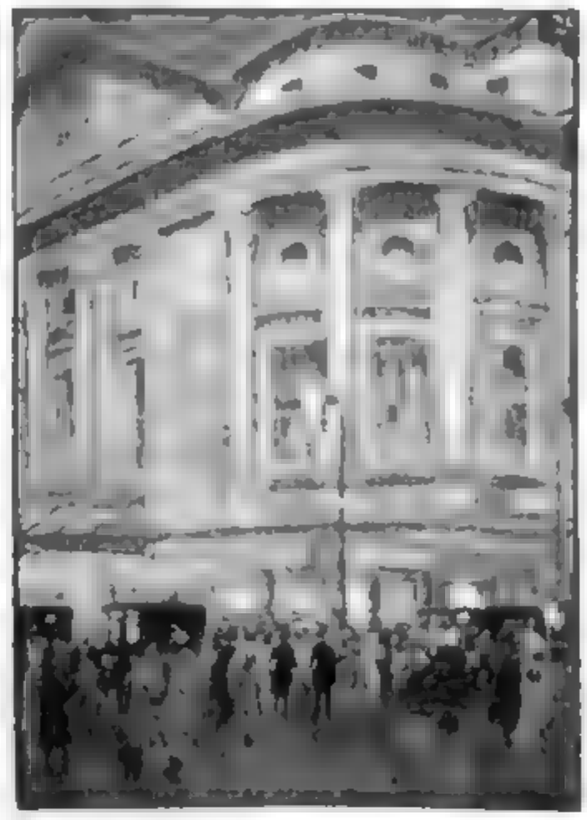
"So you are sellin' them razors!" he exclaimed at last, as one convinced of a miracle.

(Continued on Page 61



"You Will Have an Opportunity to Explain All That to the Court"

The New Lineup in the Theater



By JOHN CORBIN

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

FOR almost fifteen years the business of the American stage has been controlled by a combination, a trust or syndicate, which has been more bitterly hated than any other such combination, not even excepting Standard Oil. It has been accused of robbing the local manager, of brutalizing actors and actresses, of cribbing and confining the playwright, of imposing vulgar and vicious plays upon the theatergoing public and of gagging dramatic critics by means of its enormous distributions of advertising.

Last spring the word went forth that the mighty had fallen. The theatrical trust, which had long had the whip hand wherever play-loving cities and towns were connected by railway, was a mere mass of severed members. The man who for half a generation had been the fighting head of the syndicate was now a hairless Samson.

There is another side to the picture. In conversation with one of the leading managers, I referred to his organization as "The Syndicate." He corrected me, and with a smile. "You forget," he said. "*They* are now the syndicate." Who are "They"? How did they become The Syndicate? And are they, as their champions declare, destined to preside over a rebirth of the drama—to raise our stage to the level of sincere artistic endeavor?

It is a question about which the fiercest passions have raged—passions of greed and bitter personal animosity; passions of a high and pure devotion to liberty and to beauty. Let us approach it, if possible, in the cool spirit of history; yes, in the coolest spirit of those modern historians who find that human events have always an economic basis, however lofty the passions at play on the surface.

This avenue of approach has too often been neglected, but it strikes at the root of the matter; and if it leads, as I think it does, to a hopeful conclusion, that conclusion will be thoroughly well founded.

The Old Method and the New

THE situation had its origin primarily not in any overweening personal ambition but in a quite dispassionate phenomenon, the modern development of the railway. A generation and more ago the traveling company was virtually unknown. Each city had its local stock company. When a star traveled he often went alone, relying on these local companies for supporting actors, for scenery and properties. The distance between "stands" was so great and travel so slow and costly, that to take a complete organization would have spelled financial ruin. With the increasing density of population and speed of travel it became possible to take a full equipment of actors and of scenery. The "jumps" were now no longer than could be made between nightly performances, so that receipts could be made to overtop expenses for salaries and transportation. It was only necessary to command the "booking" of a succession of profitable "stands."

It is a mighty factor, this booking; indeed, it is the determining factor in the whole long controversy. Up to fifteen years ago the prevailing practice was for local managers to come in to Broadway every spring from their one-night or one-week stands, take their seats on the Rialto and, datebook in hand, confer with New York producers and make up their lists of attractions for the coming season. At best it was a slow, trying and costly process. Both the producing managers of New York and the managers of local theaters on the road had to make numerous shifts and reshifts of dates before the schedules became satisfactory to both. The loftiest spirit of fairness and mutual concession could not have avoided dickering and controversy; but even at that date, as one of the most upright of modern managers informed me, the theatrical profession was "disreputable." A strong manager would book two rival attractions for the same date and give preference to the one that offered better terms. Or, conversely, a popular star would pledge himself to two rival houses and finally sell himself to the higher bidder. The result of such trickery was closed doors on the one hand and idle companies on the other—an economic waste that meant the vanishing, perhaps, of an entire season's profits. The spirit of combination was abroad in the land and a group of powerful managers saw a golden opportunity. A strong central organization would be equally profitable to both producers and theater owners. Producers within the organization could command uninterrupted tours—nightly performances in the best playhouses. Theater owners within the organization could command an uninterrupted season of first-class attractions. It was only necessary to gain control of a majority of the leading actors, playwrights and theaters.

A Corner in Dramatic Wagons

AS REGARDS actors and playwrights the situation was already very largely in the hands of one man, Charles Frohman; and with the development of the power of the syndicate it became for a time almost completely so. A remarkable man, this, and a really great man—though of a type so new to the theater that he has been almost universally misunderstood.

Before the rise of the syndicate the most distinguished men of the theater had been managers of stock companies, the activities and the publics of which had been mainly local—Lester Wallack, A. M. Palmer and Augustin Daly in New York, and similar if less distinguished managers in other cities. These were able and upright men, with a sound knowledge of the drama and of the art of acting. And each had developed a highly intelligent public, capable of appreciating the best. For years both Charles Frohman and his brother Daniel attempted to carry on the tradition by maintaining so-called stock companies.

But the stock company was not economically adapted to survive. It had its origin in the centuries before the modern development of the railway. Instead of a number of limited if intelligent local publics there had now developed a single vast national public, the average intelligence of which was necessarily on a lower level. What appealed to it most powerfully was not the drama, not *ensemble* acting or art of any sort, but the personality of the actor. For author, actor and manager alike the greatest gains resulted from exploiting a star.

The Lyceum Company and the Empire Company split up as Daly's Company had done before them; each of the leading actors headed his own organization. As the result of economic forces beyond his control Mr. Frohman became the impresario of a galaxy of traveling stars. Maude Adams, John Drew, William Gillette, Sothern and Marlowe, Annie Russell, William H. Crane, Ethel Barrymore and Otis Skinner are among those who have toured under his management.

Proverbially it is wise to hitch a wagon to a star; and to make sure of the supply of such vehicles Mr. Frohman gained control of the output of all the leading modern playwrights. Pinero, Jones and Barrie; Wilde, Shaw and Galsworthy; Marshall, Davies and Maugham, are among the English dramatists upon whose output he has had first call. His command of the output of the Continent has been equally great. From Bernstein to Rostand, from Sudermann to D'Annunzio, foreign dramatists are apparently willing to give him the rights of any play he wishes.

The leading theaters of our cities were mainly controlled by Klaw & Erlanger and Al Hayman, of New York, and Nixon & Zimmerman, of Philadelphia. These managers made occasional productions, as Mr. Frohman owned a number of theaters. Among them they controlled the entire situation as long as they stood together. A producer who refused to submit to their dictation would be shut out of all the leading cities, and so be able to command only scattered "time" at far-distant stands. A theater owner who held by his independence could secure few if any first-class attractions, and would be obliged, perhaps, to close his doors for many nights, even weeks, in the height of the season.

In all industries the hatred of monopoly was at that time rampant and unchastened. In the world of the theater the cause of business independence was identical with the cause of artistic freedom. On all sides there were loud outcries of revolt. In particular, a number of leading actors, including Richard Mansfield, Francis Wilson, James A. Herne, Nat Goodwin and Mrs. Fiske, threatened a counter-combination. If they had been able to present a solid front there is no doubt that they could have broken the power of the syndicate.

Among others, they attempted to enlist Augustin Daly, whose company still stood high in public estimation. Very regretfully Mr. Daly refused to join them. He had always stood for the art of the drama and for personal independence; but he had had experience with actors. His diagnosis proved only too accurate. The weaker members of the counter-combination saw their profits vanish; and the stronger, confronted by diminishing returns, were not sufficiently firm in their loyalty to the cause of art and freedom to make up the deficit. One by one they knuckled under. The power of the syndicate was supreme.

The Downfall of the Players' Combination

RICHARD MANSFIELD had been characteristically vehement and outspoken in opposition to the attempt to shackle art. At the time of the revolt he was booked for a Nixon & Zimmerman theater in Philadelphia. Every night he came out before the curtain and denounced the combination in which the owners of the theater were leading spirits. It was, he declared, his final visit to the trust-ridden city. The result was crowded houses. The owners of the theater, who shared equally in the profits of the serio-comic sensation, raised no voice of protest; but on the final Saturday night, when Mansfield stepped in front of the drop in impotent wrath, he found himself confronted by the asbestos curtain. Mansfield played often in Philadelphia after that, and up to the day of his death booked through the syndicate. And the fact proved as fortunate to his reputation as an actor as it did to his financial returns. He was strong enough to maintain his artistic independence within the syndicate, producing whatever plays he liked; and was at the same time able to appear in all the best theaters before the most intelligent public.

The downfall of the combination of actors led to the downfall of the rebellious theater owners. Very soon the syndicate controlled over ninety per cent of the first-class houses of the land—week stands and one-night stands alike; and they controlled virtually all of the leading actors and authors. The only individuals who long maintained independence, financial and artistic, were David Belasco and the Fiskes; and even Mr. Belasco soon joined the enemy, though only for a brief and quarrelsome period.

Such a monopoly could not be maintained without an insurance of economic advantage to both sides; and the defenders of the syndicate have been able to point to many things that it has accomplished in behalf of the business and even of the art of the theater. By its more systematic and profitable organization it has made possible better scenery and more perfectly drilled companies. It has

given actors more constant employment and better pay. It has given its dramatists a far broader and far more profitable field for their plays. In a word, it has raised the folk of the theater to a truly professional standing. One of the bitterest complaints against the syndicate was that for the mere mechanical arrangement of a season's booking it exacted fees aggregating six hundred thousand dollars, or an annual average of one hundred thousand for each of the participants. But in view of the originality of the conception of the syndicate booking system, the magnitude of the organization that alone could make it possible and the advantage it insured to all concerned in it, the profit does not appear excessive.

The Romantic and Adventurous Mr. Frohman

WHERE, then, was the fly in the amber, the crack in the crystal sphere? Mr. Frohman has come in for a large share of abuse. It has been said that his ruling motives are a love of money and a love of power. His not disinterested admirers have called him the Napoleon of the Drama. It is true that he has made many fortunes; but it is also true that he has lost them almost as speedily. Several times, it is said, he has been pressed for ready money. Nor is there any evidence that he has been unduly eager for personal power. No man has a greater reputation for fairness, even generosity. In time to come, I take it, he will be remembered chiefly as the discoverer of a law or principle quite new to the modern theater, the importance of which is as yet only faintly recognized by his competitors. This momentous discovery is that honesty is the best policy. It has been his unfailing pride that his word is as good as his bond; and those who know him best are glad to bind themselves to him without a written contract.

In his own life the most pronounced trait of this so-called Napoleon is a shyness almost amounting to a mania. His name is, to be sure, always prominently placed in connection with the names of his authors and actors: he has a keen sense of the value of publicity. But he has steadily and with almost complete success refused to be photographed or to have his personality in any way exploited. He never appears before the curtain or even occupies a prominent seat in his own houses. I have trod the asphalt of Broadway during almost the entire history of the syndicate, and have never, to my knowledge, laid eyes on him. As far as is known, his closest friend is the equally shy James M. Barrie, and his favorite play Peter Pan. A dramatic reporter of my acquaintance shared this preference and, as he nightly made the round of the theaters collecting news, used always to stop in at the Empire Theater for a glimpse of the boy who never grew up. Every night he found Mr. Frohman standing in the shadow of the aisle behind the last row of seats. One night the reporter failed to appear, being present at the première of another Barrie play. When he returned to Peter Pan Mr. Frohman spoke to him for the first time. "I missed you last night," he said. "Where were you?"

If it is necessary to nickname Mr. Frohman it must not be after Napoleon, but after another buccaneer—Pirate Smee, of this same Peter Pan—who, it will be remembered, combined a love of high adventure with skill at the sewing machine and a passionate desire to be tucked in nightly by Mother.

In the magnitude of his operations and in his unflinching courage in the face of decisive issues Mr. Frohman has, it is true, many of the qualities of a great leader. Because of his general unwillingness to produce untried American plays, he used to be called timid. "The man who says that," Bronson Howard once exclaimed, "is either a liar or ignorant of Charles Frohman." Mr. Howard's own Shenandoah failed in Boston, where it was first produced, and was carried to its phenomenal success by the manager's loyal courage. The story of The Little Minister is identical. Washington condemned it; but Mr. Frohman staked his all and won the greatest triumph of the modern theater in America, creating at the same time our most popular star. Bernard Shaw lately said of him, in a letter to the Times, of London:

"There is a prevalent impression that Mr. Charles Frohman is a hardheaded American man of business who would not look at anything that is not likely to pay. If Mr. Frohman were really that sort of man I should not waste five minutes on his project"—meaning the London Repertoire Theater. "He is the most wildly romantic and adventurous person of my acquaintance. As Charles XII became a famous soldier through his passion for putting himself in the way of being killed, so Mr. Charles Frohman has become a famous manager through his passion for putting himself in the way of being ruined."

Some of those better informed as to the personnel of the syndicate are disposed to lay the blame of its downfall upon Abraham Lincoln Erlanger, head of the booking organization. That Mr. Erlanger has great force and originality goes without saying. He has also a mind of extraordinary acuteness. At the most heterogeneous dinner party I ever attended, when called upon by the toastmaster, he delivered a brief character sketch of each of the variegated assembly—most of whom were unknown to him as they were to each other. Harvard professor and press agent, critic and playwright, actor, manager and musical composer—he hit them all off with unfailing shrewdness, sympathy and satire; and the result was about the jolliest and most comradely occasion I ever experienced. The man who could do a thing like that would seem to be safeguarded against the more obvious blunders in handling men and situations.

Enter the Shuberts on the Stage

AND then there were the Shuberts. The Shuberts are "They." In all the history of the business of the theater nothing is more remarkable than the rise of this firm. Originally, I am told, they were haberdashers in Syracuse. There is nothing remarkable about this. Almost without exception the men who today control the business of the theater are self-made from the ground up. They include former bootblacks, water boys, ushers, peanut venders. What distinguishes the Shubert firm is the rapidity and height of its rise. Half a dozen years ago they were struggling with the narrowest possible resources for a foothold in New York and were even at that time at odds with the Powers. Then the head of the firm, Sam Shubert, was killed in a railroad accident. It was said at that time that he was the brain of the firm and that its career was at an end.

Lee Shubert, who succeeded to the leadership of the firm and has held it through the five years of its phenomenal development, is below the medium height, slender, pale, with straight black hair and mild brown eyes. He has the habit of saying little and of saying that in the gentlest and most unobtrusive manner. It had not been observed that what little he says is forcibly if quietly to the point and that when he is silent he is listening, thinking. Nor had it been observed that one goes from a conference with him in a mood of personal friendliness and of confidence, a mood so subtle that one is scarcely aware of it. Nature could not have done better if she had designed him as a contrast to the aggressive, dominant, breezy hail-fellow against whom he has so persistently set himself.

The most remarkable thing about Mr. Shubert is the patience and quiet persistence with which, year in and year out, he sits up to the day's work. To labor is to pray, said the monks of old. To work is to fight is apparently the Shubert motto. I have never heard him accused of but one vanity—that of possessing a sense of humor. Eddie Foy once pleaded to be starred as Hamlet—as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. "I'm on," said Mr. Shubert; "and I'll give you all the receipts if you'll give me all the vegetables." A youth wise in the ways of the Rialto once remarked that you can get anything out of Mr. Shubert by recalling this jest. I have tried it and am trying it again. Not even that jest prevented Mr. Shubert from listening and thinking. The result was Mr. Hamlet of Broadway.

Making a Stand Against the Syndicate

IN ORDER to make a stand against the syndicate it was necessary, so to speak, for the Shuberts to parallel its pipeline—to build up a system of rival theaters in every city of the land and to supply them with a succession of profitable productions. It used to baffle the schoolmen to discover which came first in the logical order of Nature, the hen or the egg. The problem of creating routes without productions or productions without routes would seem to be of equal difficulty. The secret of both problems lies in a gradual evolution.

From the first, as I have said, the Fiskes and David Belasco had stood out against the syndicate; and by maintaining a reputation for artistic excellence they had been able to attract a public wherever they could get the playhouse. The Shuberts allied themselves with these independents, both of whom owned New York theaters; and year by year the Shuberts added to the number of their own houses. The capital required was not as great as it may seem. They would select a site in the city they intended to invade and, by personal influence or through a local real-estate agent, induce the owner to build. A guaranty was necessary, of course; but if the venture proved profitable no actual payment need be made. As the chain of theaters grew, the roster of Shubert stars kept pace. These are largely leaders in musical comedy, but include many serious artists of the first rank. Sothern and Marlowe they won over from Mr. Frohman. Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott are recent acquisitions. Mme. Nazimova, Maxine Elliott, Mary Mannering and John Mason have long been associated with them. They managed the last tour of Sarah Bernhardt. Three years ago they had grown so strong that the syndicate made overtures. Mr. Shubert was against any capitulation, but was persuaded by his associates. The truce was short-lived. When the fight was on again it was waged more bitterly than ever.

In the eyes of the syndicate the chief strength of the Shuberts lay in their alliance with the Fiskes and Belasco, and it now made overtures to capture these actors. Both had productions that had exhausted their popularity in most of the big cities, but had not been seen in most of the one-night stands, especially in the Southwest and in the cities of the Coast. Surrender meant enormous and immediate profits from productions that were otherwise worthless. Both had attacked the syndicate with the utmost bitterness—Mr. Fiske in his Dramatic Mirror and Mr. Belasco in curtain speeches, in newspaper interviews and in the courts. It was arranged that they should play the syndicate houses without forfeiting the independence for which they had stood—in other words, that they should book through either of the rival factions. The Fiskes have stood firmly by this arrangement. They may still book through the Shuberts, and in at least one case are doing so. In the whole long controversy they have stood firm for the cause of independence and art. Mr. Belasco made a subsequent agreement by which he is to play only

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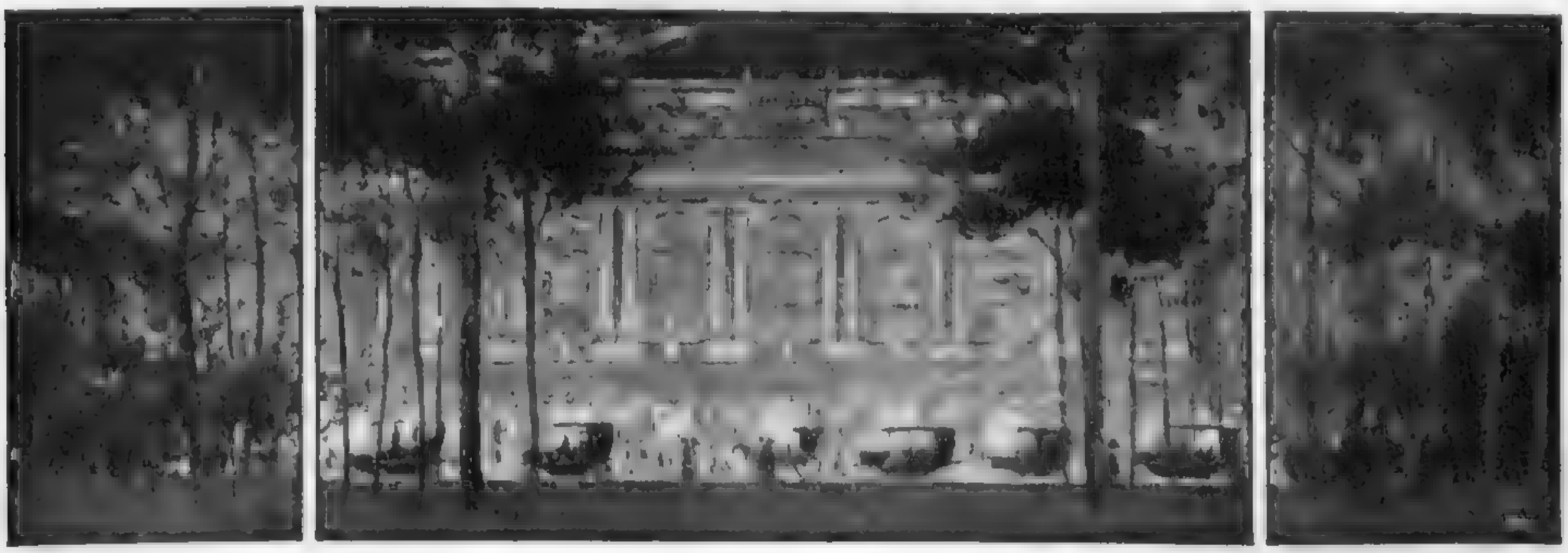


THE FAILURE

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I Propped It Up Against the Waffle Dish and Just Drank Her In

I BELIEVE—said the owner of the expensive big red motor car—that nearly all respectable families take a pride in owning a family skeleton, but ours was the exception that proves the rule. My father was first baronet by his own exertions. My mother got well into the county set within a year of our getting a second house besides the one in Manchester. My brother Albert, who was to succeed to the title, took a first in the Modern History tripos at Cambridge and rowed seven in the Hall boat. He was made a director of the business the day it was turned into a Limited, although of course he always intended to go in for Parliament, and said quite openly that before he had done there he intended to turn the baronetcy into a peerage. And my sister, of course, married Lord Mountclement.

That's a pretty good record, as I'm sure you'll agree, for one family; and I may tell you, too, that I had three paternal uncles and they were all doing well for themselves and their groups in this world, and as well as they knew how for the next. My mother's only brother, George William Tordoff, was the only blot on the family pride.

Not only among ourselves in Manchester, but to his face as well, we called Uncle George William "The Failure." Of course he had his points. Knocking about the world probably had rubbed the angles off him, and personally this struck me very clearly. My father, of course, prided himself on being a sturdy Lancashire lad, and if we of the younger end did not exactly take delight in our accent and mannerisms we were quite conscious of having them all the same.

Now George William hadn't any accent. He talked just plain King's English without frills to it, and any mannerisms he had were those one sees in good London clubs. Also, he was a judge of pictures, horses, caviar, grouse moors, steam yachts and wine. We had all these, and he hadn't. But it is an unpleasant fact that he was an expert where the whole gang of us were frankly amateurs. That writing fellow, R. L. Stevenson, makes a distinction between experts and connoisseurs, and I don't know where it comes in. But, anyway, George William was both. Take port, for instance. He could tell you the vintage every time by just sniffing it, and the shipper three times out of four. I regret to say that on occasion he drank more port than was good for him. But then, none of the rest of us had palate enough ever to want to do such a thing.

So far as one can hit off anybody in a phrase, I should say Uncle George William could best be described as a man of high imagination. If he had possessed the gift of spelling he might have become a famous novelist. As it was, he always tried to turn his gift to commercial uses. His first company was formed to fish up the treasure sunk in an Armada galleon off the Mull of Cantire, and he always held that if the thing had not been undercapitalized they would have got the booty. He organized buried-treasure hunts in Trinidad and the Cocos Islands, about which the less said the better. Then he was struck by a brilliant idea of one big combine for all the steam laundry businesses in Lancashire. Cutthroat competition would be stopped automatically and big dividends were inevitable. The thing was as safe as consols—on paper. My father, who had no belief in the treasure hunts and all the other preceding ventures, saw legitimate business in this laundry combine and went in heavily, and was lured onto the board. He lost a pot of money over it, and was sore to the day of his death over the way the papers commented on his resignation from the directorate.

And there were other ventures. I will not go through the melancholy list. Some of you know them as well as I do, and can guarantee that they were one and all failures; in fact, if nine-tenths of his acquaintances were asked to describe G. W. Tordoff, they would put him down as an unsuccessful and somewhat shady company promoter.

Still, in spite of all this I can't help owning up that I liked him. The balance of the family frankly shuddered when they saw his name on a prospectus. I'm afraid I had the impudence to be rather sorry for him. But then, of course, I was the younger son, and of no special account. There was no chance at that time of the baronetcy ever coming my way.

Now I hope you haven't been bored by all this, but it was necessary for those of you who didn't know the man personally to have some idea of his previous record before you could understand exactly what followed.

The family generally hadn't heard of or from George William for upward of two years, and openly rejoiced. I'd had letters from time to time reporting want of progress; but, as I did not wish to make myself unpopular by letting on I was in correspondence with the poor old Failure, I lay low and said nothing about it. He'd got bitten this time by mining fever, and was on the track of soft things in Alta California, in Cripple Creek, in Alaska, in Arizona, and then in Mexico. Mexico, according to him, was the richest country that ever was, and only waiting to be discovered. Stake out a claim anywhere along the Sierra Madre, put in a bit of capital, and in a year's time you could buy up three Rand millionaires before breakfast. How I used to laugh over those letters! At times he was so enthusiastic as to be almost convincing—if one hadn't known him.

But finally he wrote he'd found Golconda and he'd settled down once for all till he was a millionaire. It wasn't going to take him long. The mine was there, full to the grass-roots with silver-gold ore that ran sixty pounds' worth of bullion to the ton, and only needed working. He'd a partner, a house, a delightful garden, and plenty of capital to develop the mine. Incidentally the partner had a daughter. "I'd give a lot," George William wrote, "if I'd married early and had a girl like Mary. When you come out to see me I expect you'll fall in love with Mary. All the youngsters round here do. But of course she's a heap too good for any of them." He wanted me to come out at once and pay them a long visit.

I replied to that, congratulating him on his success, and he was so pleased with my letter that he sent me a box of choice fruits from his garden that arrived in a state of advanced decay. The mine was panning out even better than he had dared to hope, and Mary was being measured by correspondence and was buying a new frock from Paris. I showed that letter to father, who prophesied that the mine shaft would tumble in, and who hoped that George William would be at the bottom when it did.

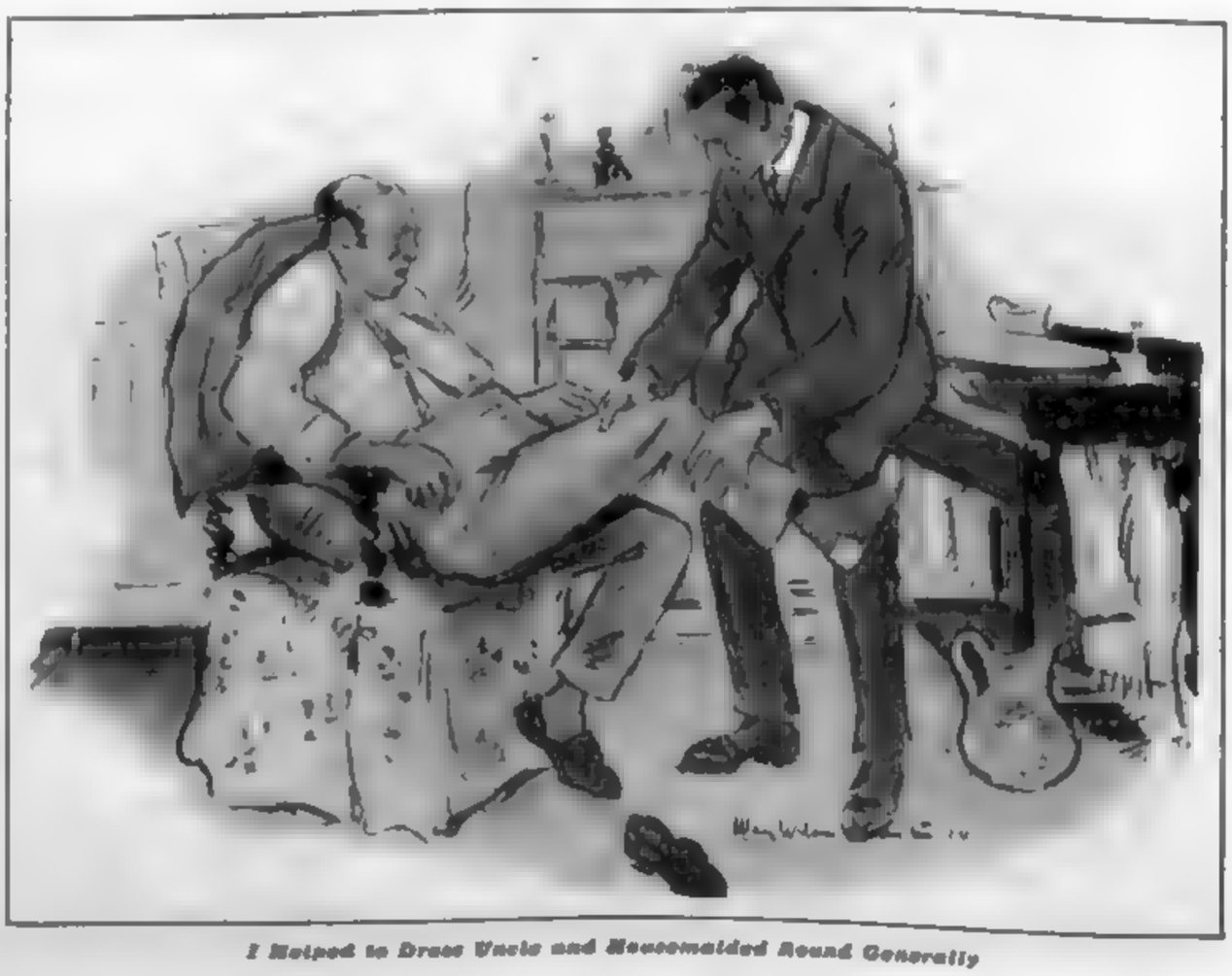
I did not hand on this unpleasant wish, but—perhaps because Mary interested me—wrote back from time to time as the whim moved me. George William, on his part, sent lumps of ore from the mine which looked to me like road-metal, but which—from the assay pasted on them—contained fabulous percentages of precious metals. He also sent subtropical fruits of Mary's picking which must have caused much anguish among those postal officials through whose hands they passed. But he did not renew his original invitation to come out and see things for myself.

"I want you just to wait a bit longer," he wrote, "till we've got the Esperanza developed up to the producing stage and the ore-buyers are sitting outside this office quarreling as to which shall have the pleasure of writing us the biggest check. We're a bit bothered with water in the shaft at present. Our sinker pump broke down the other day, and although we bailed with a valve-bucket the water gained on us. You see, it's the wet season just now—nothing out of the ordinary: rain arriving on scheduled time, and dry season ticked off ahead to the minute on the almanac; though of course it's annoying for the moment. However, Dalkeith doesn't grumble, and as he's really doing the development work I mustn't grumble either."

From this I deduced that Mr. Dalkeith was the man who was paying for things, and Mary was Mary Dalkeith. I looked at the wrecks of the fruit consignments, and pictured her in white clothes and elbow sleeves gathering the delicacies of her garden for an unknown in whom she had not the smallest interest. And I hoped that Dalkeith's dollars would be spun out thriftily on George William's mine, and that a decent time would elapse before the poor old Failure's wanderings began afresh.

He lived on the mine—the Esperanza, he called it—six months before the expected happened, but it came then all right. The tidings arrived in a big, fat, linen envelope stuck all over with twenty-five-centavo stamps, sealed in four places and obtrusively registered. I grinned when I recognized George William's fist in the address. Inside were three long-winded reports "respectfully submitted" by gentlemen whose spelling was weak and whose names I didn't know. Also, there was a stack of blueprints which I'm afraid conveyed remarkably little impression to me. They gave various views of sundry adits, shafts, winzes and stopes. Also, what was most vehemently insisted on was a thing called an ore-chute, which was represented by dotted lines as running between the second level and the fourth, and which one was asked to carry downward (in the imagination) to unknown profundities.

On the various assay sheets the most opulent "values per ton" were scattered about in generous profusion, and the most clamorous italics insisted that one should carry in mind the great axiom that "in this camp values always increase with depth." I have a taste for figures, and worked up some of those that George William's experts provided. At a conservative estimate, according to the surveys and values, the Esperanza must have carried within its limits gold and silver bullion to the tune of over three hundred and fifty million sterling; and even allowing a big margin above the "cost of extraction" figures which



I Helped to Dress Uncle and Housemaided Round Generally

they so confidently gave, there was a sure hundred and seventy million pounds sterling.

"Really," I said to my father when I handed him the papers and the letter that accompanied them—"Really there might be a little something in it."

His reply wasn't even civil, but I admit its pungency.

"There is a further point," I went on. "Uncle, as you see, says he gives you the first chance of financing the thing. If you don't snap at the offer he'll come to England himself and raise the wind elsewhere."

It was here that Albert put in his word. "We must head him off. Father, you must pay. We can't have that disreputable Failure coming over here to stir up more dirty water just now. It would be just pie to the other side if he did, and the Government would see in that an excuse for not giving you the peerage."

Father slowly drew a coronet on his blotting-paper. "And all our hard work and outlay as good as wasted," said he thoughtfully.

Politically, of course, neither Father nor Albert believed in the House of Lords, but you can bet that privately they knew what was what as well as other people. And if ever they were inclined to forget, well, I guess that Mother was always on hand to keep them up to a full sense of the duty they owed the family.

"I've earned a reward if ever a man did," said Father, elaborating his sketch, "but the party is very ungrateful."

"Once you get into the Upper House," said Albert, "you can take your choice as to which set of benches you sit on."

By the way he said it there was not the least doubt as to what he meant, and I looked to Father to see him flare up, or faint, or frown, or at least do something. But, except that he went on drawing, he did nothing.

So I whistled, and Albert turned on me sharply enough. "Don't be a hypocrite. We're talking among ourselves here and we needn't pretend. What did Father send me to Uppingham and Trinity Hall for? Do you think he didn't foresee a time when we should change from the old groove and move up among better people?"

"We aren't there yet," I suggested.

"No, and sha'n't be if we let that Failure come back and start floating another of his shady companies. There's nothing that pulls a rising man back like disreputable relations. Father, you must take up the tinpot shares he offers you."

"I never invested in a mine yet, and I don't intend to begin. Besides, if a thing like that got out it would damage even our credit."

"You can't afford," said Albert doggedly, "to ignore Uncle till you are safely landed in the Upper House."

"I am not going to ignore him. Nor am I going to invest in his mine. I am going to pension him off."

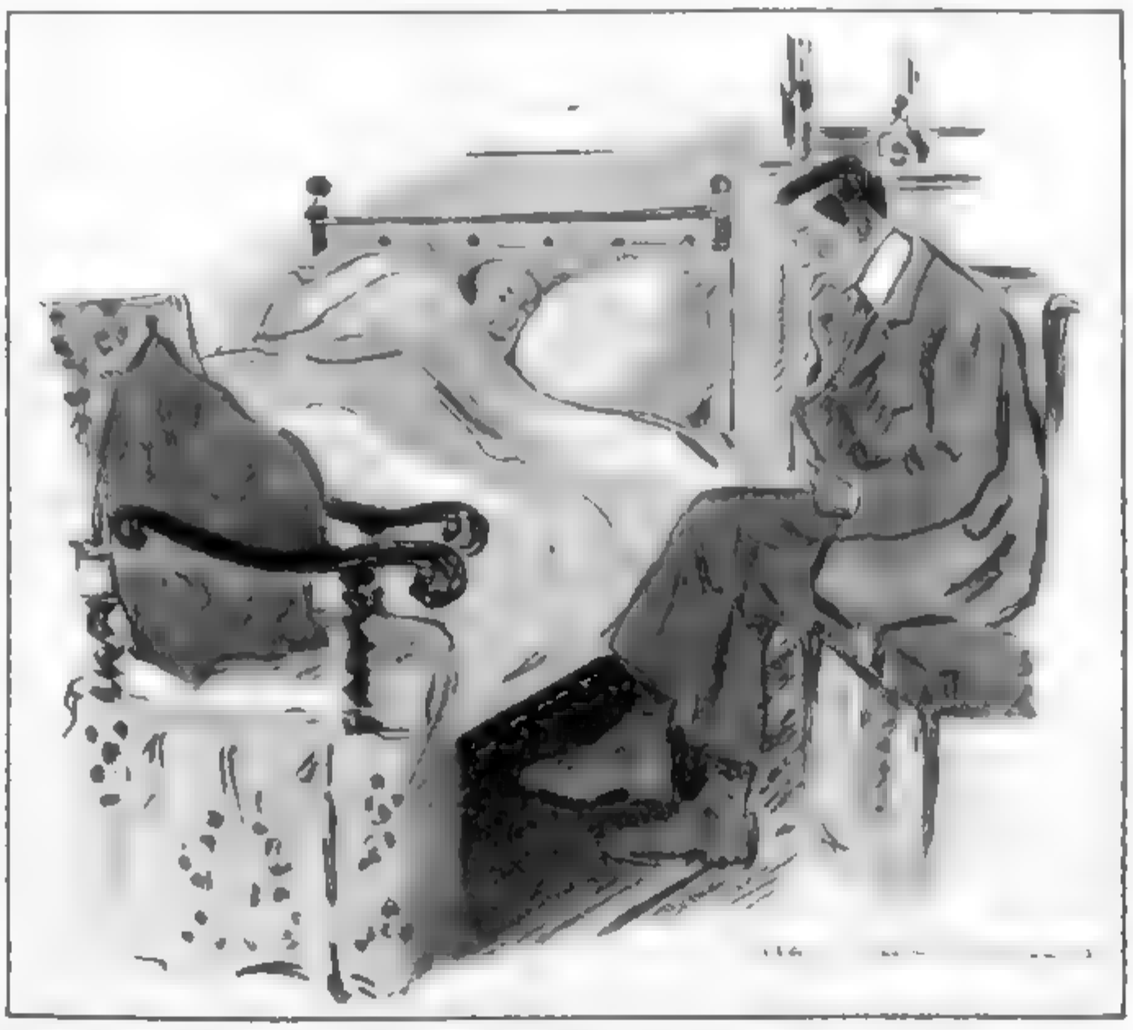
Albert looked at him in frank admiration. "Well, Father," he said, "I beg your pardon for thinking you were a bit slow. I did not know that you had as fine a scheme as that at the back of your head. And so exit the Failure from our plan of existence."

"Two hundred pounds a year paid quarterly," Father announced, "so long as he stays away from England and creates no fresh scandal. You," he said to me, "are due to go to New Orleans next week to see our cotton buyers. You must travel on to this place in Mexico with the unpronounceable name, and see the fellow yourself. You'll find that he'll snap at the offer fast enough. But get his acceptance down in black and white, and have it witnessed. As for these papers"—my father took the reports and blueprints and tore them viciously—"you can say that they have received proper attention."

I do not know that I started out with any very firm intention to carry out these instructions to the foot of the letter. I had announced my impending arrival in a communication that was, to say the least of it, non-committal, and at the hotel in New Orleans I found an invitation waiting for me which began, "My dearest boy," and ended, "Your affectionate old uncle." Somehow I had never looked upon him as much my senior before, but this letter showed me that he was both elderly and in bad health. He had sent me a snapshot photographic group to prove that he was neither, and it proved just the reverse. The photograph also contained what I very badly wanted to see, and that was a picture of Mary Dalkeith. I propped it up against the waffle-dish and sat there and stared at her and just drank her in. She was simply wonderful. She was—well, I must take this yarn in proper order or it will get tangled up. I'm not a clear-headed man like Father.

I'm afraid I didn't think very much about poor partner Dalkeith. That wretched sinker pump (whatever it might be) had given trouble again, and Dalkeith had gone down the shaft to put it right, and the beastly thing had broken adrift and pinned him down in the bottom of the sump and ignominiously drowned him. Perhaps you'll think it was brutal of me to dismiss poor Dalkeith like that. But I am only telling you facts, and you must remember that I had barely given the man a thought before. It was the daughter who had interested me. Still, I also made up my mind at that point to let Uncle George down very gently.

Juaquatitlan—which I didn't a bit know how to pronounce at first—is in the State of Sonora and hard to get at. One went down by railroad to She-wa-wa—which they spell Chihuahua—first of all, and then got on board a thing called a coach and traveled along a river bed which was the local equivalent of a road. When the river bed gave way to the simple precipice one took to a horse, which, if one could judge by its highly developed climbing gear, had a strong cross of monkey in it. Juaquatitlan Cathedral, which is of amber-colored stone and would hold three thousand people comfortably, one can see forty miles away. Juaquatitlan City is built of mud, but does not need further notice. Uncle George was in one of the best houses in the place, and Mary's garden had its irrigating water drawn up from the well by a tin windmill on a tall derrick that always squeaked when the wind blew.



The Esperanza Was the Only Thing He Wanted to Talk About

I found Uncle George ill—in fact, a good deal more so than he seemed to think. He had omitted to mention that when Dalkeith came by that accident in the shaft he had been there too and had broken four ribs and a leg in the effort to save him, and in fact had been supposed to be as dead as his partner when the pair of them were hauled out to daylight. Of course it was just like the silly old ass to say nothing about it, but if he had only had the sense to let me know what a mess he was in I could have hurried up instead of messing about so long with the boys on the New Orleans Cotton Exchange. It was pretty rough luck on Mary, too, being left alone in charge, and if she hadn't been so tremendously capable I can't imagine how even she could have seen it through.

But, to hear him talk, you'd have thought his own smashup was the smallest of troubles. The Esperanza was the only thing he wanted to talk about, and he bored me with its glories and its opulence from morning to night.

To start with, it was an *antigua*—that is, a mine that had been worked by the Spaniards in the old days just after the conquest of Mexico. Enormous sums had been drawn from it; among other things the cathedral had been built out of the proceeds; and two great families of grandees still strut in Spain today on fortunes originally quarried from the Esperanza in Juaquatitlan. Thereafter came revolutions and an inroad of Indians. All shades of political opinion robbed the property of all the ready cash they could lay hands on, and when the industry by this means was stopped, and the town was unable to pay any more taxes, no one seemed to think that it was worth guarding any more. So down came the Indians and killed out the remaining whites, and sat down in undisturbed possession of the whole district till the year of grace nineteen-five.

At that date a regiment of President Porfirio Diaz' *rurales* visited the place on a matter of arrears of taxes, collected what was due and reported the mineral tract "open to denunciation." George William rode in on the heels of the proclamation.

He seems to have grinned affably round the plaza for a day and then made friends with an Indian who kept a pulqueria—one Domingo Guquia. Did Don Domingo know of a valuable mine that one could denounce in the neighborhood? Don Domingo did not. If a dollar for *dulces* for the children would assist memory, and the Señor Don Domingo would allow the *niños* to accept such an infinitesimal trifle? . . . The Señor Gringo was most munificent. . . . And by a happy thought there was the old Esperanza mine that nobody had paid taxes on these fifty years, if the Señor cared for it. . . . Yes, those would be the dumps up yonder beside that *barranca*, though all covered with mesquit scrub these days. . . . The *arrastra* was lower down the hillside.

Poor Uncle chuckled mightily over that small piece of outlay. "It cost me no prospecting at all," he told me a dozen times. "Just for a couple of shillings scrambled among the youngsters, the pub-keeper took me right onto the spot, and before a week was out I'd found four levels with their faces still in good ore. I saw at the end of three days I'd got hold of the biggest silver-gold proposition in Mexico, and I fetched back Mary and her father when I rode down to make my denouncement and pay the fees at the mine office. A ten-pertenencia take would have covered the lot, but I put in for thirty, because acreage looks well if ever you want to float."

Of course you'll say the obvious retort to all this was, if the mine was so tremendously valuable, why didn't it pay straight away? Well, being a sort of mining man myself now, I may say mines don't, as a rule, exude dividends till money has been put into them for development. However, like yourself, I didn't know that then. But I did understand poor old George William, who'd never made a penny in his life, and I didn't ask any inconvenient questions. I helped to dress Uncle when he got up in the morning, and worked his stiff leg and his hurt arm, and housemaided round generally. Mary said that was the way I could make myself useful the best.

Obviously the mine was in pretty bad condition when Dalkeith and Uncle George first sat down to tackle it seriously. There wasn't a straight shaft on the whole place. There were lots of those snake shafts with cat ladders in them, up which the Indians in the old days used to bring the stuff in skin bags. And there were caved adits that had run in on the vein pretty nearly as thick as the teeth of a rake. They had left pillars in their stopes, but the stulls were all rotted away and the ground was so shaky that the upper workings were best left alone. But this didn't matter. The vein was richer than ever where the old Spaniards had left off at the three-hundred-foot level. The only trouble was that according to their scheme of engineering one went down an inclined shaft to a fifty-foot level, then a quarter of a mile along that, then down a dozen chicken ladders and along another level, then down a winze by sticking your feet in the sides till it took half a day to get down to the bottom workings, and the air there was so bad that the old-time Indians must have had specially constructed lungs to breathe it.

So there was nothing for it but to make a fresh working-shaft slap through to the three-hundred-foot level, and you'll say there was nothing in that.

Old George William, with his genius for failure, of course must needs use bits of the old shafts as far as they would go, and these caved in on them time after time, till their money for wages was nearly all frittered away. Then as a climax they tapped some old workings that were full of water, and the new shaft flooded. By this time Uncle and Mr. Dalkeith were working as their own shift bosses, and I expect they were pretty incompetent for the job. Anyway, they finished up with a bad accident as I have told you already, and the one of them got killed and the other badly smashed.

Of course, as you may guess, I said nothing about Father's pension scheme when I got down to Juaquatitlan. And I am afraid that when I got more chummy with Mary I twisted Father's financial intentions pretty badly. You see, Juaquatitlan, when you were actually there, living in a 'dobe house, and eating *tasajo* and *mole* and *tamales*, and talking your best Spanish, seemed a powerful long distance from Manchester, and things that looked important at home seemed trifles in Mexico. So when, after some skirmishing around, Uncle asked me point-blank what Father was going to do I just lied. You see, he'd had a pretty bad night of pain and was looking all crumpled up, and I couldn't be brute enough to tell him the plain truth. Besides, Mary was looking on. So I just said I'd been sent out to investigate, and in the meanwhile

(Concluded on Page 56)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 12, 1910

The Lost Leader

WHEN Senator Dolliver was in Michigan, shortly before the September primaries, a resident said to him: "There would be a strong insurgent movement in this state too—the people are ready for it—if we only had a leader." He replied: "You don't need leaders. Leaders didn't make the insurgent movement. The movement made the leaders."

With respect to Michigan, the truth of this remark was proved at the primaries; for, without any notable leadership, insurgency swept the state. It is true, in a measure, with respect to Iowa.

From the first the people were back of Dolliver and Cummins. It must be increasingly true, in a measure, in proportion as the machinery of government is made more democratic by the introduction of direct primaries. The closer the contact between people and government, the more closely and automatically will government correspond to the public good. Yet there will never be a time when leaders like Dolliver can be easily spared. His ability for leadership was great and he was not only willing but anxious to put it at the public's service. A sense of the unfairness of the tariff Iowa farmers undoubtedly had, and of themselves they would sooner or later have given some sort of expression to it. For them, at once, Dolliver gave it powerful and luminous expression.

He made their sense of the tariff's unfairness a stirring, far-carrying call. Leadership of that kind will never be a negligible quantity.

Wall Street Democratic

THE Economist remarks: "Curiously, Wall Street is for once in its life Democratic." Other trustworthy financial journals have made the same observation lately. Which presumably arouses in the apprehensive mind of Mr. Bryan a question as to whether the party of which he is the most conspicuous member is about to experience another change of front.

Thus far in the history of the United States it has been impossible to keep the same front on any party very long. Federalists espoused the cause of Aaron Burr, who killed their founder. Democrats started as the special champions of humanity and presently became the special champions of slavery.

The American manufacturer's ideal, broadly speaking, is to produce an article that can be sold in the same package and at the same price from coast to coast. We try as hard to standardize our politics as our breakfast foods and shoes. The ideal of both parties is to put up a package equally adapted to Newport, Rhode Island, and Red Dog, Arizona.

In trying to cover so vast a territory with the same cloth, accidents happen. In 1904, New York pulled the Democratic blanket so violently its way that the West was left bare. Recently, when Mr. Roosevelt edged the Republican coverlet eastward to accommodate the Empire State, there were shouts of protest and hasty grabbings at the quilt out in Iowa.

The political manufacturers, we believe, misunderstand the market. There are packages equally adapted to Newport and Red Dog. A party consistently radical and a party consistently conservative could stand squarely on its two feet everywhere. The radical party would sell fewer goods in Wall Street and the conservative one might not get the larger share of the trade in Iowa, but each would have a package that really satisfied its own patrons.

When to Stop Watching

SCANDALS disclosed by the famous insurance investigation which Governor Hughes conducted are still quite fresh in public recollection. Policyholders' money, it was shown, had been used for the profit of insiders who were supposed to be trustees for the policyholders. Some reputations were blasted. New York and other states passed laws designed to prevent a repetition of the abuses. So strong an impression was made upon the country that certain observers have dated the radical movement therefrom.

Strong also, but of a different nature, was the impression made upon a considerable number of enterprising individuals. While the land echoed with public indignation there began a generous spawning of insurance companies. People were invited to buy stock in them on a general theory that, as proved by the New York investigation, the best way to get rich fast was to become an insider in an insurance concern. The spawning has proceeded apace and shoals of suckers have been separated from their money, until now there is a demand that states which do not take official cognizance of an insurance company before it begins to write policies shall strictly supervise the formative and stock-selling period. The investigation which closed the door to one sort of illicit gain opened a door to another sort.

"This business of investigating, regulating, reforming, may have been all very well so far," say some well-meaning citizens, "but it is certainly high time to stop it now." We fear it will never be time to stop regulation and supervision this side of the millennium.

In the Hall of Fame

SOME gratifying conclusions may be drawn from the solemn vote by which eleven names were recently added to the list of Americans who have achieved lasting fame. Analyzing the vote we find, for example, that Harriet Beecher Stowe is exactly thirty-nine and four-tenths per cent more famous than Andrew Jackson. Now the battle of New Orleans is as well known as Uncle Tom's Cabin. Hence, the author's superior renown must be attributed to her gentle, seemly deportment as contrasted with the violent and profane habits of the general. This should have a powerful and salutary influence upon ambitious youths, teaching them that, as they value enduring fame, they must avoid anger and cuss words. Again, we find that in five years the fame of Edgar Allan Poe has risen from eight minus to nineteen plus—that is, in 1905 he lacked eight votes of being famous at all, whereas, by this year's ballot, he is famous with nineteen votes to spare. As any accomplished mathematician will figure out for you, the increase is simply prodigious. Foreign critics have long regarded Poe as the finest of American poets. This dazzling spread of his celebrity in the United States, therefore, indicates a rise in poetic appreciation upon which the country may be congratulated.

From the same vote, however, other conclusions of a less gratifying nature may be drawn. This balloting was participated in by one hundred college professors, editors, authors and jurists. Unfortunately we have forgotten what person and his money were separated when this Hall of Fame was established.

Unlucky Luck Experts

AT A CERTAIN business office the other day a gentleman called who was somewhat known to the head of the concern. He explained that he was lying by that day, being the thirteenth, because he had an undertaking of some importance in view and he could never feel easy about beginning an undertaking on the thirteenth. He then borrowed five dollars to tide him over the day.

We have known a number of persons who would not begin a journey on Friday or the thirteenth of the month, or look at the new moon over the left shoulder, or, if it could be avoided, permit the number twenty-three to figure in their affairs, because those things are unlucky, but we have never yet known such a person who had any luck anyway.

Of course, there's a reason. The sort of mind that takes thirteen seriously is not the sort that is very likely to grapple effectually with any problem more complicated than getting indoors when it rains.

The Size of Farms

CERTAINLY there is one industry with respect to which the socialistic theory has failed to work. That industry is farming in the United States. The capitalist doesn't gobble up the farms; the small proprietor is not squeezed out. David Rankin, who died recently, owned some twenty-five thousand acres of grain land. This was so extraordinary that it made him a national figure—the Morgan or Rockefeller of Mid-Western agriculture.

From 1850 to 1900 the average size of a farm in the United States decreased from two hundred and two to one hundred and forty-six acres. True, from 1880 to 1900 the average size increased about one-tenth; but this was doubtless due to the coming in of big western grazing farms. In Montana, for example, in that twenty years, the average farm rose from two hundred and sixty-seven to eight hundred and eighty-five acres; in Nevada, from four hundred to nearly twelve hundred acres. In old states the average farm grew smaller.

Broadly speaking, the biggest farms have never meant the most money. Washington, owning one of the most extensive estates in the country, borrowed at two per cent a month to pay the grocer. Jefferson was the possessor of several thousand acres of Virginia land, upon the cultivation of which he had bestowed infinite thought, and of many slaves, when he was forced to sell his beloved library and a public subscription was taken up to keep a roof over his head: in fact, the profit-making power of the farmer is less in his land than in his labor. The land itself will respond almost without limit to the intelligent care bestowed upon it. Acreage at fifty and cultivation at one hundred is a better proposition than acreage at one hundred and cultivation at fifty.

Comforts Worth Paying For

"OUR cities are growing faster than the country districts," B. F. Yoakum told Oklahoma farmers the other day, "because money is poured into them to make them grow. Our farming industry is not developing as it should because not enough money is expended for the farm life to enable it to keep pace with the town life."

Farmers constitute nearly a third of the country's population and farm products make up nearly a third of the country's commerce; but of the money that the country spends on public improvements what proportion goes directly to the bettering of the farm? Contrast the amount borrowed by cities for street improvements with the amount borrowed to improve country roads.

To make farm life more attractive by quoting from Mr. Wordsworth's appreciations of Nature and by distributing domestic-science literature, that shows how to nourish the hired man without pie, is an amiable and praiseworthy ambition; but the sordid fact is that making the farm more attractive is going to take money. Rural mail delivery, telephones and automobiles have added to the attractiveness of country life; and they have cost something too. How would the city man enjoy an annual appropriation of thirty-seven dollars a mile for street improvements and a recommendation to read Wordsworth?

Good country roads will add more to the farm economically and socially than almost any other one thing. If a city were in like position it would, as a matter of course, borrow the money and make the improvements. Farmers are entitled to use about a third of the country's credit. Whatever amount of credit they use for intelligent road improvement will prove a good investment.

A Century of Ballooning

PHILADELPHIA was considerably excited in 1784—not that that was the last time either. A project was then afoot to send up a monster balloon, sixty feet high. The first ascensions in France had been made the year before and the new art excited men's imaginations. Philadelphia was told that by aerial navigation the waste places of earth might soon be made accessible; plagues and sieges would lose some of their inconvenience when a well-to-do citizen could simply inflate his gasbag and sail away; communication would be quicker and surer; dispatch boats, hitched to balloons, might be drawn at lightning speed.

We do not find just how far this Philadelphia balloon sailed; but it came almost as near crossing the Atlantic as Mr. Wellman's latest dirigible did, and as a dependable means of travel it could not have been far behind Count Zeppelin's monsters. "Of what use is a newborn child?" said Franklin when a skeptic asked the use of this new invention. After a hundred and thirty-seven years the child can only creep a rod, which is nearly as apt to be away from its destination as toward it. True, we now have heavier-than-air flying machines, which may be indefinitely developed.

About the time Philadelphia sent up her first balloon an exceedingly alert and inquisitive American mentioned incidentally in the postscript of a letter from Europe that one James Watt had made some improvements on the steam engine which were attracting quite a little attention among scientists. Airships may still be interesting toys when some discovery made year before last, which hasn't yet got into the newspapers, is multiplying the world's power.

WHO'S WHO--AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Fisherman's Luck

WHISKERS have but two real purposes. All other ascribed reasons for them are spurious. They are worn either (*a*) for ambush or (*b*) to deceive. Many a man who has haloed his face in hair uses his whiskers to hide behind, darting out now and then to impale some passer-by on whom he has designs. Many another man grows whiskers with the misguided idea of adding to his personal *tout ensemble*, whereby the deception comes in; but it is the man who wears 'em who is deceived—nobody else.

Bearing these fearless truths in mind, it need only be said that James J. Hill, the Empire Builder—nifty name, that—is as mild, benign, not to say beneficent, in appearance as any person you ever saw or may expect to see; and he owes it to his whiskers, which are carefully nurtured and of fine, strokable length. Having a look at Mr. Hill's hair, facial and cranial, one would expect him to exude constantly nothing but tranquillity, joy and happiness, peace and love.

But, I have been told, there are times when Mr. Hill, notwithstanding his hirsute advance notices, exudes the exact reverse of the above delightful vibrations and falls into the common but none the less distressing error of getting real hopping mad.

It was at one of these regrettable junctures, when the whiskers were not benigning much, that Mr. Hill remarked with considerable emphasis that he would make a way-station out of St. Paul, Minnesota—the inciting cause of said remark being George Thompson, than whom, as all will admit, there is no kindlier or milder spirit in the great Northwest. Mr. Thompson, it appears, had certain ideas about the way some or perhaps all of Mr. Hill's railroads should be conducted; and, it is fair to assume, Mr. Hill had divergent ideas on the same subject. Mr. Hill, of course, owned the railroads; but, on the other hand, Mr. Thompson owned the St. Paul Dispatch, which he published regularly every afternoon and wherein he set forth his ideas with such pictorial and other embellishments as he deemed fitting, including an occasional cartoon ever and anon that displayed Mr. Hill's whiskers to their best advantage.

It seemed odd to Mr. Hill to have his wishes thus flouted and he resented it bitterly. Meantime, Mr. Thompson continued in business at the old stand and appeared to have the law, the facts and the populace on his side. Empire—and railroad—builders cannot be hampered with law and facts or deterred by the deprecation of the populace. They, as was once remarked by a great legal mind in New York concerning one of our other flossiest little empire builders, now deceased, live in a higher atmosphere, move in another sphere—or words to that elevating and patronizing effect.

However, Mr. Thompson came to bat regularly. The result was that, although Mr. Hill did not make St. Paul a way-station, Mr. Thompson did start the movement that brought about the Northern Securities dissolution, being responsible in a large way for that memorable battle for such rights as the people appeared to have in the premises, which shows, also in a large way, just the kind of a calibered man George Thompson is. He certainly is set in his ways when he goes out on a project of that kind, and seems to be quite unscarable, although Mr. Hill has scaring abilities and apparatus that rank with the very best.

The Lord and the Lumberman

THOMPSON was born in England and after a time got to St. Paul, where he was a printer and an advertising solicitor. There was a little afternoon paper there called the Dispatch and Thompson bought it, developed it and developed with it. He made it a power in politics and in the affairs of Minnesota and the Northwest. He had and has plenty of courage, a keen appreciation of what his people need and want, and he has made many a winning fight—not overlooking various dents he has put in the Empire Builder from time to time, and other assistant empire builders when they were empiring a little too fast or wanted a little too much.

Good fighting men are always merry and bright. No man who has a grouch or is impressed with his dignity or his importance or his other valuable—to himself—qualities ever amounted to a pint of beans in a stand-up, knock-down and drag-out encounter, whether against an individual or a corporation. It takes a genial, sunshiny soul to go in and do the right kind of biffing. Wherefore, George Thompson is a good fighting man; also a sunshiny person.

Aside from running his papers—he has two big ones now—and the fun he gets out of their personal direction, George Thompson has two other large and important interests. One is fishing and the other is telling stories. He is a born fisherman and twins as a story-teller. Those who know Thompson best say he has more different kinds of fishing tackle than any man who wets a line in these days. Likewise, notwithstanding his multitude of appliances he can catch fish, which the tackle-burdened fishermen usually cannot. Getting fishing tackle is merely a matter of price, but getting fish is an art, a science, a gift and a benediction. George gets them no matter where he goes. He could catch fish in the middle of an asphalt pavement if he set his mind to it.

He Could Catch Fish in the Middle of an Asphalt Pavement

Now telling stories is also an art, a science, a gift and a benediction, although people who cannot tell stories—and most people cannot—affect to sneer at the ability and always listen to the stories. Thompson tells his stories exceedingly well, having a keen sense of humor, although English; and they are usually about experiences of his own. There are a lot of them, but none better than the one about the Duluth lumberman who took his first trip to Europe, having awakened one morning and found himself a millionaire.

This chap came down to St. Paul and was given all sorts of information about the tips and procedure on board ship. It takes fifteen minutes to tell all that. He went aboard, followed his instructions and finally came to the deck steward, to whom he gave ten shillings, and who, at the lumberman's direction, put his chair next to that of Lord Charles Beresford, who was going over on the same ship. On the first day out the Duluth lumberman, smoking a big cigar, said to Lord Charles: "Pardon me, sir, but that is a bad cigar you are smoking. Chuck it overboard and have a good one."

Lord Charles gasped, coughed, got purple and then laughed. He chucked his cigar overboard and took the lumberman's. They got to be excellent friends and when they reached London Lord Charles gave a dinner for the lumberman to which he invited twenty-six friends. The lumberman asked what he should do and was told to put on the best clothes he had, or, if he had no evening clothes, to go and rent some. He appeared at the dinner in a cutaway coat and a white waistcoat. The Englishmen, all togged out perfectly, were amused and showed it.

It takes about twenty minutes to get this far into the story, with all the business of telling and the side remarks. Dinner over, Lord Charles proposed a toast to the guest of the evening who, he said, was an American who had made his fortune in lumber and with whom he had formed a most agreeable acquaintance. The lumberman rose to respond. He thanked the host gracefully, thanked the guests for doing him the honor of coming to meet him and then said: "You will observe or have observed, of course, that I am here not in evening clothes, but wearing a cutaway coat. When I received this very flattering invitation I had no evening clothes and there was not time to have any made, but a kind friend told me to go to a certain place and rent a suit. I went. Imagine my astonishment, when I told them what I wanted, to hear the manager reply:

"'I regret very much, sir, that we cannot supply you. Lord Beresford is giving a dinner of twenty-six covers to an American gentleman tonight and all our suits are rented for that occasion.'"

But that's only the ghost of the story. You ought to hear George Thompson tell it with all the curves—a liberal education in story-telling, just as his fishing is a liberal education in fishing. Nor is he lacking in other qualities as a pedagogue. He has liberally educated the Empire Builder on several points.

Art and the Pups

MISS KITTY CHEATHAM, who gave Europe its first real taste of American negro songs and incidentally the beauty of our lullabies, had an experience on one of her first trips to London that jolted her artistic sensibilities. She had given her recital at the home of a very eminent English society leader. After the program her hostess approached her and said:

"My dear, you don't know what a narrow escape you had from not being here."

"Indeed!" replied Miss Cheatham.

"Yes, my dear," continued the grand dame. "The other night I was dining at a friend's house and I said to her that I had to give a frightfully amusing entertainment for one of my girls. A woman near me said that she knew of a man who had some wonderful pups who said their prayers and climbed ladders and did all kinds of fascinating things. I had quite made up my mind to get the pups when another guest said that there was such an amusing American woman here who sang American plantation songs. Of course she meant you. It sounded so odd that I engaged you."

Miss Cheatham has a sense of humor, for she asked her hostess:

"Do you think I am as amusing as the pups?"

"Really, my dear," said the Englishwoman, "I am not the least bit sorry that I got you."

A Compliment for the Kaiser

WHEN Colonel Roosevelt was out West somebody asked him what he thought of the Emperor William, of Germany.

"What did I think of him?" repeated the Colonel. "Why, of all the sovereigns I met while in Europe he was the only one who struck me as if, were he an American sovereign, he could carry his own ward."

Willing Will

THE daughter of an old Southern family had married a Chicago man and set up her house there. She brought with her one of the family retainers for a butler, Will by name.

Chicago was too much for Will. He had not been there a month before he was mixed up in several tangled matrimonial affairs and was embracing the Demon Rum at every opportunity.

Will was packed back home. Two months later he arrived in Chicago again, sober and penitent, and asked for his old place.

"Will," said his mistress, "I do not think I can take you back again. Your conduct was scandalous when you were here before. How do you intend to act now?"

"Miss 'Lizbeth," replied Will solemnly, "from this time on it's nix on Cupid and the booze."

The Man With the Gun

A TRAVELER going through Breathitt County, Kentucky, in 1896, found a man sitting on the side of the road with a gun across his knees.

"Belong here?" he asked the man with the gun.

"Yes."

"How's politics?"

"Tol'able."

"Who you going to vote for?"

"Well, stranger," said the man with the gun, peering down the road, "if I see Bill Smith before he sees me I'm goin' to vote for McKinley."

THE HOME LIFE OF HARRISON

Personal Recollections of Colonel W. H. Crook

DISBURSING OFFICER OF THE WHITE HOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

They Suddenly Found the Doors That Led Into the Great Circular Library Closed and Locked

THE first Christmas tree that ever lifted its gift-laden green in the White House was placed there during the Administration of President Harrison, and in my memories of many years' service within the great walls of the Executive Mansion this occasion stands out as one of the pleasantest. There had been plenty of young folks there during previous Administrations—from Lincoln's down through Johnson's, Grant's, Hayes', Garfield's, Arthur's, Cleveland's—and plenty of excuse for a Christmas tree as each December came around with its season of joyousness and generosity of spirit; yet, for some reason that I have never been able to understand, one Christmas after another came and went, with every remembrance and observance of the day except that which to most young folks is the crowning feature—a beautiful, tall, graceful tree, laden with gifts and ornaments, shimmering with candles, perhaps, or at least bowing and swaying under the weight of numberless pretty devices and glittering baubles.

The Presidential Christmas Tree

COLD though he appeared to most people, and indifferent, President Harrison nevertheless was warm-hearted and sympathetic to those who knew him well. He had a merry side to his nature, and with it the love of childhood that is almost always its accompaniment. Mrs. Harrison, too, was warm-hearted, fond of giving others happiness, devoted to her children and wrapped up in her grandchildren—as is not uncommon with grandmothers whether they live in the White House or in the humblest cottage. Therefore it was quite natural, under all the circumstances, that the first Christmas season under General Harrison's Presidency should see a tree set up for the delectation of the little folks in whom so much of his thought was centered.

In addition to the President and Mrs. Harrison there were in the White House at the time Mr. and Mrs. Russell B. Harrison and their little daughter; Mrs. James Robert McKee and her two youngsters—Benjamin Harrison McKee, aged about two years, better known to the public as "Baby McKee," and his sister Mary, who was about a year younger. Mrs. Harrison's niece, Mrs. Mary Scott Dimmick, was also there, if memory serves, as well as Mrs. Harrison's father, the Reverend Doctor Scott, then an aged man. So there were plenty, of all sizes and years, to make the most of the Christmas season, and they did so right royally.

For days before the one great day the children were getting more and more excited as to coming events, telling each other what they hoped Santa Claus would bring them, running in and out with important confidential messages and questions to parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts, and generally infusing a spirit that was infectious to all. Then, late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas, they suddenly found the doors that led into the great circular library closed and locked. They hovered around, wondering what it all meant, until taken away on one pretext or another; but they never guessed that Pfister, head gardener of the White House, was inside that enchanted chamber with a force of expert assistants, putting up the most beautiful and perfect tree that could be found. Somehow the afternoon passed, supper was disposed of, and Christmas Eve stories were told while stockings were hung up; and at last the little people drowsily went to bed, still wondering, still hoping that they might wake up, late in the night, at just the moment when dear old Santa would be coming down the chimney.

While they were going to sleep Pfister and his men, and a good many more including the President of the United States himself, were working like beavers within that library; and it was quite late when the tree was in place and dressed, and hung with countless gifts. I saw it Christmas morning, as did others in the Executive Office who had been invited to be present; and it was truly the most beautiful I have ever seen. From topmost point to the floor it was laden with decorations, with toys innumerable for the little folks, and with gifts for the older ones. Mrs. Harrison had made sure that each member of her husband's office staff was remembered with a personal token. I, for example, received a dainty little book from her, with her good wishes. In addition to the family gifts the library held a multitude of presents of every imaginable kind, from scores if not hundreds of persons, friends and strangers—or comparative strangers—alike; for at the Christmas season the President and his household are very widely remembered.

I have often wished that those who thought President Harrison "a human iceberg" could have seen him at that time, and at many another time when he threw aside his official reserve. For he truly was a man who enjoyed his family and his intimates to a marked degree. Although he and Mrs. Harrison made no pretension to social superiority, they were not merely well educated but were accustomed to the best of society and were wholly at ease wherever they might be. A frequent visitor at the White House while a Senator, General Harrison felt no strangeness of surroundings when he came there as President, and his family life moved along smoothly from the first. Owing to his stoutness he did not look as tall as he really was, and perhaps for this reason he wore a silk hat and a frock coat when the weather permitted. Always dignified, with keen eyes that never wavered, with his military habit of command, it was only natural that those who did not know President Harrison well should have thought him extremely cold, reserved and uncommunicative concerning his plans.

When he came to the White House on March 4, 1889, he found that Mrs. Cleveland had prepared a luncheon for his family, and that everything was in readiness for their occupancy. A number of personal friends were present at this first meal in the Executive Mansion, and they made a merry party when to them were added the members of the President's family. At that time Russell B. Harrison, the President's son, was a man in the early thirties and, though a frequent visitor, he did not spend as much time with his parents in Washington as did Mr. and Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Dimmick—a charming young widow of thirty, I should say—and the Reverend Doctor Scott.

As a matter of fact, next to the President himself, perhaps the most widely known member of the White House family was "Baby McKee." As soon as General Harrison had been nominated for the Presidency throngs of people flocked to Indianapolis from all over the country. Little Ben, who had been born in his grandfather's house on March 15, 1887, was a very lively youngster, and as such was much in evidence about his grandfather's home. The visitors to Indianapolis, in the summer of 1888, used to see him on the porch or in the grounds, and fell into the habit of saying to each other:

"Oh, there's General Harrison's grandson, Baby McKee!"

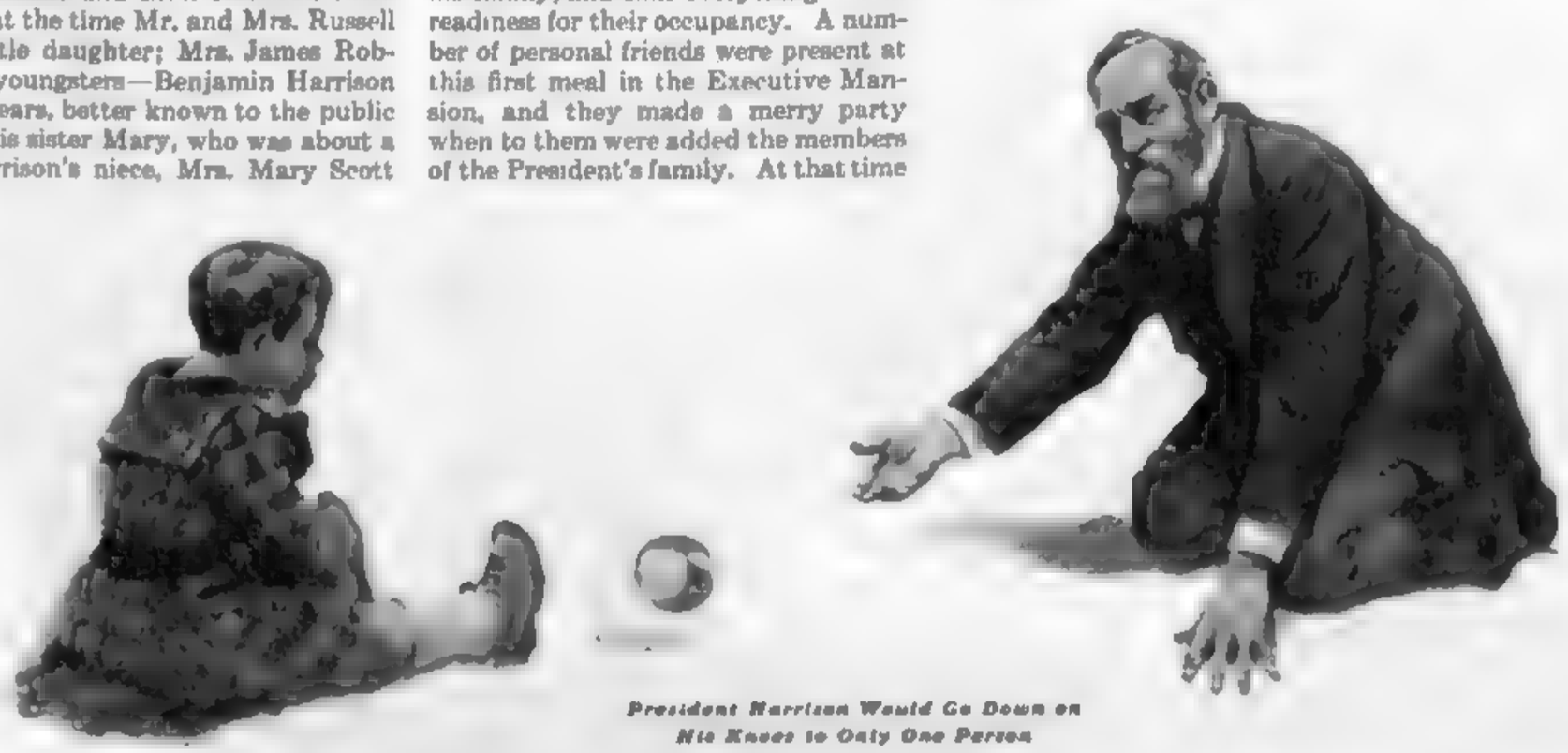
The phrase was at once taken up by the newspaper correspondents who had been sent to Indianapolis to "keep tabs" on the Republican nominee, and within forty-eight hours "Baby McKee" became famous—such fame as it was. Columns were written about him and his appearance, and what he ate or didn't eat, and what he wore, and how he was taken care of. For some reason the American people seem to love unimportant details concerning personages and "near-personages," and in this instance they certainly were furnished with enough of them by the papers. The family, however, did not call the boy "Baby McKee." To them, especially to his dignified grandfather, he was always "Benjamin," or sometimes "Ben"; and he answered as readily to one as to the other. As he grew older, during General Harrison's Presidency, he developed a taste for printing, and he had, even as a little boy, a small printing outfit at the White House, with which he used to turn out cards and circulars.

The Baby of the White House

IF THERE was one comrade in the world whom President Harrison enjoyed being with, it was little Ben. In the privacy of the living rooms upstairs he used to romp with the little chap whenever opportunity presented itself; and often he would take Ben by the hand and they would gravely start off for a walk through the grounds of the Executive Mansion or down Pennsylvania Avenue. The people they met would stop and look after the wee little man holding on so tightly to the hand of the stout, dignified elderly gentleman who wore a silk hat and a long frock coat, and who, all unknown to the laddie at his side, occupied one of the most exalted positions that mortal man may attain.

While they resided at the White House President Harrison and his wife usually attended service in the Church of the Covenant, perhaps the leading Presbyterian Church of Washington, and at that time under the pastorate of the Reverend Doctor Hamlin. They went to church as they went elsewhere, with the utmost simplicity and with no outward distinction from any other churchgoers. They did not give evidence of such positive interest in religious matters as President and Mrs. Hayes had given, but I am sure they were deeply interested in all that good works could accomplish.

As a general thing one of the first duties of the wife of an incoming President, and one of the things she usually enjoys heartily, is to attend to such rearrangements and refurnishing of the White House as may be necessary or advisable, according to her personal taste, the size and customs of her family, and so on. I remember one occasion when Mrs. Harrison had finally



President Harrison Would Go Down on His Knees to Only One Person

decided upon some slight architectural changes, and had brought her architect's plans to the President and asked his opinion of them. General Harrison studied the drawings with care and noticed that several niches were left, each plainly marked. At last he said:

"Well, my dear, here is a place for Lincoln, and here is a place for Grant's bust. And you have left three places for Vest." Then he added, with well-assumed indignation, "I am decidedly opposed to so many monuments to Vest—in the White House!"

Mrs. Harrison hastened to explain—what her husband, of course, knew all the time—that the word "Vest," was the architect's contraction for vestibule, of which there were three on the plans. Whereupon the President said he was satisfied and handed the drawings back to her with a twinkle in his keen blue eyes.

President and Mrs. Harrison were what may be styled "home-bodies"—a good deal like President and Mrs. Hayes in this respect. Yet the Harrison Administration, especially in its earlier stages, was a pretty gay one, owing largely to the fact that Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Russell Harrison—when the latter was in Washington—dearly enjoyed playing the part of gracious hostesses; and, as the President's family had many friends who were cordially welcomed, the White House was often the scene of private festivities. The formal state dinners were held, of course, and a certain number of receptions. Mrs. Harrison found that she had plenty to do, and was glad to have Mrs. McKee assist her with her duties, especially the handling of her correspondence, for she employed no private secretary.

In Good Weather He Would Often Slip Out and Go Spinning Out Over Country Roads

A Good Host

THE President himself was a good host and a capital story-teller when the surroundings were to his liking, but he was a very hard-working man during his term of office. He usually spent all of the morning and a part of each afternoon at his desk, or in consultation with Cabinet Members, Senators, Representatives, and others who had Government business to bring to his attention; and not a few of his evenings also were thus taken up. But in good weather he would often slip out of the building, step into a carriage—a buggy in which he liked to ride alone—and go spinning out over country roads until he came to some pleasant woody spot, where he would tie his horse and stroll around under the trees, drinking in the fresh air for an hour or two. He enjoyed these rambles, and was glad for the time being to get away from cares of state and the many details of national importance that seem to overwhelm every President.

General Harrison did not care for hunting or fishing as had Mr. Cleveland, and he took no active part in such sports as golf, tennis or billiards; but he liked to drive out into the country, and he was fond of walking, both in country and in town. Almost every pleasant day, toward sunset, he would start off from the White House grounds and step briskly over the pavements, sometimes across Lafayette Square to the newer portion of the city, sometimes downtown. Occasionally little Ben, or some other of his intimates, would accompany him; but frequently he went alone, and never thought it necessary to have a guard following. A quiet, observant, elderly gentleman, with hair and beard turning white, peering out with sharp eyes from under the rim of his silk hat, generally carrying a cane, he was a familiar figure to Washington.

Both the President and Mrs. Harrison had a love for children, and were ever thinking of something to make happier the young people of the vicinity as well as of their own household. I remember well the first Easter Day of the Harrison Administration. As was customary on Easter Monday, thousands of Washington children gathered on the South Grounds of the White House to roll their eggs down the grassy slopes; and when they arrived there they found that a wooden stand had been erected in the center of the great lawn. The boys and girls came in droves from all points of the compass, and every one of them wondered what that stand meant; for this was the first Easter Monday when such a stand had been placed on the lawn. They found out at one o'clock, when the members of the Marine Band filed through the roadway leading to it and took their places. Out crashed the first notes of Hail to the Chief just as the door leading from the White House to the South Portico was opened, and from it came the President of the United States, holding little Ben with one hand and waving the other in hearty welcome to the children swarming over the slopes. And there the President stood, surrounded by a group including Mrs. Harrison and the Reverend Doctor Scott, while the eggs were being rolled. At once a shout went up from thousands of childish throats, for this was the first time that the famous Marine Band had been ordered out to add to the merriment of the Easter Monday egg-rolling.

As soon as President Harrison assumed his official duties, immediately after inauguration, his secretary, Mr. Halford, had informed the staff of the Executive Office that no work would be required of them on Sunday except in possible cases of emergency. Consequently most of the staff were glad to take advantage of this opportunity to rest one day in the week, and to stay away from the White House; but from long habit I kept going over to the office each Sunday morning, for fear that something might arise for which I would be needed. And one Sunday—it was May 12, 1889—I found there Mr. Frank Tibbett, an expert stenographer whom General Harrison had brought on from Indianapolis, and Miss Alice B. Sanger, another stenographer and the only woman ever employed in such capacity at the White House. Miss Sanger, by the way, a very charming young woman, was exceedingly competent in her work and still is in Government employ. Well, I had not been long at the office that May Sunday when Mrs. Harrison came into the room with her two grandchildren, Benny and Mary McKee. She carried a quantity of beautiful flowers as gifts for us; and soon afterward Mrs. McKee entered the room, bringing a basket filled with delicious oranges for those whom she found there. I am quite sure she did not know of Mrs. Harrison's intentions nor Mrs. Harrison of hers; but they were always doing things of that kind—remembering others and trying to make life bright and happy.

It used to be a saying in Washington that President Harrison would go down on his knees to only one person—little Ben, whom he thought more of than any one else, I think, except his wife. And this casual saying proved to be true in one instance I recall, which took place at about noon of June 2, 1889. I happened to be walking rapidly through a corridor and saw the President just ahead of me, carrying his grandson in his arms. In going down the last of three steps General Harrison made a misstep and fell forward, but, although down on his knees, he managed to have his arms break the fall and so guarded Ben from being hurt. The President at once picked himself up and went on, still carrying his precious burden. Neither of them so much as uttered a syllable of exclamation. The President probably thought that words would do no good, and little Ben was accustomed to think that everything his grandpapa did was right anyhow—tumbles apparently included.

President Harrison's Administration was connected with an unusual number of tragic occurrences, which deeply affected all who were in any intimate way connected with the White House. Invitations for the last state dinner of the season had been issued for the sixth of February, 1890, and other preparations had been completed, when the unexpected death of Secretary Blaine's daughter occurred on Sunday, February 2d. This was a severe shock, needless to say, and the dinner invitations were at once ordered to be withdrawn. But before this could be accompl shed, on the very next day, February 8d, the entire country was startled by the awful news of the burning of the residence of Secretary Tracy, the death of his wife and daughter and French maid, and his own narrow escape.

The President had made an appointment to be present in New York City, on February 4th, to participate in the centennial celebration of the organization of the Supreme Court of the United States. So urgently was his presence desired that a committee from New York called at the White House and tried to insist that he keep the engagement, but he refused to go. The terrible afflictions so suddenly fallen upon two of his Cabinet officers affected him seriously, and he was in constant attendance upon them both, doing all in his power not merely to show his sympathy but to give practical assistance.

The tragedy in Secretary Tracy's household occurred early in the morning of Monday, and during that day the bodies of Mrs. Tracy and of her daughter were brought to the White House and placed in the East Room, under the great chandelier, where they rested side by side, being constantly guarded by a doorkeeper. During that day and the day following many friends called at the White House, carrying flowers, and these Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee personally arranged.

Sad Days

THE funeral services were held on Wednesday morning. Although all the seats that could be placed in the East Room had been provided, yet the room was taxed to its utmost capacity with relatives and personal friends of the mother and the daughter. At eleven o'clock all who were to be present had arrived, and the choristers slowly came along the great corridor from the western end of the building to the East Room, where they took their station, and the services began. To me, who had seen so much of gayety and grandeur and impressive ceremonial in that magnificent apartment, during so many years, this was a strangely tragic sight. As the choristers began to sing Jesus, Lover of My Soul, the entire audience joined with them, or tried to; but a large proportion of those present were so deeply affected that they could not take part in the music. The climax was reached when Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me, was sung. By this time the great audience had itself under better control; and almost every one, from President, Vice-President and other dignitaries down to the least important present, joined in the singing.

The last lines had just been reached, however, when a realization of the horror of the tragedy seemed once more to come over those present. Suddenly one of the little choir boys turned white, swayed slightly and sank to the floor fainting. He was carried out and tenderly cared for. Instantly the President glanced keenly at his afflicted Cabinet officer, then quickly stepped across to him, placing a hand on his arm, and by words of sympathy tried to calm him.

The tension was so great by this time that no one was sorry that the services were closing. The bereaved husband and father, still leaning on the President's arm, followed the mortal remains of wife and daughter as they were borne outward from the East Room to the doorway of the White House; and as they were being placed in the hearse he turned away and went up to the room that had been provided for him in the Executive Mansion.

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I must confess
I hate to dress
And fuss, and brush my hair.
But worse I'd hate
To miss my plate
When *Campbell's Soup* is there.

The birthday anniversary of little Ben Harrison McKee came around only a few weeks after the events recorded above, and at about noon of February 15 he made a visit to the office, holding tightly to his mother's hand. The little fellow came on a very special errand, which was to present to each of us, with his compliments, a piece of his birthday cake. As soon as this was accomplished Ben climbed up on a chair and amused himself for nearly an hour, trying to use a typewriter, his mother meanwhile remaining there and chatting with some of us. It has always been a matter of great satisfaction to me that all of the children of the White House, during the many Administrations I have served there, felt that they were welcome in the Executive Office, and never hesitated to come there whenever they wanted to do so. I remember one day when Mrs. Harrison, having her grandchildren with her, was making a tour of the White House, showing it to a friend, a Mrs. Findley, of Baltimore. The little folks, as often happened, were making a good deal of noise, laughing and skylarking as little folks will—and should!—but as soon as they reached the doors of the busy office they became quiet. They walked over to my desk for a chat, and had not been there long when the President entered. "I thought I heard children's voices at my door a little while ago," he said. "Where are they?"

Peering this way and that, as if he did not see them, he chuckled away down in his beard—as grandpapas sometimes will—and then, without warning, stooped down low and kissed Mary McKee on the back of her plump, white little neck. To the surprise of every one Mary did not seem to appreciate this salutation; and, vigorously rubbing one small hand across her neck as if to wipe away the kiss, she exclaimed:

"Stop, Grandpa! That is Cousin Marin's place to kiss!"

She was so in earnest, and withal so indignant, that the grown-ups who were there burst into a shout of laughter; but the little maid was soon pacified, and went out as happy as she had come in.

The Children Receive

The very next day after this occurrence Colonel Lamont's children and their mother made a visit to the White House, where they had not been for two years. In that short space of time Bessie and "Midge," as we once called her, had grown out of their babyhood and had become very pretty little girls, while the baby of the Lamont household, Francis, who had been born during the last year of Cleveland's Presidency, was two years old or more, and talked as prettily—in "baby talk," of course—as ever a baby did. On the day referred to, March 31, 1891, all three of them came to the White House to see Baby McKee and his little sister Mary. Lizzie, the old nurse of the Lamont family, was with them, and mightily pleased I was, you may be sure, when word was brought that the little visitors wanted first of all to see Colonel Crook. I went downstairs as soon as I could, and found them seated in all dignity in the great East Room. It was very funny to see those mites of humanity gravely ensconced in that magnificent, spacious room, but I greeted them with our old-time friendliness, and they soon forgot their immediate surroundings and became fellow-playmates again of the elderly man who was so glad to see them.

After a little talk the youngsters asked to be shown through the parlors, and I took them from one room to another with all the impressiveness I could muster on such short notice and under such circumstances, at last leaving them in the Blue Room while I went in quest of Mrs. Harrison to inform her of the visit and the visitors. When she learned that Colonel Lamont's children were there to call on Ben and Mary, she said:

"Bring them upstairs at once, Colonel, if you kindly will." So I returned to my little friends and went upstairs with them, carrying Baby Francis in my arms. At the nursery door we were met by Mrs. Harrison, who took them inside and introduced them to her grandchildren. Ben at once perceived that it was his duty to act as host, and he hurried around placing chairs for the guests. There was a dead silence for a moment after they were seated. Then Mary McKee went up to Francis and said:

"I'm glad to see you."

"How many dolls've you got?" Francis promptly inquired.

Mary did not reply, but started off to get these, her choicest treasures, and soon brought out and exhibited the French doll, the German doll, the American doll and all of the others. Finally, to crown the exhibit, she brought the talking-doll and made it "speak its piece," to the delight of the young visitors.

After this marvelous doll had been carefully put away Mrs. Harrison sent for some biscuits—wonderful biscuits they were, too—good to eat, plenty of them, and all made to represent chickens. The visitors and their host and hostess were very busy for some little time after this, but at last the final vestige of the crisp cakes was consumed; and Ben, stepping to Bessie and "Midge" and Baby Francis, gravely gave his hand to each in turn. Whereupon, naturally, goodbys were said

"I hope you will all call again," remarked Ben, in his distinguished grandpapa's most dignified manner.

To which little Francis lisped:

"Thank you."

Then the impromptu party broke up. As Colonel Lamont's three little ones sedately walked downstairs to the main entrance to the White House, I said to myself that, if some older folks in high position, who occasionally visited the White House during one Administration or another, could have witnessed the simplicity of these children, it would teach them a lesson in social etiquette.

The day before Christmas, 1892, a well-known physician, Doctor Gardener, was summoned to the White House to see Russell Harrison's little daughter, who was ill. When he left the sick-room he said she was suffering from a light form of scarlet fever. As may be imagined, this was a startling statement, not merely for parents and grandparents to hear, but for every one of the large force that was compelled to be in the Executive Mansion day after day in order to assist in carrying on the business of the Government.

Not a moment was lost in taking measures to prevent the spread of the disease, especially because of Ben and little Mary McKee. Mrs. Russell Harrison had been occupying the room formerly used by President Arthur and President Cleveland, and in that room the child was quarantined. So completely was it isolated from the rest of the President's household that only by means of a relay of messengers could news be obtained from the sick-room. For example, when Mrs. Harrison sent an inquiry there she gave it to a messenger, who took it down the corridor until he met another messenger, to whom he repeated the inquiry; this second man then sped down the corridor to the door of the sick-room, there repeating the question. Some one inside the room would give him the answer, and he would hurry back with it until he came near the other messenger, who would carry it to Mrs. Harrison without having come in direct contact with patient, nurse, or even his fellow-messenger.

Hurt by Hostile Criticism

Mr. Robert McKee had spent Christmas at the White House that year with his wife and children, and on December 28 he came to me and said:

"Colonel, I am about to leave for New York. Would you please tell one of the doorkeepers to tell the steward to tell Mr. Russell Harrison's man to say to Mr. Harrison that I am going up to the city, and ask whether I can do anything for him there?"

I carried out the request, and soon word came back that Russell Harrison had left for New York the night before. This may give some idea of the isolation that was maintained. Mr. Harrison, of course, had not been quarantined, but he kept away from others of the President's household as a precautionary measure.

In drawing near the close of my remembrances of the Harrison family I feel it necessary to revert once more to a painful phase of life in the White House that has been suffered by more occupants of the Executive Mansion than most of us imagine. I refer to the keen sorrow—at times, even the poignant anguish—caused many a wife and mother and daughter of one President or another by the bitter attacks of opposition newspapers and of men in opposing political parties or factions. Nowadays we term as "muckrakers" the periodicals that attack this official, or that corporation, or the other policy, with charges of dishonesty, repeated again and

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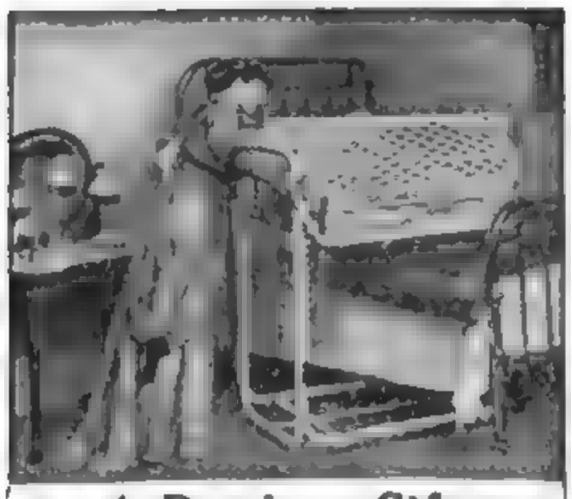

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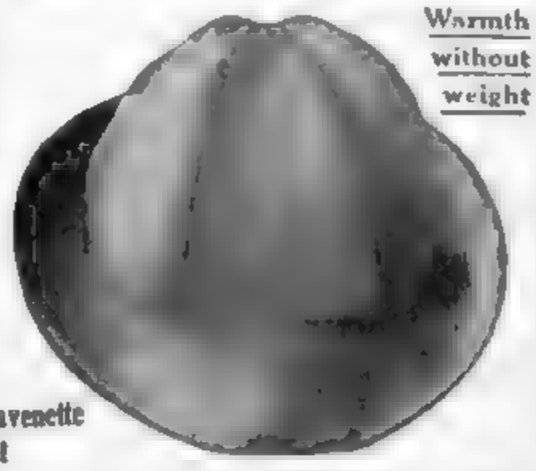

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again, with insinuations of improper favoritism, even with the innuendo of scandalous personal profit in some transactions. The name is new, that is all. My older readers well remember the assaults made upon the character as well as the judgment of Lincoln.

President Johnson was the subject of impeachment proceedings. Grant was "followed into his grave" by political assailants; and few indeed have escaped fierce attack, ridicule, or worse.

When I look back over the past forty-five years in the White House, and recall some of these things, I do not wonder that many an able, brilliant, experienced man refuses to enter public life in this country, simply because he will not subject himself and his family to such misery. It is not for me to say whether any of the Presidents whom I have served paid serious attention to the wide-sweeping tide of such assaults as I have referred to, but I know that many a woman, whose husband or son or father occupied the most exalted position in the gift of the American people, has grieved and sorrowed as few other women have been called upon to do. And the wife of President Harrison was no exception to the general rule.

One day, in the course of business, I found myself in Mrs. Harrison's presence. That she was suffering keenly needed no telling. She had been reading some of the newspapers, and as I approached she raised her eyes and exclaimed:

"Oh, Colonel Crook, what have we done!"

Shocked at her appearance I said:

"I do not understand, madam. What do you mean?"

"What have we ever done," she exclaimed, "that we should be held up to ridicule by newspapers and the President be so cruelly attacked, and even his little, helpless grandchildren be made fun of, for the country to laugh at!"

For a moment I did not know what to reply, and she continued:

"If this is the penalty for being President of the United States I hope the good Lord will deliver us from any further experience."

The Death of Mrs. Harrison

As I left her a few minutes later I wondered, as I often have wondered since, whether the men who sit in their editorial rooms—five hundred, a thousand, three thousand miles away—framing up attacks, or devising ridicule and insinuation, have any idea of the merciless way their barbed arrows sink into the hearts and souls not merely of men whom the people have chosen to represent them—and who try to represent them fairly and honestly—but also pierce the hearts of loving, tender, defenseless daughters, wives and mothers, young and old.

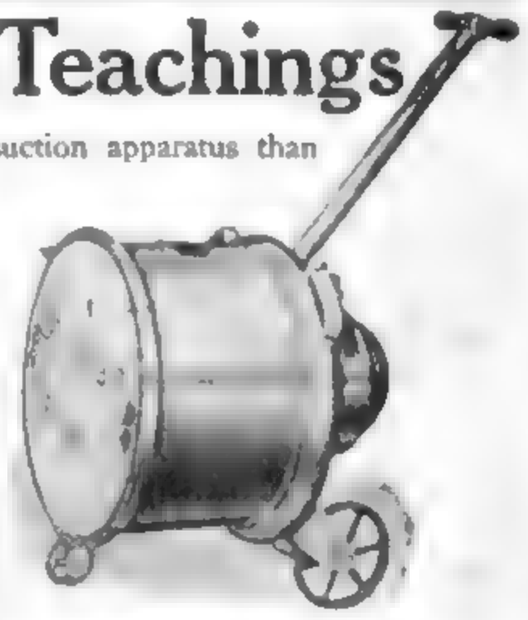
Any man in public office, be he President or street-sweeper, is open to fair criticism and honest censure when he does wrong, or deals unjustly, or is neglectful of the trust placed in him. But I maintain that it is cowardly, wicked, cruel, for a considerable section of the press of this free country to indulge in such unwarranted assaults as have been all too frequent; to drag into their net for public exploitation and ridicule the women and children of the President's family, and to show utter disregard of the common decencies of life.

It was not so very long after the painful interview with Mrs. Harrison, recorded above, that she breathed her last in one of the rooms in the White House between Monday night, October 24, 1892, and the following morning. A loving wife, a tender mother, an ideal grandmother—she passed away in the room made memorable by the sufferings of Garfield. As far as possible under the circumstances the funeral services were private, and interment was made in Indianapolis.

The shadow of death had long hovered over her as her wasting illness slowly progressed, and finally death had gathered into lasting peace the tired soul that had stood so much in recent years because of the bitter attacks, the sneers, the ridicule, that political enemies heaped upon her husband—upon the man whom the people had chosen to be their highest and most responsible representative in affairs of government.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Colonel Crook on the Home Life of Our Presidents in the White House. The eighth will be published in an early number.

Common Sense Teachings



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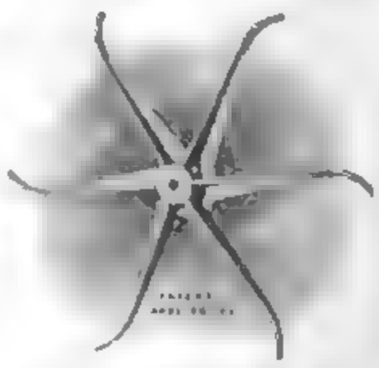
Each cleaner carries the same guarantee which makes the name Sturtevant a [illegible] and the confidence of manufacturers in every country of the world.

There are many other points of importance which you should know about vacuum cleaners. Our booklet No. 46 is the most complete vacuum cleaner text-book in print. We will gladly send it on request.

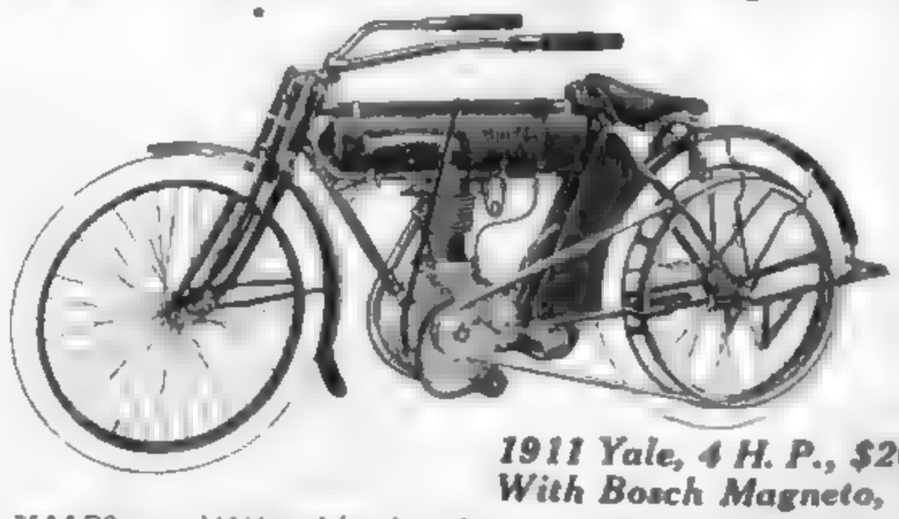


THIS ODDLY SHAPED FAN,

making thirty-six hundred revolutions a minute [illegible] at the base of the fan, is the heart of the Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner. It is the only fan [illegible] which has practically no vibration in operation.

B. F. STURTEVANT CO., Hyde Park, Mass.

1911 Yale Motorcycles



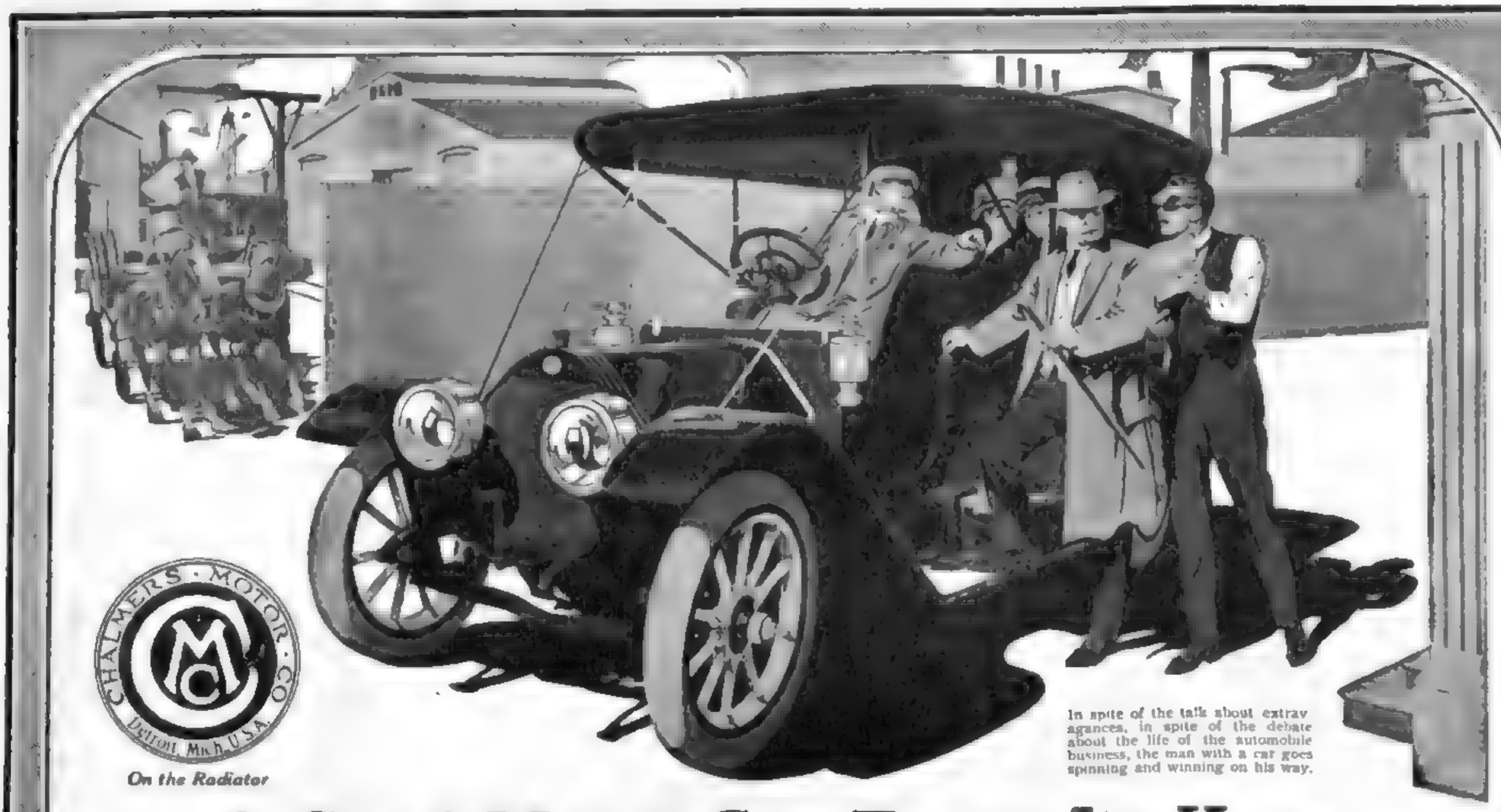
1911 Yale, 4 H. P., $200
With Bosch Magneto, $235

The new YALES are real 1911 models—just what you would get in June or July of next year. They are distinguished by refinement of design and increased power obtained by offsetting cylinder. The straight line frame, low, easy saddle position, long stroke motor and other distinctive Yale features which have contributed so largely to its recognized superiority have been consistently retained.

1911 Yale Twin Cylinder, $300

Write for full advance information about our 1911 models.

THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO. *1702 Fernwood Ave. TOLEDO, OHIO*



On the Radiator

In spite of the talk about extravagances, in spite of the debate about the life of the automobile business, the man with a car goes spinning and winning on his way.

A Good Motor Car Earns Its Keep

Yes, and a good car pays a high rate of interest on the original investment, too.

Nearly all the cars you see bearing pleasure parties at night have been working all day. They have earned their way.

If the automobile did not earn its way, it wouldn't last. Does the average business man keep on putting his money into unprofitable things?

Have you ever known a man who once owned a car willing to give up ownership? The man who once had the service of a car knows that without one he would feel as though he had lost a leg.

The man without a car these days is at a distinct disadvantage in comparison with the man who has one.

The automobile is typical of this age—the age of efficiency and rapid progress.

Men have not made any other thing in all their history which will render so much genuine service in a given length of time as the automobile.

The man with a good car only smiles to himself when he hears talk about motor car extravagance. He smiles when he hears two men who never drove a car debating how long the automobile business is going to last.

He smiles again when his neighbor says: "I don't see how you can afford to keep up an automobile."

He smiles because he sees his neighbor has been taking the funny papers seriously, which is always a funny thing to do.

Have you ever noticed those pictures in the funny papers about automobile troubles and expenses? Ever notice how the automobiles shown are of the models of ten years ago? That shows how old the jokes are.

In spite of the talk about extravagances, in spite of the debate about the life of the automobile business, in spite of the funny papers, the man with a car smiles, "starts 'er up," and goes spinning and winning on his way, well pleased with himself that he has so good and faithful a servant as his motor car.

He uses it for two or three seasons, sells it for a good round sum and—then does he go back to the horse and buggy and the street car? Hardly.

He gets "reckless" again and buys another motor car—a better one. He is able to buy a better one for the same or less money than he spent before, because the manufacturers from year to year learn how to improve and refine their products. Thus are prices constantly lowered. You can buy more for the same price this year than you bought last.

In fact, you can now buy all that anyone needs in a five passenger car for as low a price as $1500—it is a quality car, too.

In addition to the design, materials and workmanship necessary to insure perfect performance, this car has what many critics consider the most beautiful lines of any automobile in the world; and further, it has the refinements and the finish to suit the most fastidious taste.

We have a catalog E that many people profess to admire which tells all about this good $1500 car.

After you have gone through this catalog, you'll probably be troubled with driver's itch until you get your hands on the wheel of a Chalmers. If you are willing to take a chance, write us.

Here's Just About All You Can Ask In a Motor Car

In a Chalmers "Forty," the car shown in the picture, you can go very far in a day. You can go with smoothness, with ease, with perfect comfort for driver and passengers—100, 200, 300 miles—as fast as you please, over hill and plain, through city and valley and forest.

This splendid car meets the motorist's maximum desire in every direction. It has as much room as any car made. It will carry seven and still have "room for one more."

The 40 h. p. motor gives all the power you can use at any time—the power for mile-a-minute speed, for scampering over hills, for faultless pulling in mud or sand. It gives you smoothness and quietness of operation—economy, too; many "Forty" users average fourteen miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Chalmers "Forty"

has beauty and finish that suits those who demand the utmost. Handbuffed leather of the finest quality is used in the upholstering. Dash, heel boards and door stripe are of Circassian walnut. The painting of a "Forty" is done with extreme care.

The extra long wheel base, the staunch double drop frame, the tilted seats and the long three-quarter elliptic springs make this car as comfortable for the aged as for the vigorous.

A day's ride in some cars leaves your body feeling as though it had been beaten with a board.

Remember, you are buying a car to ride in, not to put in the parlor for an ornament.

In this car you really get just about all anyone can ask to get in a car—reliability, carrying capacity, comfort, beauty, refinement.

And this "Forty" is a *Chalmers* car. That's something. The owner of a Steinway piano, a Tiffany lamp, a Persian rug, a Roycroft de luxe book has a certain pride in them, simply because they are what they are.

You would have the same pleasant feeling in owning a Chalmers "Forty." It keeps its chin up in any company.

$2750, including Bosch magneto, Prest-O-Lite tank and gas lamps.

Touring car, five or seven seats; Torpedo, four seats.
Roadster, two, three or four seats.
Let us demonstrate the new model for you.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Licensed under Selden Patent)

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Some are fair because they happen so.

Others attain the clear, rosy complexion, smooth velvety skin, bright eyes, easy, graceful poise, as a result of carefully selected food and drink that properly nourish the body, knowing that a fair complexion is the outward token of health within.

A beautiful woman seldom remains beautiful if she continues the table beverage that all too often is the source of various aches and ills.

Health is a Divine Gift

—always ready for us, and produces more pleasure than any other one thing.

When well-made

POSTUM

is used in place of the usual hot meal-time drink, Nature can at once set about restoring the rosy bloom of old-time health.

Postum contains the pure, wholesome elements of the field grain, which build and strengthen the nerves and vital organs.

Every woman should read the little book, in every third package of Postum—for "The Road to Wellville" is a good road to healthful beauty.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Moise, the Roofless, and His Day's Work

THE good ship Vera Cruz—so named because of the little red cross painted on her bow by her maker to keep off evil spirits—was a cottonwood dugout twenty feet long and two feet narrow, round-bottomed, tipsy and difficult to drag upstream, loaded as it was with more than half a thousand pounds of meat, hides and plunder. Yet, heavy as was the current of the great Peace River, Moise—in French Cree "Mo-ees" stands for Moses—had trotted under the tracking line wherever human foot could take two steps on the same ragged level. How his moccasined feet endured the cutting shingle, as other moccasined feet had done here for more than a hundred years and left no sign, only a Cree breed could tell; but all the time Moise smiled. Where he got his philosophy only a Cree breed could tell.

We pulled up in the dusk at the rocky shore and threw out our duffel for the simple evening camp. It was coming on to rain. The coat of Moise was made of meal sacks sewed together. The trousers of Moise mostly were not. His hat was old and his moccasins were nearly done. The house that he and his mate, "Meel-yea"—French Cree for Emile—purposed occupying that night was also made of meal sacks just wide enough, when spread across some leaning poles, to keep off a narrow belt of rain. Moise smiled, especially when given a slicker, but did not put it on as he went about making the fire.

Singing for a Moose

You cannot help an Indian to build a fire, for no matter how you fix it he will pull it to pieces and build it over to suit himself. Moise used no ax in getting wood, for he knew that the sound of the ax might scare away the bears we wanted. Neither did his fire make much smoke. Some long poles were thrown down on the ground parallel, and as they burned through the ends were pushed into the fire. There was a resting place for the frying pan; and presently the teastick also was hanging over the fire with its Hudson's Bay copper kettle—all secured in place by certain rocks. When the water boiled Moise was very happy. Access to such a grub box as this was unusual with him.

"All my life I have worked in the woods, on the plains, on the river," he said. "I have hunted so I might live. But I never knew men hunted for pleasure. Treatment like this I have never known. On the river our boss always would drive us like so many dogs."

"What do you do when you are hungry, Moise?" he was asked.

"We must kill or we must starve," smiled he.

"But can you always find meat—at any season of the year?"

"Who can tell? When we are trapping we have rats, marten, rabbits, link (lynx), skunk, beaver. Bear is very good meat"—he motioned toward the full kettle simmering on the fire. "Of course, moose——"

"But a moose is hard to find sometimes. How do you hunt him?"

"The same as dog," smiled Moise.

"How many have you killed in your time, Moise?"

"One hundred and eighty," he answered promptly.

"And how many bear?"

Moise spread out his hands. "How can I tell? Very many. We do not count them. Moose is our most best meat. But we live on meat. The company is very hard on us. Our fur brings little. Money we never saw till a few years ago and now it buys but little. Maybe we pay one dollar for a sack of salt—five pounds. A little flour we get, not much. Sugar we cannot have. Tea, dollar a pound. But, yes, a man must have tea or he could not track the boats."

"But suppose there is no meat?"

"Listen," said Moise suddenly, lifting a hand. "Do you hear? It is the cranes going south. They are talking to the moose now. Don't you know, the moose he'll get ready to run in the fall, but he'll never run till he hears the cranes go south? When he hears the cranes talking he knows he can start. In the running-time the moose makes plenty track."

"But how about the wintertime?"

"Then I have my capoo (capote—the Hudson's Bay hooded coat). I have big moccasins and stroud on my feet. I have many cartridge for my gun, maybe-so twenty. Sometimes the company will give me a big debt, maybe fifteen dollar. Very well; maybe other men in the village have hunted and have come back without meat. If one of us has meat, then all of us have it. But now all the meat is gone in the village. My family's hungry. Good hunters like me—Moise, must go out and hunt, no matter how cold. We kill or we starve. If we starve our families starve."

But these matters did not trouble Moise. He still smiled as he went on to tell how his people hunt the moose.

"I'll go out, my big knife at my back, so, and my rifle and my snowshoe. Maybe-so I have small blanket, maybe-so not. The women and the babies must be warm in the village. Maybe I'll walk twenty mile; then I see track. All right; I'll follow on that track all day; maybe next day, maybe three days. In the village there has been no meat. I'll can't eat while I hunt because there is nothing to eat. At night I make a fire. Oh, yes, I'm Christian man, you know; but suppose two, three day go this-a-way, at night in the woods by my fire then I must sing—sing for moose, you know."

"You mean pray for success?"

"Maybe-so," grunted Moise. "A good hunter does not sing until he must. Maybe I'll be hungry three days, but I know the next day I'll get that moose sure, because I'll be singing for moose this-a-way. I know my people are hungry. Well, all right. I go on that track, like the wolf he'll go on the track. But I don't follow straight. After a while I know my moose is close. Only fool hunter then keeps on the track. I begin now to make big circles, come down on the trail. All the time I look ahead. Bimeby I see the moose lie down, look back on trail. I'll come in ahead of him or one side of him. Well, all right. I creep up close and shoot him; that's all."

"But do you never miss?"

"Men have missed," said Moise sententiously, "and the people have starved. Hunters do not always come back. But if I sing for moose I do not miss. So I carry back meat on my back. Other men take my trail and bring in meat. The village eats."

"You are Socialists, Moise?"

Moise did not understand this. "We get very hungry sometimes," said he. "Always with our people meat is shared. If we had not done this always I suppose we would all be dead now. Only two or three left alive who were lucky? It is better more people should live."

Concerning Snares and Traps

Moise smoked for a time, but was unwilling that his country should rest under any aspersions as to its bounteousness. "Always there are ways to get meat," said he. "Look; I show you how we make traps. Suppose the company will not give us a good debt and we have no steel traps. We can make traps of wood."

The sand was wet and cold, but Moise did not notice it as he sat down and began to stick into the earth a little row of willow twigs—a miniature rabbit trap. He explained that in the wintertime he would probably use cottonwood twigs if he could get them. In the middle of his row of twigs he left two upright sticks with a crossbar, and in this opening he draped a noose of cord. This was attached to a little spring-pole that he made, and the latter when bent over was held down by means of just a little bight of the cord folded under where it passed about the crossbar.

"Now," said Moise, "here'll be a lot of rabbits running on this path. They'll want to eat these sticks in the winter. Bimeby one rabbit wants to get on the other side of this fence for more bark, so he'll run through this hole. He puts his head in this noose or gets his shoulder in it and pulls it loose. The pole pulls him up then. Ke-weak!—ke-weak!—ke-weak! he'll squeal then. Awful fool, those rabbit. Women can catch rabbits and weasels.

The Cleanly Fountain Pen—The PARKER Lucky Curve

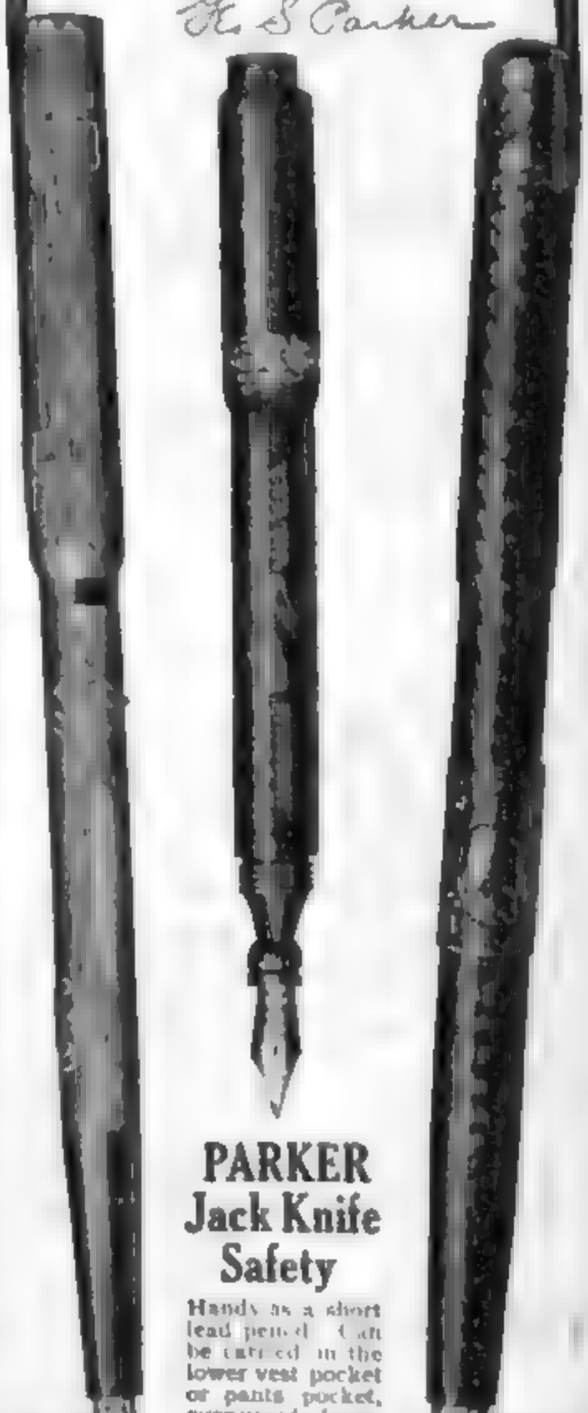
A cleanly fountain pen or an inky one—it's just a difference in the ink feeds.

There are two kinds of ink feeds—the *straight* ink feeds of ordinary fountain pens and the *curved* ink feed the Lucky Curve—a patented feature of the Parker.

Ordinary straight ink feeds retain ink after you stop writing and let capillarity or the ink reservoir by the heat of the body, forces it out into the cap where you find it ready to soil fingers and linen when you remove the cap to write.

But the *curved* ink feed of the Parker is *self-draining*—it clears itself of ink as soon as you return the pen to your pocket. No ink in the ink feed, none can be forced into the cap by expanding air. The Parker is a *cleanly* fountain pen because of its patented self-draining curved ink feed—the Lucky Curve. And you can prove its smooth, dependable writing qualities by ten days' test trial.

G. S. Parker



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Handy as a short lead pencil. Can be carried in the lower vest pocket or pants pocket, even upside down, and doesn't leak. Goes into a lady's purse or hand bag. Simple in construction, without valves, pistons or disappearing mechanism—durable for a lifetime. Of course, it has the Lucky Curve

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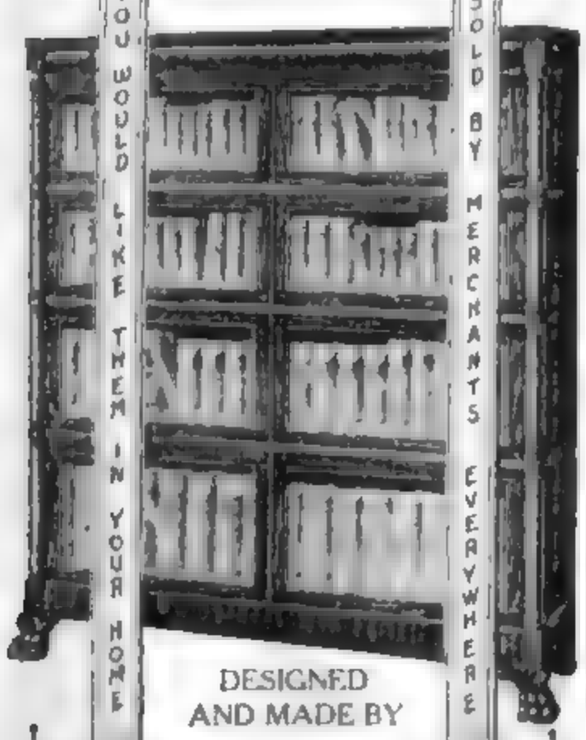

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"Now suppose you'll trap link (lynx)." Moise left his first trap standing in the sand and proceeded to build another. "You'll make a pen for a link this-a-way." He stuck his twigs down now in a circle and threw a rough roof over their tops.

"Now, I'll cut down two sticks, little logs, and put them across the opening in my house," said he. "The link he'll step over one and under the other. I'll hang my noose from the top one. If I can get a spring-pole, all right; but you can snare a link by just tying the string to a stick—he'll not go away; just lie down pretty soon.

"A link is big fool. The best way to catch him is with scent. You see I'll put this bait stick back in the house, not very tight in the ground—just loose. I've got some old rag or piece of meat full of scent for bait. Beaver castors and fish oil are good. Now you see I make this noose small, so the link won't put his paw through. He wants to rub his face on that bait, all-same cat. He'll poke his head through this noose and he can just reach this bait stick with his face. When he rubs on it the stick falls down. He'll want to rub his face on it some more and he'll push his neck to one side. All right; he'll pull the noose on his neck then. Awful big fool, those link.

"How I'll know how for trap link this-a-way? Why, one time we'll get a baby link. It run on the floor all time, in tent. We'll make snares for him. Sometime we catch him six, eight time one day. That way we see how he act."

Where There are No Game Laws

"Sometime snares are very good if you are hungry," he went on. "I have caught bear in a snare. You get a long log and balance it, and weight the far end with more logs, to pull the bear up when he springs the noose. You must cut away all the little trees, because if he can get his foot on anything he'll break away. I can set a snare so it catches a bear round the body back of the shoulders; then he's pulled up so he stands on his toes. Then I come along sometime and get him."

"But not grizzlies?"

"No, only black bear. It's easy trap black bear in the summer when they eating berries. Best time when the wind blows. We hear 'em long ways, smash the brush, eating red willow berries. Then we go in easy, easy, till we get close up where he is eating. Plenty black bear in the summertime.

"Grizzlies I'll don't like. Injuns don't get much for grizzly skin and black bear is just as fat. Sometime I kill grizzlies, but when I go after a grizzly I'll make my belt tight and I'll wait till I get mad. If we had bad luck I could sing for grizzlies—if I had my drum here. I couldn't tell you what I would sing. There are men among my people who can sing for grizzlies and make them come. I'll can't tell white man about that.

"Now a grizzly is a very smart bear," went on Moise. "He'll fight too. Suppose I come on a grizzly where he's eating. He'll stand up and growl at me to scare me away. Four times he'll run at me; and when he gets near me he'll stand up and growl. He'll look off one side, then other side, like he's ashamed. He'll act like he didn't see me. But the fourth time—look out! He'll come sure then. My people carry covers on their rifles. Suppose a grizzly chases a man, he drops his rifle cover. Sometime the bear will stop to smell at that.

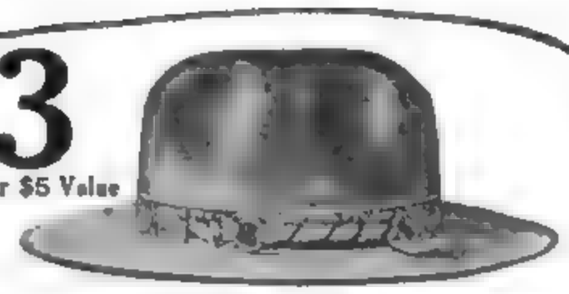
"But we make more money out of a little marten than out of a grizzly," he resumed. "I'll show you how to make a marten trap, suppose you'll haven't got steel trap."

He made yet another and smaller miniature trap on the sand, building a little bait house, which he covered over with spruce boughs. This was to be a deadfall and not a snare. Moise arranged two little logs, the upper one supported by a vertical trigger about four fingers in depth. The lower end of this round stick rested on yet another round stick, which, carrying the bait, projected into this covered house, being about as long as his hand, according to his measurements. He now showed how the marten would crawl between the two logs and, pulling at the bait, set free the trigger.

"In the company's store you see many marten skins," said Moise; "but not so many tracks on the snow. A marten he'll run all over sometime. Suppose you have a partridge head, piece of meat, anything;

Rope This Winner—

$3 Regular $5 Value



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The "Broncho Buster" Hat, direct from the Land of the Cowboy

It's a typical Texas cowboy hat, and the style that all Texas cowboys wear.

When it comes to headwear, the Texas cowboy is *particular*. The quality *must* be there or he won't buy. *He wouldn't wear a cheap hat any more than he would carry a cheap gun.*

This is the hat that has built our reputation. We have made the "Broncho Buster" popular on the boulevards of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco and all large cities. It's the hat of a gentleman and is suitable for all climates and weathers—a very picturesque style, *originated, manufactured* and sold by us exclusively. *Five Dollars won't buy you a better hat* **anywhere.**

Description

The "Broncho Buster" is made of fine quality felt, light tan color, very light-weight, trimmed with richly carved Mexican leather band. The brim is a "never-flop" and will positively hold its shape. The "Broncho Buster" is made in two dimensions; brim 3 inches, crown 4½ inches; brim 3½ inches, crown 5 inches; a regular $5 hat, sent express prepaid for $3

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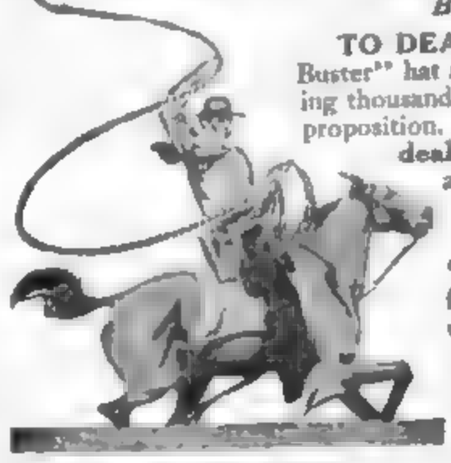

TO DEALERS—The growing demand for the popular "Broncho Buster" hat and our National publicity campaign in which we are investing thousands of dollars, make the agency for this hat a splendid paying proposition. We will place **one agency in every town,** with **the best dealer.** The dealer securing this Agency will be **fully protected** and his sales should net him handsome returns. If interested, don't delay, but write us at once for our Agency Plan.

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Congress St. and Center Ave. Chicago

you catch him when he gets hungry all right. Also we catch mink, but steel trap is best. Suppose we get little debt from the company and have few traps. All right; we build wood traps."

Moise waved his hand toward the wilderness about us. "There is meat in there," he said. "Have you not seen the steamboat land where a white flag was on the shore? That means a man has killed moose and has meat to sell. Yes; we kill all game in the summertime. North of fifty-five there is no game law. We'll shoot duck, geese, moose, bear—anything. If we'll could not get meat we would starve, so there must be no law against that. Now, of course, in summertime it is warm and till snow comes it is warm, and we know where game lives. If a man has meat and tea he does not need a tent."

Moise smiled as he looked up again at the drizzling sky. He wiped out his little make-believe traps from the sand. "Peoples come here; they know our camp. They'll think this is foolish," he explained.

"You hear me shoot in the dark before I come to the boat?" he asked suddenly. "Maybe-so tomorrow we get that bear. He is standing right on the bank by the river, in the dark. I shoot him in front and he'll turn round, and I shoot him again. You see tomorrow. Come in tent tonight? Why should I? Injun is just like dog. It don't hurt him to get wet. Did you ever know dog to die from sleeping in rain?"

Following the Wounded Bear

And the next morning certainly Moise and his partner were not only alive but happy. Incidentally they soon were to show us something more of the ways of men who know little of indoor life. The shooting of a bear was a matter of so little moment to Moise that he hardly thought it worth while to call attention to the fact; but when at last the good ship Vera Cruz had advanced to a certain point, which Moise indicated, he and his partner unconcernedly strode up the bank, presently motioning for us to follow. There were scrambling footmarks splashed with red. The grasses and bushes showed more and more red farther along.

We advanced a couple of miles, following a trail that must at times have been lost to a white man's eye. Now and then the two red hunters exchanged a quiet word. At last Moise turned back, his mouth still full of blueberries, and remarked: "Meel-yea say that bear lie down ten time now. We get him pretty soon now."

They knew their occupation, these two, who never had been out with white hunters before, and they wondered at the interest taken in a matter so trivial as tracking a wounded bear. "Pretty soon now," said Moise, among his blueberries. At last his partner quietly parted the bushes through which he had been moving silently and pointed on ahead. A giant, dark bulk lay prone on the forest floor. Unfortunately, from the white viewpoint, the bear was dead, but to the red eye this was a matter of course.

"I'll told you how I'll shoot him," said Moise. And true enough the bullet-holes bore out his story. It was all in the day's work for Moise. In his country men do not pose to be photographed in connection with dead game; wherefore there were few further preliminaries before operations began which contemplated the utilization of the meat now in hand. Naturally, in that country, the fat of the bear takes the place of lard and butter, so it was a coarse bit of skinning that Moise and Meel-yea now turned out, three or four inches of fat being left attached to the hide. Two white men will fool away half a day in skinning a bear. A few minutes will serve for two red men such as these.

There is nothing in the world so slippery and hard to pack as a green bearhide, but Moise had solved this problem long ago. He laid the big hide flat upon the ground; then, cutting a couple of sharp sticks each two or three feet long, he laid these down upon the flesh side, a couple of feet apart. Then he folded in his hide, making a nice and tidy square of it, with the hair side out. When he cinched this between the two sticks with the ever-present moosehide thong it at once became apparent that the sharp corners of the sticks would allow no slipping. In an instant he had a square, compact and permanent package—a very workmanlike trick it seemed to us others.

The raw hide weighed perhaps a hundred pounds, but Moise now swung it up, resting the thong across his breast. A grunt or so

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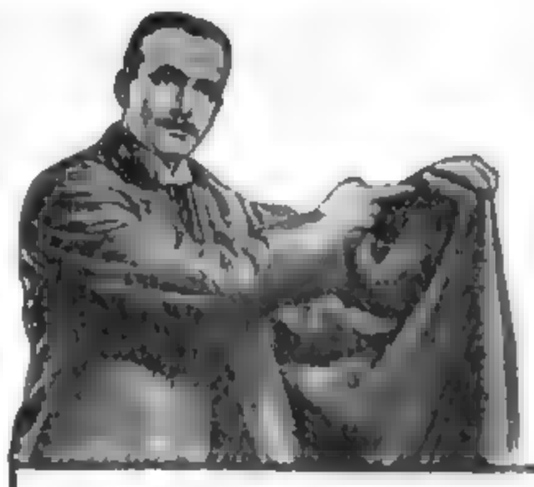

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4. It is *extremely* good *for any* one to drink.

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to Meel-yea and the latter threw up on top of the hide one of the hams of the bear. As for himself, he proved able to negotiate a full half of the skinned carcass. There was little left worth having when the two presently started down the mountain through the dense forest. They did not take the back trail on the return journey, nor did they pause for a mile or more; then, with a grunt, Moise sat down.

"You'll know how far we are from the place where that bear lie down first time?" asked he, smiling. It was necessary to confess ignorance, and Moise smiled broadly as he pointed to the trail and one of the pits that the wounded bear had dug, scarcely thirty feet from where we sat. "You'll get lost?" said Moise. "How do we get through woods this way? Who can tell? If we do not know how to get back to camp, then we starve and our people starve. Well, *en avant*—eh?"

He grunted now as he swung up the big load again, but whenever we struck a level in the woods he went at a trot. Ragged, bloody, happy, at last we broke out into the open at the edge of the beach—and there lay the good ship Vera Cruz directly at hand. Moise had come across lots. It was all in the day's work.

"Once I was a good man," said Moise, rubbing the hair back from his forehead as he threw down his pack upon the rocks. "Put your hand on my back," he said suddenly. The slightest touch discovered a lump as thick as one's clenched fist between his shoulders.

"Again," said Moise, indicating the small of his back. Here there was a depression as deep as two fingers.

"Feel here," he said, indicating his chest. The breastbone had been broken and was now thrust out half the thickness of one's fist. Moise laughed.

Socialism at its Best

"You'll never seen a man busted up like that before, eh? That was twelve year ago. Some of us were lifting a York boat and the others could not hold it. I was under it and it came down on me. It was my chin broke my breastbone that way—the boat pushed my head down. You see, my back was broke in two places. Yes, I was sick some time for those two broke places. Once I was good man. I could carry six hundred pounds on portage. Now if I carry two hundred I get tired—you see."

It was literally the truth, miracle as it seemed, that this man's back had been broken as he said. How such injuries could be survived must always be a mystery for white surgery; but it was in the day's work for Moise, and he smiled.

Meel-yea took his place at the steering paddle of the good ship Vera Cruz, which now scarcely showed any freeboard at all under its load of meat and hide. Ragged, bloody, happy, his back humped up a little where it was broken, Moise passed the strap of the tracking line across his shoulder, and started off up the shingle gayly.

Looking back at the boatload of meat and the great luxury of a little flour and sugar and abundant tea, Moise laughed and cast back gay words as he ran. A sporting spirit tempted one not to suffer the ignominy of being drawn in a boat under man-locomotion. "Better you get back in the boat," said Moise. "You can't keep up with me and we must not wait."

"Why, Moise?" he was asked.

"All the people know I can hunt," was the answer. "When we started out they knew when we would be back and they knew we would have meat. Yes, I suppose no one hunted, because I suppose they knew there would be meat bimeby."

We forged on ahead four or five miles. At length, far up around one of the great bends of the river, we saw two or three dugouts coming down, each carrying its full load of paddlers.

"They're coming down," said Moise, chuckling. "Now there will be meat, they know."

If it was Socialism it was Socialism in its best form. At least it was *en rapport*. It did not seem wholly horrible, although these were but Indians, somewhat wrongly called lazy. It was *en rapport* with surroundings. Are we ourselves much better off? Is the cost of our living much less than that of theirs? Are we better men? Is our philosophy so much better than that of Moise, who, roofless and ragged, smiled at rain and cold and snow, and out of them wrested even enough to share with his fellowmen?

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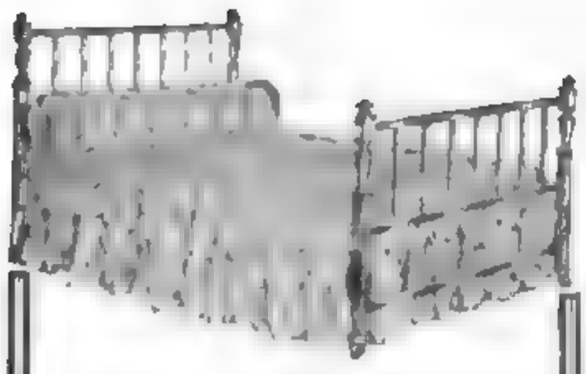

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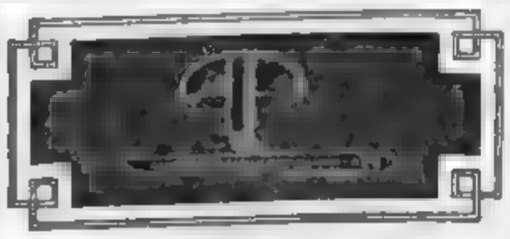

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The Countryman

The Professor's Soil Problems

WHAT is the matter with my land that makes my alfalfa so short and yellow, Professor?" asks the perplexed countryman.

"The soil may be sour and need lime to sweeten it; or perhaps you have not inoculated the field with the nitrogen-gathering bacteria," replies the soil expert. "Have you tested it for acidity or looked for nodules on the alfalfa roots?"

Such a conversation might take place on almost any farm in the United States today. The problems of the soil are clearly up to the "professor"—a title which the farmer applies to the entire rank and file of those engaged in the great campaign of agricultural education and investigation. Over two thousand such professors are directing the expenditure of millions of dollars in earnestly trying to answer the countryman's questions on every phase of country life. The inquisitive spirit is fast developing on the part of the farmer, and his old-time prejudice against "book-l'arnin'" and the laboratories' answers to practical questions is disappearing.

The recognized need of farming at present is not so much new knowledge as the application of facts already known to scientists. A leading teacher of agriculture recently remarked: "We have enough scientific knowledge to farm by for twenty years; what we now need is to put into use what is already known. The solution of the problems of the farm demands demonstration more than research." That is why the "professor" travels more than he used to. To meet the need for local application of general scientific principles he must visit the field. The leading teachers and even investigators now use their suitcases as much as their office chairs. Their correspondence is enormous, their trips to study particular problems frequent, and their relations with the countryman and his problems intimate. Scientific farming is proving its superiority to the old "rule-of-thumb" guesswork.

No recent development of the scientific study of soil is equal in significance to the discovery of the function of germs in relation to fertility and plant growth. Soil bacteria were wholly unknown to the early soil chemists. A "Bacillus Azotobacter" would probably have scared the wits out of a soil chemist of twenty-five years ago had he viewed it, magnified two thousand times under the microscope, as it is now studied. To have told him that this humble but prolific germ could take nitrogen—then considered the scarcest essential plant food—from the atmosphere and store it in the soil would have won his comment that your story was an unusually ingenious fairy tale.

The Test for Acid Soil

Germ life must be fostered in the soil. Nitrogen-forming bacteria are now generally recognized to be essential to the growth of alfalfa and, to a lesser degree, of some other leguminous crops. Science has here given a working principle. A few years ago nitro-culture, containing commercially prepared germs for inoculating the soil of a barren field, was hailed as a great discovery. In practice it was soon discovered, however, that the soil from an established alfalfa field contained the germ in such quantities that a new field could be inoculated by merely scattering a few bushels of the soil from an old field over the newly seeded land. This is now done most economically by drilling the pulverized soil over the field in the fertilizer compartment of a common grain drill.

The soil germ is not yet fully understood and even the most careful scientist hardly recognizes it at sight. It is a very fastidious bacillus, to say the least—abhorring a "sour" or acid soil. All attempts to introduce alfalfa or clovers were conspicuous failures on some soils until it was discovered that when the land was "sweetened," by adding a few hundred pounds of lime to the acre, the clovers could be made to grow. The common test for acid—blue litmus paper—kept in all drug stores, will disclose the facts. Squeeze a handful of moist surface soil in the hand into a ball

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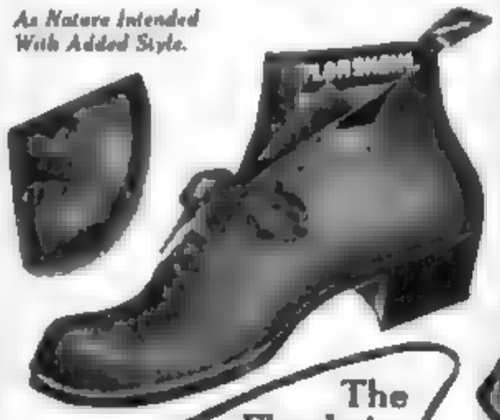

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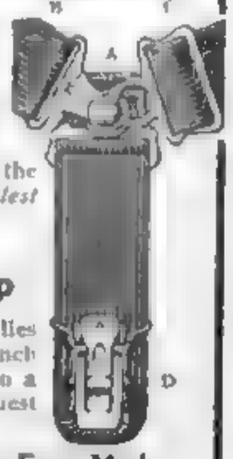

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the size of an egg. Break it open and insert a piece of blue litmus paper; then squeeze again for twenty minutes. If the blue litmus paper has turned red there is acid present and lime will greatly benefit such a soil. Often the surface layers may appear sweet and the subsoils be sour at a depth of from one to two feet, due to poor drainage and occasional waterlogging. Tests at various depths are essential. Lime is not a panacea for sour soils and drainage may be needed, but a simple trial with a small plot thoroughly limed will tell the story.

The little soil germ has many peculiarities as yet but little understood by the scientists. When located in a soil possessing nitrogen in abundance, in available forms, it will often not take nitrogen from the air, but live in ease upon the readily available supply. The countryman who is to enlist the services of this microscopically minute assistant must, therefore, control his fertilizing elements in a most delicate balance, so as to encourage the thrifty nitrogen gatherer and yet not reduce the nitrates in the soil so seriously as to hamper the growth of the crop. The countless bacilli working upon decaying vegetation make the living community in the soil so complex that our present knowledge of soil bacteria immediately falls into the primer category.

Soil problems must be solved. The whole organization of agriculture rests upon animal and plant production, which is dependent almost wholly upon the character of the soil. Whether he is a bonanza farmer or a suburban trucker, the countryman must meet the demands of his crop for plant food by placing it in the soil in available form under conditions favorable to plant growth.

The soil professor receives numerous inquiries and samples of soil to be analyzed, which analyses, in the hopeful confidence of the inquirer, will tell him just what his soil needs to put it right and make it yield bumper crops. A soil analysis alone is of mighty little use and is only the starting point toward the discovery of the real needs of the soil. It gives the chemist an idea of the general character of the land; but, without a knowledge of many other factors, such as the normal and extremes of moisture and temperature, acidity and toxicity—the presence of chemical conditions unfavorable to certain crops—a system of soil management is difficult to establish.

A Worthless Marsh Made Fertile

Recognizing the knowledge of the character of the soil to be of fundamental importance, several states and the Federal Bureau of Soils now are conducting thorough soil surveys to locate, classify, map and analyse the soils of every county, township and farm. With this thorough survey as a working basis, the second step—local experimentation—may be undertaken.

In Waukesha County, Wisconsin, a farmer owned ten acres of peat marsh, which he considered worthless. All attempts to grow a profitable yield of corn on this land had failed. An extension agent of the state agricultural experiment station noticed the marsh and asked permission to make some fertilizer tests, without cost to the owner. Confident of the futility of the experiments, yet wondering at the persistence of the scientist, the owner consented. The treated plots showed wonderful improvement in the yield the first year, returning the equivalent of a profitable crop. This year, the first after the demonstration test, the farmer grew twelve tons of silage corn an acre on the entire marsh. The cause of the difference was the application of twenty-five dollars' worth of potassium chloride at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds an acre, and the crop was worth three hundred dollars. This amount of fertilizer will furnish ample potash for two more good corn crops in succeeding years. The addition of the one lacking essential element of plant food in this case transformed the marsh from a valueless waste to a productive field. This must not be understood to teach that all marshes need potash fertilizers only; some need phosphorus. It merely shows the need of applying scientific knowledge and tests to specific soil problems.

The advent of the nitrogen-gathering germ, offering a solution to the nitrogen problem, has suddenly swung the major concern of the soils professor from nitrogen to phosphorus, the second of the three

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prime essential fertilizing elements—nitrogen, phosphorus and potash. With a practically unlimited supply of nitrogen in the atmosphere upon which to draw, and an established agency in the soil collecting it for use in plants, why worry over nitrogen? On limited areas a more rapid growth of nitrogen fertilizer is required than the leguminous crops afford, but this may be readily met by common fertilizers and stable manures. Potash is present in most soils in sufficient quantities for many crops. Potash fertilizers, as mineral salts and wood ashes, are not expensive.

With phosphorus the case is different. It exists in comparatively limited quantities in most soils and is rapidly used up if grain crops are continually raised and the grain sold from the farm. The bare, hungry hills of the South and East, cropped continuously for a century without thought of replacing any plant food, are practically devoid of phosphorus. Potash is often present in ample quantity for many crops. Nitrogen may be added through the legumes or in manures, but phosphorus is a serious deficit. Here again the soil chemist has demonstrated that there is a practical and economical fertilizer in finely ground rock phosphorus, which disintegrates slowly in the soil and becomes available to plants. Rock phosphate is found in great quantities in mines in Tennessee and South Carolina; and undeveloped areas are reported in several Western states. The acids of decaying vegetable matter or humus play an important part in hastening the decay of this rock phosphate; hence it is desirable that the application of the ground rock be accompanied by a quantity of vegetable matter either in stable manures or as a green crop plowed under.

The Upkeep of the Soil

Experimenters have recently demonstrated the virtues of phosphorus in striking fashion. In Ohio ten-year tests have shown that a phosphorus fertilizer accompanying manures would practically double the yields of corn, wheat or hay as compared with lands where no fertilizer was used. In another instance the average yield of corn was increased nine bushels an acre when raw rock phosphate was used during the previous four or five years.

A rational and practical method of maintaining soil fertility is being rapidly established by the soil chemist and bacteriologist. It involves the use of mineral fertilizers to meet the present deficit, accompanied by proper soil management to encourage the growth of the desirable forms of germ life. Nitrogen may be supplied by growing leguminous crops bearing the nitrogen-gathering bacteria or by the addition of manures from livestock. A supply of potash, if needed, may be furnished in the form of a mineral fertilizer, kainit, or, on limited areas, in wood ashes or more concentrated forms, such as potassium chloride. Phosphorus may be supplied at a minimum cost through raw rock phosphate or other commercial forms.

The soil must be kept sweet by liming and thorough drainage. Proper tillage, frequent but not deep—except on first plowing in deep soils—will aid. The countryman may invoke the counsel of the chemist, but should test general principles by local trial before applying them on a commercial scale. Above all, the true countryman will not be niggardly with his soil, but will liberally replenish the stores from which he expects an abundant return.

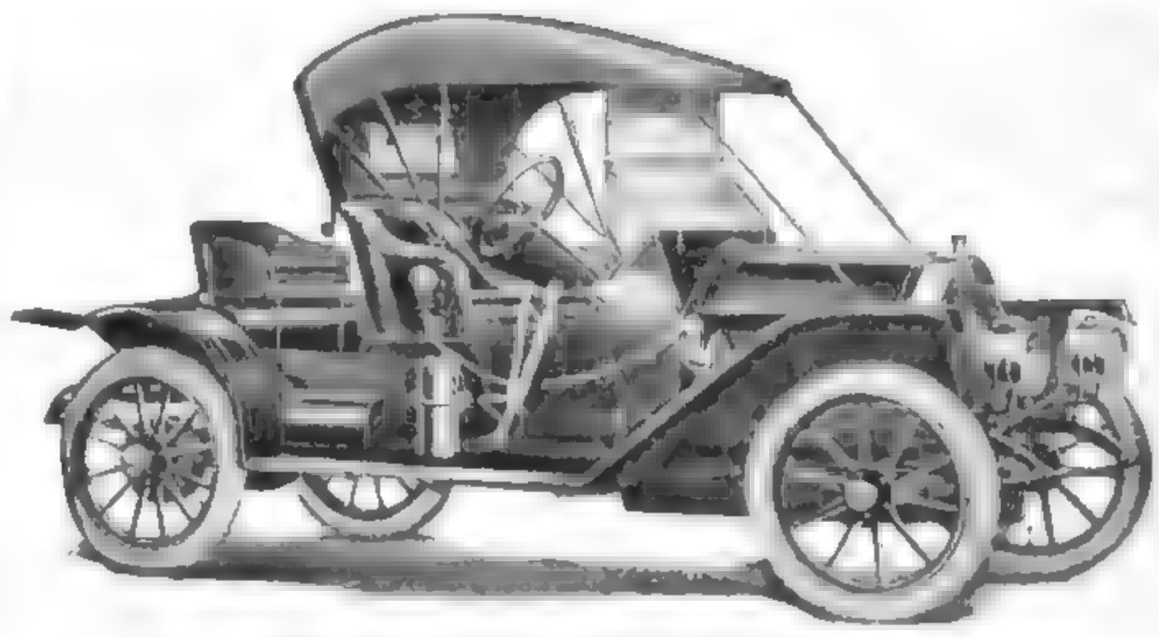
The Ways of Wool

WHEN the present tariff law was under discussion Representative Ralph Cole, of Ohio, received many letters and telegrams asking him to see to it that there was a good stiff tariff on wool.

One man in particular in Cole's district was most insistent and persistent. He sent in some kind of a message every day, such as "Protect the wool grower!" "American wool growers must be protected!" "Don't overlook the claims of the wool growers!" and so on.

Finally Cole wrote to this man that he was for highly protected wool and intended to work for it and get it, and that it might be just as well if the telegrams ceased.

Cole heard nothing for three weeks. Then he got a letter from the man who had been pestering him. It read: "As regards the tariff on wool, act on your own discretion. I have sold all my sheep."



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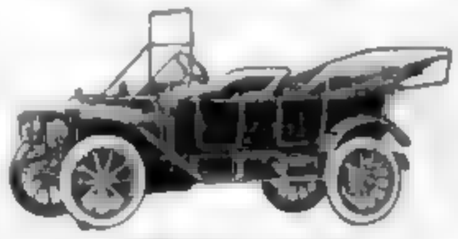
I am glad to say that my "OhiO 40" has travelled to date 2718 miles, and I have never at any time been delayed one minute in my journey through any fault of your car.
Frank H. Powers.

WASHINGTON C. H., OHIO.
June 28, 1910.
Am highly pleased with my OhiO Forty A. My garage man says it is the best put-together car in the city under three thousand dollars in price.
A. W. Hamilton

DAYTON, OHIO.
June 29, 1910.
I have been driving an OhiO car for six weeks and want to express my entire satisfaction with the machine. I knew nothing about operating a motor-car, but after two hours' instruction drove the machine from your factory to Dayton, and it has been in constant use every day since. It is easy to operate, has a world of power and will stand all sorts of rough usage. I am convinced that you are giving more for the money than any other builder.
W. J. Schlinger.

WASHINGTON C. H., OHIO.
June 28, 1910.
I have run my OhiO Car some over 2000 miles. The car is all that you claim, and am very much pleased with it.
Scott Hopkins.



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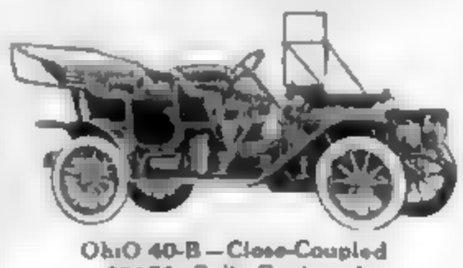

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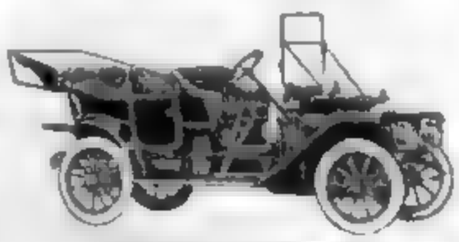

OhiO 40-A—Touring Car
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My OhiO 40 A has given the utmost pleasure, and so far as I am able to see, it is perfect in every detail and appointment. In comparison with higher priced cars owned by others connected with this company, I feel that I have more for my money.
Geo. A. Martin.

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Having given my OhiO Forty A a complete trial over hills, rough roads and long hard runs, I pronounce it the best car for the money on the market today. I have driven several other makes of cars, but have never had a car that was always ready until now.
J. M. Willis.

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Our OhiO 40 A has run over six thousand miles, and so far we have not spent a cent for repairs, except for tires.
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We got our car last October and so far have not had a minute's trouble of any kind, or expense for repairs. You never need be afraid of a hill, as it always takes you up.
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THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

(Continued from Page 15

Three times we lost our way and had to go back over the same ground again. Three times we had to choose between going back to a wage life and going ahead to the unknown and the impossible; but we never hesitated. No matter what people told us, we grew stronger and stronger in the resolve to have property of our own; to raise for ourselves what we must have to keep ourselves alive; to make our own shelter, and know that no man on earth could put us out of it; to know our work, and do it ourselves, and ask no man for favors.

We had hard times, but I don't know a minute when the price we were paying seemed bigger than the price we had been forced to pay in the wage days. In those past days there was no hope ahead. There was nothing but the wage—and never a certainty of that. Here was the wage—if we had figured right—and the hope in addition to it.

One day we went into a farmhouse, and the man there asked us where we were going.

I told him we didn't just know, but we were going till we came to a place that suited us, and there we were going to make our home. He seemed to think we were pretty dangerous people.

When we came out Mary said that was one of the trials her grandfather didn't have to face. In his day the tramping westward, the getting westward without any definite destination, was common. Therefore we had some difficulties the old fellow missed, even if he had some that we missed. We found a sort of comfort in that.

At one town I worked four days in a printing-office. When the proprietor told me he needed me I went to the depot where I had left Mary. She told me to come back there at quitting time, and I went. She had found a house where they needed some sewing. She didn't look as if she knew a needle from a bale of hay. But she must have charmed them into giving her a chance; for she had arranged meals and a bed for us while we stayed there. And I carried all my pay in my pocket when we started.

One time, after a very hot day, we came to a waterfall and a stream. We ate a little supper, with the inevitable coffee, and as soon as darkness fell we took off our clothes and bathed our bodies in that stream—and were asleep in no time.

Our Bad Minute and How it Passed

Once we came to where they were building a railroad bridge, and the boss offered me four dollars a day. They had a Jap cook, but the boss told Mary if she would take the cookhouse he would give her two dollars a day. That included her board. She said she would accept if I could live with her, board free. They needed her and they needed me; so they traded on that line. We were there ten days and then started on again.

For a hundred miles the going was very bad. It was one constant climb, either up or down—and mostly up. And there was no holding to one direction; so that we would be for whole days in sight of the same mountain-peaks.

I usually walked ahead; and one boiling hot afternoon at the top of a hill Mary called to me. I looked back and saw her sitting down on the ground. I went back to her, but she didn't want anything, and for a time she didn't speak. She just looked at a little spot of ground between two ricks. And she was drooped over as if she was awfully tired.

After a bit she took a long breath and began to look around at the mountains, and down at the valley we had just come from, and down into the valley we were just going into. And then she looked at me.

It was a good deal like the look she gave me that afternoon when she sat among her household goods on the sidewalk in Chicago, and I knew she was appealing to me. And I didn't know any way out—except more walking.

So I built a little fire and made a cup of coffee, and we ate a bite.

Then Mary got up and shook her skirts, and smiled a little. Nothing had been said, but I know now that that was our bad minute.

I remember in one of Dickens' stories the author makes a character say men are more likely to die at a certain stage of the tide; and I have read that scholars say Dickens was right. Well, that must have been low tide somewhere and we felt its influence. But Mary hung on and we came through it.

A little farther along the way we saw a man driving a team of mules and leading a third mule—a pretty shabby beast. His road and ours came together presently; though where he was going and where he had come from was more than I could see.

I asked him how far it was to the next town, and he said seven miles. I asked him what he would charge to let the woman ride that far, and he said he wasn't going to the town, but we could both ride with him for nothing as far as he went. And we climbed in.

That was, without exception, the most enjoyable, the most delightful ride I ever had in my life. Besides getting over the ground faster than we could on foot, the riding rested us. There were no springs and the road was rough, but to us the ride seemed positively luxurious.

We Feast at a Homesteader's Shack

The man had a ranch two miles from town, and he talked to us. We learned a lot from him. He said we might stay a night at his place if we could put up with his way of living. He had no family and was doing his own cooking, and the little shack of a house was in rather bad order. Mary went into it just as if she had a right, and I could see the difference. He wanted her to sit down while he got supper, but she said: "Let me see if I have forgotten how." And she smiled at him, and he let her have her way; but he was a good deal ashamed of the provision he had made.

For supper there was fried bacon, and boiled potatoes and coffee and hot biscuit, and canned molasses for sauce, and ——

Well, I have attended banquets when the president of the International Typographical Union came to town, and we all gave up three dollars apiece to listen to some near-eloquence; but not one of them was so good a feed as that at the homesteader's shack in the Colorado mountains. He wanted to give up his bed to Mary, but she wouldn't allow it; so he made a very comfortable place for us in his stable—a place with plenty of hay, two horseblankets to lie on and one to pull over us. It was a blessed night's rest.

In the morning I asked him what he would take for the third mule, and he said he would trade all three and his wagon and his claim for my wife. But he said it respectfully, and meant it as a compliment to her housekeeping; and we all three laughed and Mary bowed to him and said breakfast was ready.

While we were eating he said he would sell the mule and a picket rope for five dollars. So I bought them; and more than once for the rest of the way Mary rode when she got tired. She said it was just about as hard work as the walking, but it was a different kind of work.

Two or three times, as we came into the lower country—the beginning of the desert—we ran across flocks of sheep and the camps of the herders. We could nearly always get something hot to eat there and never had to pay much. The herders nearly always had fresh mutton, and the last month of the walk was easier than any of the rest had been. We were stronger.

Time and again we saw places ahead that looked pretty, and we would begin to wonder if that wasn't Mary's valley; but always we would vote against it when we got there. Sometimes there was one objection, sometimes another. More than once we found it already taken. So we just went on.

When we struck the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, in the western part of the state, we found places that would have captured us if we had been as tired as we were when we met that ranchman with his mules. But if they were good enough for us they had already been found good enough for others and we continued to push on till we could make first choice ourselves.

It was our talk, as we made our plans, to get settled and make fast; and then after a few years get more land, and finally have

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For Men

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We own our tanneries and tan the Oak Sole leather used exclusively in Korrect Shapes; consequently, we know it is free from all substances that are detrimental to wear.

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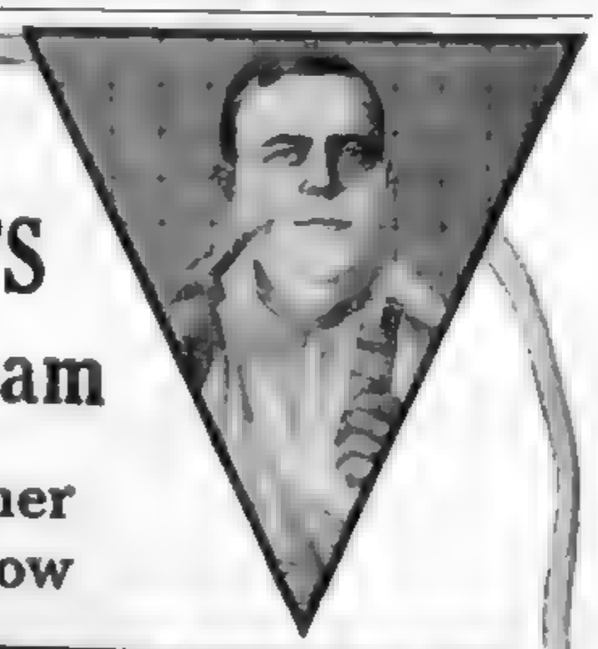

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EVERY DRUGGIST SELLS IT. PRICE 25c

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Peerless Folding Tables are rigid—not wobbly or rickety like ordinary folding tables. Light, but wonderfully strong.

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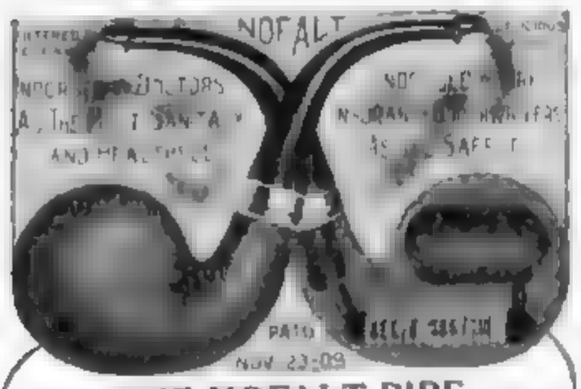

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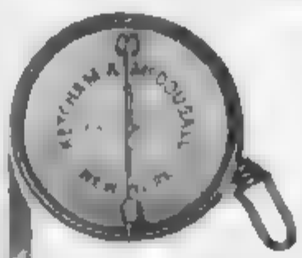

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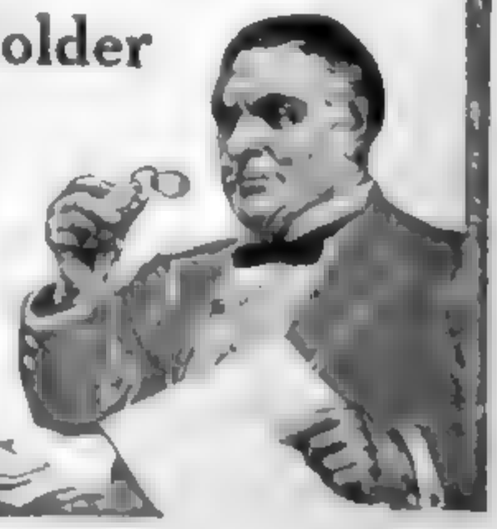


a property of real value. That was Mary's idea, but it was what I wanted too. And along there was where that the hardest blow fell.

We had come to a little town—half a dozen houses and a store and two saloons and a blacksmith-shop—and I bought some things to eat, and went out to the creek where Mary had decided to camp. We had two blankets by that time, and they made a sort of saddle for the mule in the daytime and a pretty good bed for us at night.

As we sat there resting after supper two men came over from one of the camps of sheepherders and brought a bottle. They chatted a while and offered us a drink. One of them talked as if he were inclined to be insulted when we refused; but we tried to be pleasant about it and after a whi e they went away.

Mary said she believed we'd better move our camp, but I was tired and didn't see any good reason for it. So after picketing the mule where he could get a little grass—there wasn't much for him at the best—we turned in.

I was very sound asleep, for the air and the weariness made me sleep like the dead; and I dreamed that Mary was pushing a press over on me and I was tangled up in the tapes. I kept thinking she ought to know I couldn't get out of there, and I wondered why she should try to hurt me when I realized that some one was kneeling on me and trying to tie my hands.

We are Robbed by a Sheepman

Really, Mary waked up before I did. Her clear "What are you doing here?" finished clearing my senses; and we had a pretty scrimmage there—the sheepman and I. When he found he hadn't roped me he struck at me with the butt of a revolver, and I took it away from him. Mary was standing back close to the mule, and I could have shot the rascal or I could have hammered the face off him, but I didn't want to do either if it could be helped. So I just told him to get out, and he got, but he carried my wallet with him. We didn't miss it till morning.

It left us with less than fifty cents. There were eighty dollars in that roll. I don't know how to tell you what the loss meant to us. I went to the sheep wagon, but the decenter of the two men was there alone. He said his partner hadn't been in the wagon all night, and wasn't there then. He went up to the little town with me, but the rascal hadn't been there. Of course there was no marshal or sheriff. It was forty-five miles to the county-seat, and mighty near straight east at that.

I don't know but Mary cried about that. It made me sick. But I spent twenty-five cents for some cartridges that would fit that gun; and the vows I made as to what I would do to that sheepherder when I found him—I surely would find him—were things to be ashamed of. We would have been glad to sell the mule, but no one would buy him; so about ten o'clock we started west again.

"The valley where we are going," said Mary, as she bumped along on the back of the mule, "lies between green hills, and a stream of water flows through it, and there is just enough rain to keep the grass growing, and just enough snow to make us glad for the coming of spring, and just enough sunshine to ripen our grain. And there I will heal me of my grievous wound."

And that was the end of the mourning for the money.

It must have been the third day afterward when we came to a very pretty little town on the railroad—a town with quite a stretch of real sidewalk, and two painted houses, and cinders before the depot. We spent the last of our money for coffee and dry bread, and made a little fire of sagebrush in a sort of public square, where many people had been camping. While we sat there on the ground eating, Mary, looking over my shoulder, opened her eyes very wide and quit chewing. Then she said:

"Don't move. I see our sheepherder."

I moved, anyway. I couldn't help it.

There he was, just going into the railroad station. So we went over. He was at the ticket window, and the agent was quoting some figures for him when I stepped up alongside, with the revolver in my hand.

He looked at me and didn't recognize me, and looked back at the agent. Then he caught a glimpse of the gun and flashed another look at me, and jumped half the width of the room.

"Isn't this your revolver?" said I.

He looked for the door and then for the window; but he was in a corner and there was no way out. A number of people passed, but only one or two stopped or seemed interested. I thought, even through the anger and excitement, that they had seen gunfights till the novelty had vanished. But I asked one of them to please call the marshal; I had a robber.

Then the sheepherder weakened. He said:

"You've got the drop on me, partner. I'm wrong. I lost some of your money, but I've got thirty dollars left. Take it and let me go."

When the marshal came I told him about the proposition and how much money the fellow had stolen, and how he had stolen it. The marshal was a good deal of a Solomon. He said:

"You give the thirty to the man you robbed. He'll keep the revolver for the fifty—and to blow your hat when he sees you again. I don't want to lock you up and feed you at the taxpayers' expense. You get back to that sheep camp and be good."

And that was the way it was settled; but I should have liked to go into a cellar and argue with that sheepherder for a while. Losing fifty dollars just then was something of a disaster.

I offered the marshal five dollars—and was terribly afraid he would accept it. He said I would need all I had, but that he would take one drink with me. He got his drink and I got along without one. It seems to me whisky makes a man cheap.

It must have been over in the edge of Utah that we passed the first herds of cattle. Some of them were feeding close to the railroad, and a heifer calf, probably three months old, followed along quite a way. Mary was walking at the time, and she petted the little beast—not a very pretty little beast, either. I told her she would be arrested and hanged for cattle stealing; so she sent me over to a cowboy that seemed to be taking care of the herd, and I asked him what the calf was worth.

"Eighty-two dollars and fifty cents," said he, and he looked me right in the eyes. Then he added: "You give me the fifty cents now, and if ever you bring the calf back you give me the other eighty-two bucks."

I asked him if he would give me a bill of sale on those terms, and he did. I don't know yet whether he had any right to sell the calf, and neither does Mary. But what interested me was that, while she is the most honest person I ever knew in my life, she wanted that calf so badly that she let the cowboy's bill of sale content her.

We Sleep in a Real Bed

Mary made a sort of halter with part of the mule's rope and got all sorts of pleasure leading the calf far and near to bunches of grass; and she mourned because there wasn't enough water for it. She never had complained of being thirsty herself. She and the calf got to be great friends.

Another time we were going down a little dry cañon when night came, and that calf kept pulling ahead. Mary humored it, and it went straight to a spring of excellent water. She was very proud, and we camped there.

But the cañon was taking us too far south, so next morning we started to climb out. We wanted to bear farther west. There was a big rock jutting out from the wall, and we started to climb round it. Then we came to a place where the whole surface of the hill seemed to be sliding. It went down to the edge of about a hundred-foot drop. The surface was all little loose stones, and it was so steep we got afraid of it. If we had turned back we should have been all right, but we kept on till it seemed just as bad one way as the other. And there the mule concluded to stop. We couldn't get him to move in any direction except right down toward the precipice; so we left him there till we could get ourselves to a place of safety. And it was a job.

We finally reached a place where some bushes grew, and we could hold to these and let ourselves down a cliff as steep as the side of a house. We were hours at it, and we had to abandon the calf.

We were scratched and bruised and out of breath, and a good deal frightened; so we rested a while. Then we looked up, and the mule was walking over to the calf. The calf was browsing on the bushes at the very edge of the precipice, and the mule stood on a rock steeper than a church roof and ate moss. How they did it we never knew, but they worked down after a while to the spring. And we camped right there another night. It was one of the few times on the trip when we didn't make some distance.

Next morning we tried it again and got over the mountain. Toward afternoon we saw the roof of a house with the sun shining on it. The shingles were new. We couldn't see anything else about the place, but Mary said she believed we should find a good home there. And we did.

A man and his wife and two children had located there four years before. They had lived in a cave for the first year and raised some potatoes and garden truck. The land was open to homestead entry then, and the man got a hundred and sixty acres by paying a little money down in fees at the land office and improving the property according to law. He had a team of horses, and got some plows and smaller tools on credit at a store about forty miles away. When we visited them they had about sixty acres in crops and about five acres in orchard. They had a good stable and a comfortable new house. Everything was orderly. They had a spring on the upper edge of the place, and the creek furnished irrigation water and water for domestic use as well. They had paid about four-fifths of the fees and charges, and the next year would get a perfect patent to the quarter section.

They seemed to take a good deal of interest in us and told us many things we needed to know. We had a good rest there, washed and dried our clothes, and slept two nights in a real bed.

Mary's Valley at Last

I think that chance meeting with people who had made the fight and won it did Mary more good than anything that had happened since the journey began. The man told us of a tract out beyond the Grand River where we could get a claim if we went right away, and where we ought to find one about the way we wanted it. And he sold me some fishhooks, and an axe and a hoe and a mattock and a spade. So, on the third morning, we took our mule and calf and started on the last stage of our journey.

About noon of the second day we crossed the Grand River. I waded it and Mary rode the mule. The calf followed. Both animals looked better than when we got them. They had been feeding on richer grass and finding more of it. We had been taking pretty good care of them—as if they were a part of the family.

We went slower then, and moved north and south a good deal as we worked west; but it wasn't until the next day that we found Mary's valley. We had been quite a way south, and coming back were crowded quite a way west by a rather rugged hill. As we came round the shoulder of it Mary cried out: "There's home!"

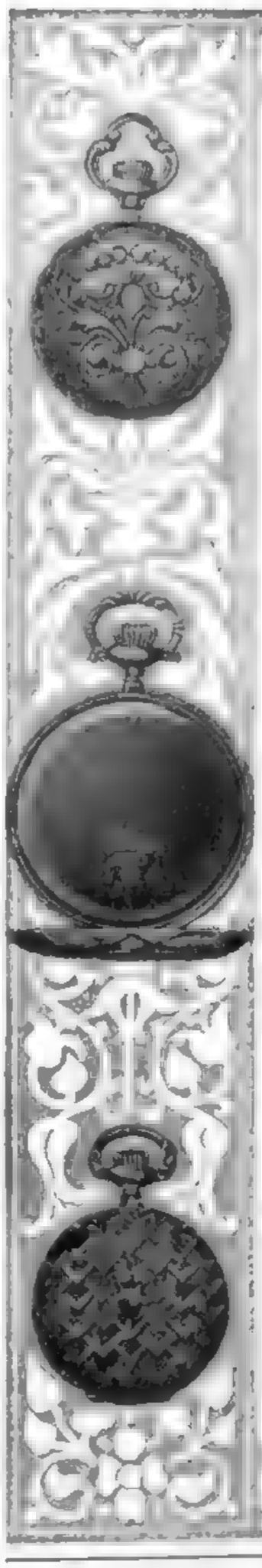
And she came up to me, though she was looking right and left, up and down the little valley, and she put her arms about my neck and kissed me. Pretty soon she sat down and picked out the place for the house. I think she picked out the places for the garden, and the chicken-yard, and the orchard, and even this grape arbor. I know I could see, as we sat there, where to begin for a field.

Then we crossed the head of the valley and I began digging into the hill to make the cave-house. We finished it with rocks and posts, and made a roof of shrubs and leaves and grass; and it was pretty comfortable. We built a good fireplace with flat stones and plastered the cracks with clay from the creek. I caught some trout in the late afternoon, and we baked them and ate our first meal at home. We walked around what we thought was a hundred and sixty acres. I know now it wasn't more than forty acres. But we were very happy.

"Are we ready to begin farming?" said Mary.

And then it occurred to us we had no seed of any sort. So I worked round the place till after dark, and before daylight I started off on the mule to that farm across the river, to get some corn and garden seed. When I came back Mary had lined the inside of the house—cave and all—with leaves, and had a pretty good bed and a solid bench ready for us.

I spaded up a good deal of land then, working every hour of daylight and often away into the night. It was the greatest



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Now don't put all the blame on the jeweler. You talk to him about the movement or "works" of a watch and you get the movement you ask for. You squeeze the price down as low as possible—and you get a trashy watch case, or a case that is scamped in workmanship. It does not last. It does not serve you well while it does last. It is not the right protection for the "works."

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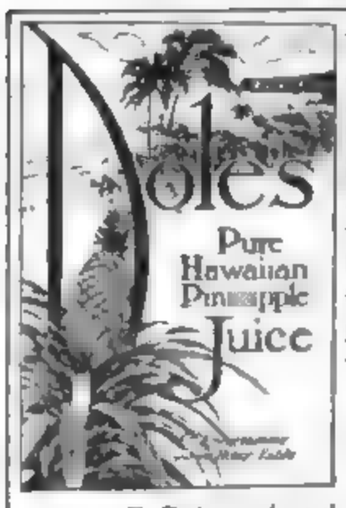

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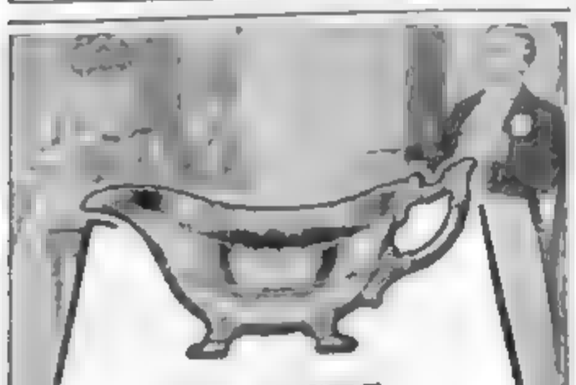

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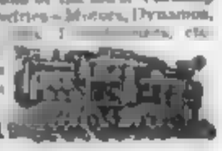


Voltamp Electric Mfg. Co., Post Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

happiness I had ever known. And as fast as I had a patch ready Mary planted the seed.

I simply cannot tell you the joy we felt when we saw our first corn coming up. It was a Sunday morning and we had agreed to "observe the day." We had bathed and cleaned our shabby, ragged clothes as well as we could, and felt quite respectable almost religious. As we walked out after breakfast—we had a table by that time and had been sitting down at it quite formally—Mary saw the corn first. It was in little regular hills, each blade about two inches long, pale green, and opening from a roll. Not all of it was up, but we could follow the rows across the little field. No mother was ever prouder of her first baby than we were of that corn. I could see daylight.

I don't mean that we found no hardships after that. There were days when we simply didn't have anything to eat. We didn't understand the trade of farming and we made many mistakes; but we learned, and above all, we had some land. A part of the whole earth was actually and absolutely ours.

We had another neighbor, about ten miles away—a white man who had an Indian wife. He may have been wasting his life, but he told us many things that helped; and his woman learned many things from Mary.

It was from this man I took the hint to visit the land office and make a regular filing on the land.

It was from this man that I got ham and bacon enough to last us all winter. Being a squawman, he was in a way to get contracts for hauling supplies for the agency; and he had a chance to use two teams, but he had only three horses. Working animals were scarce, and he sent his squaw to offer me pay in meats and blankets if I would let him use the mule. I needed the beast, but I wanted the winter's feed fixed beyond question, and so I agreed.

My Plowless Plowing

Maybe you wonder how I got my farm implements—my plows and wagons, and all that—without any money. Well, I didn't have any. What I couldn't carry I rolled, and what I couldn't roll stayed where it was—if the mule couldn't drag it. So much for the wagon. As for the plowing, I did it with a spade. There were a good many stones, anyway; and there were some stumps of trees I had cut down to get them out of the way. They would have bothered a plow. But you don't know how much land a man can turn up with a spade if he tries—and keeps at it.

We made our living that first year on the farm, gathered our corn and potatoes and beets and cabbages; and we came to the next spring out of debt and with nearly enough to live on comfortably till another harvest.

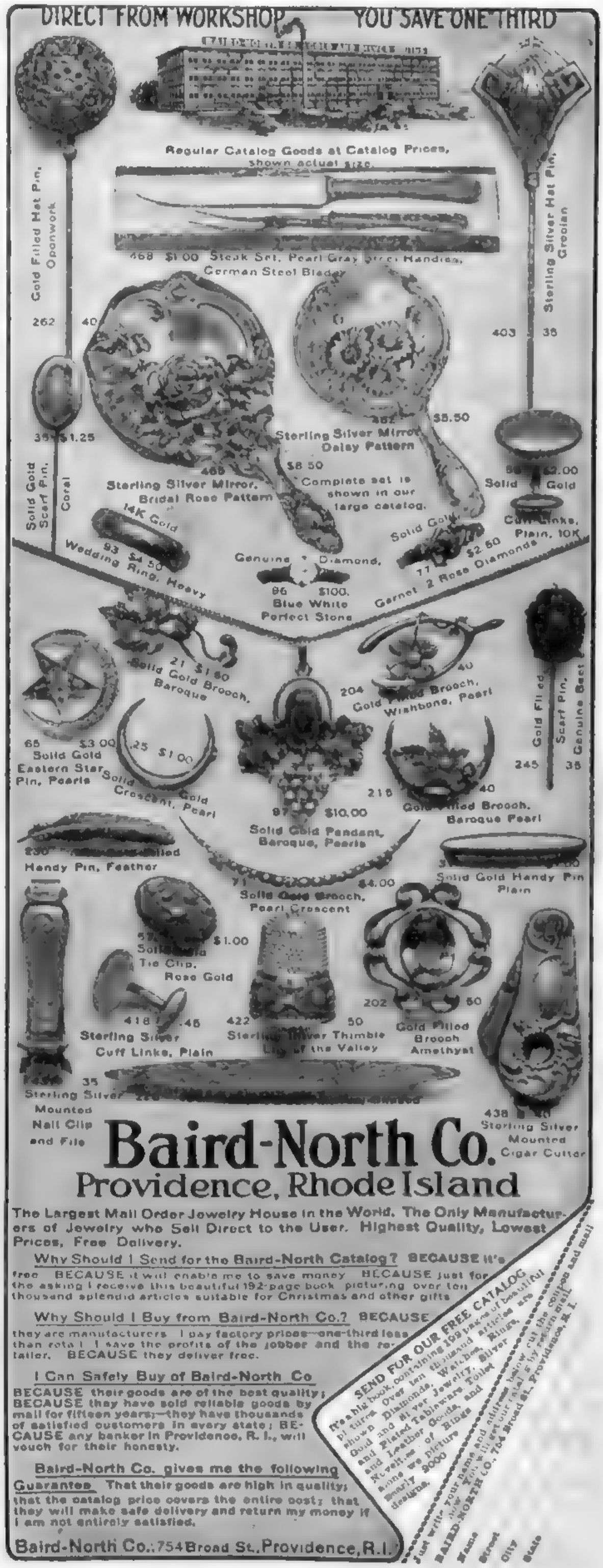
That first winter some prospectors came to the place when I had the loghouse—our first real house—about half finished; and one of them wanted to sell his horse and outfit and quit the game.

I didn't have money to spare for his horse and outfit, much as I wanted them. So I told him I would take his stuff and he could have my household goods in Chicago by paying the stereotyper the fifty dollars he had advanced to me. It was a good trade for him, and as far as I was concerned to get any benefit out of my property I should have had to pay its value in freight. He traded and went away.

Boys, I get all wrought up as I sit here and try to tell this story—all wrought up over the struggle and the one sure aim and plan, and the care and thought and management we both used all the time, and the happiness when the thing came right.

Do you suppose I would admit that a farmer could make a success of farming and I couldn't? I am a first-class printer—a job man, at that. I don't allow any laborer to be better than I am. No doubt those fellows laughed at me a good deal, for what I didn't know about farming would have made a big book. But one swallow doesn't make a summer, and one summer doesn't make a farm.

And, what is more to the point, they didn't consider Mary. You give a man a quarter section of land and that kind of a woman—only there isn't any more of the kind—and he will make a success of it in time if he has sense enough to keep out of the asylums.



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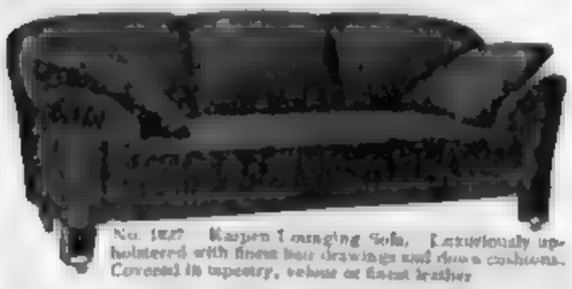

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They really had reason to laugh. I laugh, too, as I look back over it. For instance, there was one watermelon seed in that corn I got for planting, and it went into the ground without being noticed. We didn't know what it was when it came up with its three little leaves; but we didn't dare kill anything that might be a food producer, so I hoed that with the rest of the growing things. Presently it put out vines—and then I recognized it. I reckon a boy never forgets watermelon vines and how to swim.

It was a sturdy vine and had just thirteen little melons on it; but the calf got out and walked across that patch one night and trod off four of them. I know now that it would have been better if the calf had trod out the other nine and left the four. That sounds like an Irish bull, but what I mean is that the vine had just a little more than it could well do raising nine melons. It would probably have made a total fizzle with the thirteen.

Mary's Birthday Gift

On Mary's birthday, the first of September, just after breakfast, while I was walking out to the stable it occurred to me that in Illinois we used to have ripe watermelons about this time of year. So I looked at the biggest one, all dark green there among the leaves. I thumped it, but couldn't remember how it ought to sound if ripe. So I just stuck my knife-blade into it, pried a little, and there was the red meat—the red and juicy meat.

I picked it and put it in the creek just below the spring, and covered it with grass. At noon I carried it to the house and we had it for Mary's birthday present. I always like to make presents that I can share with the people who get them!

You may think you have enjoyed eating. But nobody—anywhere—could have had so good a time as we had with that first big watermelon of our own.

The man with the shingled roof brought his wife over from the other side of the Grand River at Thanksgivingtime, and they stayed two days. He brought my wife three chickens, and he helped me with some of the logs in the wall of the new house; but with that exception I made the house myself.

That Thanksgiving was a very pleasant time, for things were so we had reason to be thankful. And we were thankful; but I wanted to finish the house, and I didn't spend as much time visiting as I might have done. We wanted the new baby to be born in our new house. The roof was on, but try as I would I couldn't get the walls weatherproof in time. I guess, however, that the little fellow wasn't any the worse for being born in a cave. Mary says he isn't the first manchild that was born in a cave.

The Indian woman was there when the baby came. No one sent for her; she just seemed to know when to come; and there she was. I don't know how we should have managed without her. She wasn't so bad a housekeeper as you might suppose either. But her strong hold was tending that baby. She would just bathe him and dress him, and tuck him away after he had had his feed, and he would sleep like a bear in winter.

And when Mary was well enough to do her own work the squaw slipped away one afternoon without saying a word, and it was two months before we could thank her. We never did pay her. We couldn't; she wouldn't take anything. Mary knit a pair of stockings for her and I took them over; but the coldest of the winter was past by that time.

Of course I didn't need a hundred and sixty acres to prove the point—to show that it is better to get on the land. I can make a living for myself and the family on a forty-acre farm, and raise the usual farm products too. I can make a fortune with twenty acres in fruit and nut trees, or in poultry. And the only thing I will have to give is just what I would have had to give if I had stuck to the trade back there in Chicago—work. Just work.

The difference is that now I work for myself. Every tree I set out, every grain I put into the ground, every calf I find in the upper pasture, every hen I set on thirteen eggs—makes something of money value for me. I get the wages and the profits.

Mary and I went up to Denver, and she and I took two of the children to Salt Lake when President Taft was there. And I didn't see any man that I had to get out of the way of. And I didn't see any woman that made me mad because life was richer for her than it is for Mary. And I didn't see any boys that could have traded daddies with my boys. I am just as good as any man.

This is not written in a spirit of vanity, but in a spirit of thankfulness. I am not religious; but my heart, as I sit here on the farm that my wife and I made out of the rough, with a good wagon-road out there in front—beyond the white picket fence and the gate that opens itself when you drive up to it; with a bridge over the creek, and a town with churches ten miles away, and a school two miles away; with books in the sitting room and a porcelain tub in the bathroom; with two blue-ribbon premiums on the wall, and plenty of preserves on the shelves in the cellar; and Mary in a rocking-chair over there on the porch—my heart is pretty full of gratitude.

I don't think the negroes realized what liberty meant when they got it. But I realize. I know. And I am a better man.

Here is the main thing: You see that boy down there in the lower orchard? There are three more boys somewhere about the place. As fast as they are big enough they learn soil. They know phosphates and alkalis, and what to plant in the upper fields, and what in the lower—and why. They can read and write as well as other children, and that is about all the schooling they get—except enough figuring so they can multiply and divide. But they are more interested in making a tree grow, and in coaxing a patch of ground to do what they want it to do, than any boys in the world are about fractions and participles. The only examination day they know is the answer a calf or a chicken or a plant makes to their questions. And the only diploma they care a whoop for—or ever will if I can have my way—is the knowledge that their feet are all the time on their own solid ground. And don't you think they have in them the making of better citizens than they would have had if their father had gone on working at the trade in a big city?

One time—it must have been before I was married—I went with that gray-haired woman at the boarding house and heard old Dr. David Swing deliver a lecture about Home. And I remember one thing he said. It was something like this:

"Men will not shoulder a musket in defense of a boarding house."

Old Misery and Present Happiness

The point is, my boys are now better parts of the nation; they know more about it, and care more about it, and would do more for it if it needed help of any kind, than any city boys, sons of wage-earners.

And when I think about those men in the cities, men such as I have known and worked with, I wish I could show them that it is better to break away and try to get a piece of land than it is to go on to the inevitable and hopeless end.

Maybe they would die trying. Maybe they couldn't go through what Mary and I went through. But they'd better die trying than not try. They have got to die anyway. And as we look back over it—Mary and I—there isn't a minute, from the time we put the goods into the stereotyper's stable to this November afternoon, when we couldn't have died winners. There was never a minute after the start that wasn't an improvement on the best minute before the start.

Breaking a leg doesn't count. I just stepped on a loose board in the floor of the new barn and fell across a scantling the carpenters had left there. It is something like going through all the battles of a war and then being wounded in a Fourth of July celebration. I don't mind it—if the printer can read my handwriting; for the plaster cast won't let me sit up straight at a table, and I have to lean back and hold the scratch-pad on my lap.

Nothing counts except this one thing: Mary and I know what the wage-earner's life in the city means; and we know what it means to have our own home—which we have made. Maybe we have missed something; but we have had in exchange—and we still have—health and hope, and a quarter-section of land all under plow or in orchard.

I don't owe a dollar to any man on earth, and all the rest—back there before the day we started—I am willing to forget.

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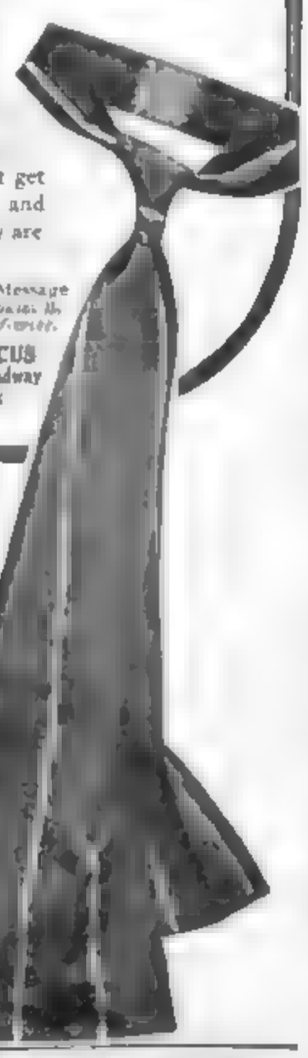

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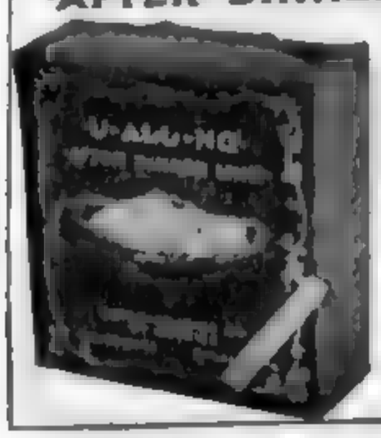

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The far-seeing investment banker would split this money into three funds of ten thousand dollars each. Why? Simply because it is always a good policy to diversify your investment. If all your money is invested in one kind of security, and misfortune should come to the company behind it, you would be in a bad way; but if only a part of your money is in that particular security you would have the rest of it to fall back on. Meanwhile you could leave your money in the security of the corporation or railroad in trouble and in time, perhaps, it would come round all right. You would not be forced to sacrifice it—as many people do—in order to save a small part of the investment.

Having divided this thirty-thousand-dollar legacy into three parts, let us now see just how it is to be invested. One of these funds should be regarded as a sort of Gibraltar—that is, laid out in such gilt-edged securities that no panic could shake it. Hence ten thousand dollars should be put into first mortgage railroad bonds in standard roads like the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Lake Shore, the New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, and others of that type. The face interest rate on these bonds would be four per cent, and therefore the income from this section of the legacy would be about four hundred dollars.

The second fund should be invested in public-service corporation bonds, but only in the bonds of such companies as have demonstrated their earning power over a considerable period of years; which have no political entanglements, and which have adequate depreciation funds for the proper maintenance of their property. There was a time when it was risky for a woman to put her money into a public-service corporation, but the trial period is over and some of the strongest concerns in any community are those that serve it. One advantage of the right kind of public-service corporation bond is that it is usually a five-per-cent bond. This second fund, therefore, would mean an addition of five hundred dollars to the woman's income.

Real-Estate Investments

The third fund should be invested in good short-term notes or any kind of short-term security. There are two advantages in this kind of investment when properly supervised: one is that such securities usually have a high rate of interest, the second is that they mature in a short time, and this gives the woman some free money with which to take advantage of any favorable financial condition that may have arisen. Thus this third fund may be regarded as a floating investment that may yield as much as six per cent. Part of it may include the purchase of high-grade stocks, especially preferred. This fund would add from five hundred to six hundred dollars to the income, making a total of not less than fourteen hundred dollars.

Now to the average woman this would appear small, but it would have one great advantage: it would be certain; and a moderate income in the hand is worth two or three promising ones in the air. The security of principal should be one of the first considerations in the employment of the legacy. The kind of investment that I have described can only be made by an experienced banker who has facilities for keeping in touch with the market.

Of course this investment can be varied. Though it is always wise to put one part of the money in gilt-edged bonds, it is often advisable to put some portion of the fund into real-estate mortgages. If you live in a small community a group of good farm mortgages—which pay six per cent—are well worth buying. In a city it is possible to get mortgage certificates which pay four and a half per cent.

Many women lose money in real estate. They make the mistake of buying unimproved land. This is a speculative matter. The woman with a legacy should only buy income-producing property—that is, a house or a store or a tenement that brings in rent. With this kind of investment there is always the danger of fire and the risk of having it empty. Besides, property and tenants require watching—and this costs money.

The kind of investment which has just been described is only possible where the woman gets cash. But how about the woman who inherits a group of securities? If she knows nothing about business quite naturally she is at the mercy of the people

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who advise her. This is just further evidence of the need of the very ablest and most experienced advisers.

The case of a woman in a New Jersey town will show the value of such expert advice. This woman inherited a bunch of fairly good bonds, a lot of stock in small manufacturing concerns and some cash. She went to a well-known investment house and placed her affairs in its charge. The house made a careful examination of her assets. The banker said to her: "Madam, some of your securities are good and others are indifferent. The latter may be valuable in time, but meanwhile you need all that you can get from your holdings." He watched the market and sold some of the bonds at an opportune time and replaced those sold with better securities. With the stock he did better. He found that most of the stock was in mills in small towns. Though this stock might be very good in time, it did not produce much return at that moment. It was hard stock to sell because it had a very limited market; it had to be sold through specialists. The banker waited for his opportunity and disposed of the stock. Then he invested the proceeds in standard railroad stocks, and the result of his efforts was that in a year the whole legacy was uniform, income-producing and safe. This incident is cited merely to show that it is not wise for a woman to leave the stocks and bonds that she inherits undisturbed. Frequently—and especially in the case of corporations—the companies issuing them may fall into new and inefficient hands and their earning power decreases.

Good Enough for John

Here is a story that illustrates this very point: In a certain Pennsylvania city a man owned a big block of stock in a public-service corporation. His father before him had owned stock in the concern—in fact, the bulk of the family fortune was in this security. When he died he left all of this stock to his widow. When the family lawyer was straightening up his late client's affairs he said to the widow:

"Don't you think you had better sell some of that stock and buy bonds?"

"No, indeed!" replied the woman. "What was good enough for John and John's father is good enough for me."

What happened? Before very long this company got into trouble. A big strike cut down earnings, injured its property and put the corporation in bad odor with the community. Its stock crumpled in value and dividends were passed. The widow found herself very much embarrassed financially and for a time had to go to work. It is a typical case of permitting sentiment to interfere with investment.

There is still one more phase of the legacy to be considered. It concerns the woman who inherits her husband's share in his business. Shall she keep it or sell it? This is a problem for which there can be no precedents, for each one is individual. On the one hand you can see a Michigan woman who inherited a large part of her husband's carpet-sweeper business, and who, without previous business training, stepped in and made a tremendous success of it. On the other hand is the pathetic spectacle of a New Jersey woman whose husband left her a part interest in an iron-manufacturing establishment. She was at the mercy of the other officers. They had been hostile to her husband—she did not know it—and they were hostile to her. They conspired and schemed, dissension and discord arose, and the result was that in two years the concern was in the hands of a receiver.

The only advice in cases where a woman inherits a share of the business is for her to go to a disinterested business man, who is also her friend, and talk to him. It is sometimes preferable to dispose of the interest. In cases where the business is a corporation and stock is issued, it may depend upon just what the company is doing. In a stock concern the men will not be so eager to jeopardize the woman's interest, because their interests will be jeopardized at the same time.

The whole big lesson of the woman with her legacy is simply this: never take anything for granted in connection with it. Because securities were "good enough" for your father or your husband or your brother does not mean that they are safe enough for you now. Insist upon an appraisal of all holdings; diversify your investment, and seek the advice of the most experienced bankers.

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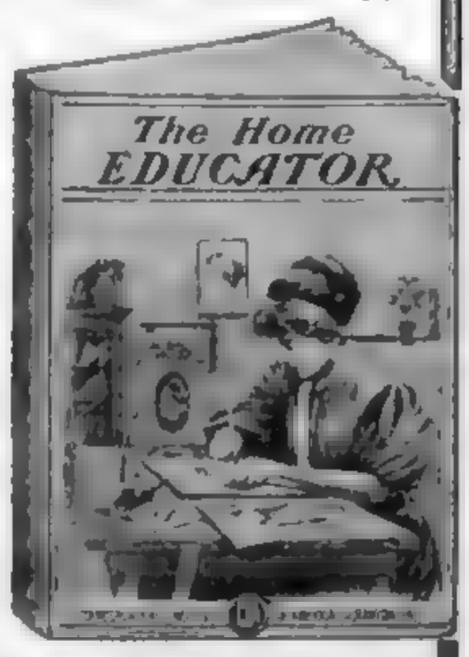

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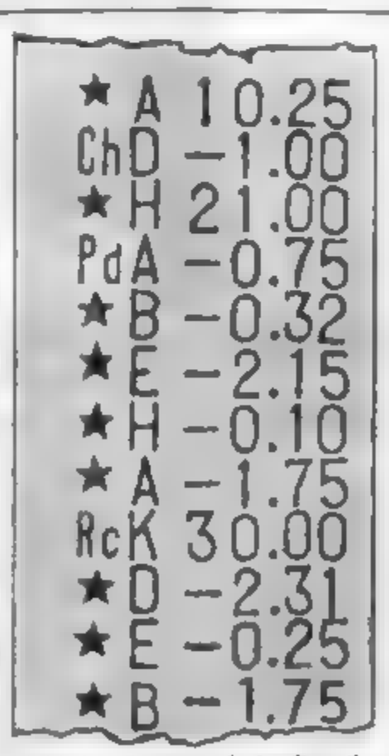
This National prints the amount of each sale on a strip of paper and also prints a receipt showing the amount paid by each customer, which guarantees to the proprietor that the proper amount of money is put into the register.

This Register Prints on a "Detail Strip"

EVERY time a clerk makes a cash sale or a "charge" sale, or receives money on account, or pays out money, the Register prints a record of it on this strip of paper.

In the meantime the Register is also adding on separate wheels the totals of these various things.



This is a Section of the Detail Strip—Actual Width

This register tells you at night these four most important things:

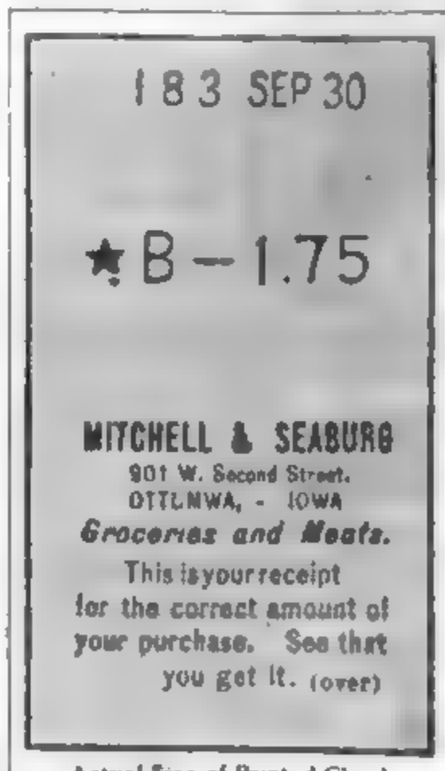
1—Total cash sales made by each clerk.

2—Total of your credit sales.

3—Total amount of money received on account.

4—Total amount of money paid out.

Also the secret adding counter tells you the total amount of all cash taken in.


183 SEP 30
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Groceries and Meats.
This is your receipt for the correct amount of your purchase. See that you get it. (over)

Actual Size of Printed Check

The Register Issues a Printed Check

OUR customers' receipt every time a sale is made, or money is paid out, or money is received on account, guaranteeing to the proprietor that the proper amount of money is put into the register.

Everyone who pays you money should get a receipt. It's the proper way to do business.

Mail this to us.

You may send me particulars of this National Cash Register built to suit my business—This does not commit me to buy.

Name *Address* *Business* *No. of Clerks*

Do it Today It Will Pay

The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio

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On any Style
A Convertible Coat Collar

It's the *collar* that makes the coat.

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Eventually every outer garment for Men, Women and Children will have a Presto Collar

Look for "Presto" on the label

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Address

I usually buy my clothing from

Name

Address

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Chicago Vienna Boston Montreal London Berlin Paris Brussels

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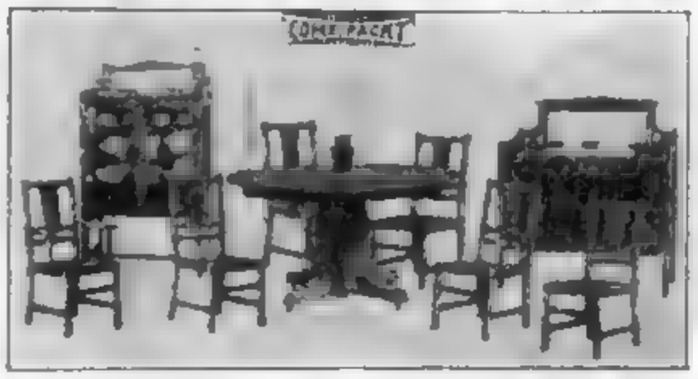
No 180 Carver's Chair, ...	5 50
Five No. 100 Diners, ...	22 50
Dealer's Price, . . .	$159 00
"Come-Packt" price, .	70 50



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It will teach you always to aim for the bull's-eye, whatever you have to do in life.

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The New Lineup in the Theater

(Concluded from Page 19

the houses of the old syndicate, thus for a second time abdicating in favor of the combination of which he has been the bitterest and most conspicuous opponent.

Instead of breaking the Shuberts, the secession only served to emphasize their triumph. The very season that witnessed the crumbling of the old Belasco-Fiske opposition saw the beginning of an almost universal secession of the minor managers who had hitherto booked through the syndicate. George W. Tyler, whose firm name is Liebler & Co., began the landslide. As manager of Viola Allen and Wilton Lackaye, and of a list of plays that includes The Melting Pot, The Dawn of a Tomorrow, The Fourth Estate and Alias Jimmy Valentine, he alone almost compensated for the loss of the Fiskes and Belasco.

Then followed Mr. W. A. Brady, who manages Grace George, Robert Mantell, Louis Mann and a number of popular plays, including The Gentleman from Mississippi; Daniel Arthur, manager of Marie Cahill and DeWolf Hopper; and Henry W. Savage, who manages over a score of attractions, mainly musical comedies of the higher grade.

John Cort's Circuit

Meantime the local managers of one-night stands were falling into line. A circuit of theaters in the smaller New England cities began, and was followed by John Cort, who controlled a circuit of theaters in the Pacific Northwest, strategically important as forming the avenue of approach to California. The final blow was the organization of the National Theater-Owners' Association, which includes the managers of some twelve hundred one-night stands. Technically all of these recruits did not join the Shubert standard. They merely declared for the open door. But in effect, as it now appears, their houses have become Shubert houses.

The old syndicate now stands where the Shuberts once stood. They have a few loyal partisans—Rich & Harris, Cohan & Harris, Henry Miller and Frederic Thompson, besides the Fiskes and Mr. Belasco. They have leading theaters in most of the large cities and they are obliged to jump the one-night stands. In the few cities where they have no theaters, notably the Pacific Northwest—Seattle, Tacoma, Portland—they are busy constructing a chain; and they are doing what they can to reach their old patrons elsewhere. Thus, in New England, where train and trolley service is good, engagements in Boston and elsewhere are widely advertised in neighboring towns, such as Lawrence and Lowell. The new lineup is only a new lineup. The ball was put in play with the opening of the present season and one can only guess where the end of the scrimmage will find it.

The first requisite of success is that the new order shall prove economically profitable. If it does not, no known power can prevent the rank and file from bolting.

Whether it will prove possible to fill the multitude of "open-door" theaters with popular productions must be left for the current season to decide. At present there seems to be no reason to despair. As to fairness and rectitude of dealing, it would be a dull man who did not read in the history of the past fifteen years their almost paramount importance. In an obscure position many a manager has made an occasional sidestep. When a man is rising from poverty it is sometimes that or ruin. In the general laxity of the business code in the theater such sidesteps have too often escaped punishment, but no power is great enough to survive the reputation of habitual chicanery. The greater the power, in fact, the greater the danger. It was a wise if cynical man who wrote the grammar of success: "Get on; get honor; get honest!"

The decisive element in the success of the new combination, and at the same time its fairest promise for the future of our drama, lies in the fact that it is willing and eager to back untried American plays and playwrights. This is not from any disinterested devotion to native art. It has come from the fact that the foreign supply has been cornered by the Frohmans. From the moment Mr. Frohman got control of the situation he has been shy of backing untried plays and playwrights. In the past decade I recall only a single venture—The Toymaker of Nuremberg, by Austin Strong. This was a slender, childlike, Barriesque fantasy of great charm. It failed, as I think, for the lack of proper casting and stage management.

For the rest, Mr. Frohman has been, as some one has said, not a producer but a reproducer. If a play has succeeded abroad he imports it. If an American playwright has made a success he pays a liberal advance for his next piece. The theatrical business is notoriously a gamble. He prefers to play favorites. Curiously enough, as regards American plays, the policy has not been particularly fortunate. With only a few exceptions, the popular plays of Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, George Ade and others have been produced by independent managers and their failures by Mr. Frohman. As for his associates in the syndicate, they have had a great deal of taste in the drama, but unfortunately much of it was bad. The chief field of their activity has been bow-wow melodrama and musical comedy.

Meantime a striking change has come over the mood of our audiences. For generations they have been inured to imported drama, but more and more they are refusing to take any real interest in the portrayal of life and emotions that are foreign to them. The indecent or evilly suggestive French farce has long been dead here. The prestige of Barrie failed to carry Little Mary to favor—a nation bred at the quick-lunch counter saw no point in being told not to pamper the stomach! Barrie and Gillette combined failed to rouse any real enthusiasm in our free and democratic people for the purport of The Admirable Crichton, which was that the ablest man must fail in aspirations above his class. Many of the plays of Pinero, Barrie and Shaw are never produced here.

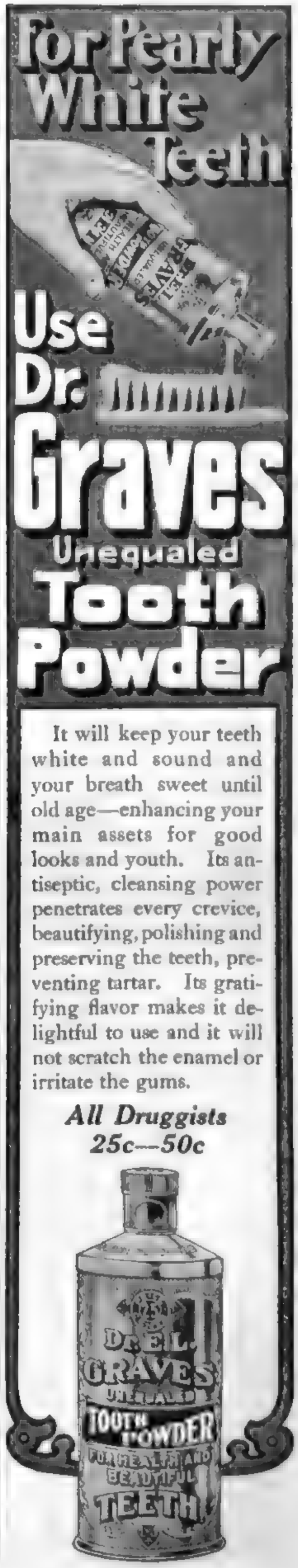
The value of the Frohman corner is rapidly diminishing and with equal pace the value of native plays has advanced. A dozen years ago Mrs. Fiske was about the only manager who had courage to make any high adventure in the field of dramatic art, but the last five years have seen a striking change. The leaders in the new combination—Mr. Brady, Mr. Savage and Mr. Tyler, as well as Mr. Shubert—generally have been unable to get foreign successes and have thriven almost wholly by backing their own judgment. Their rise has come hand in hand with a great increase in the output of native plays, and either phenomenon would have been impossible without the other.

Obstacles Removed

As yet, however, the situation is by no means ideal. On both sides the only weapon in the contest of the past decade has been the building of theaters and the manufacture of stars. Rapidly as our cities have grown in population and wealth, the supply of theatrical amusements has distanced them. Hurry and bustle is the order in the new organization. A gigantic hopper is yawning for productions and if the machine is to be kept working it must be filled with mechanical precision. A recent all-star revival of Sardou's Diplomacy showed in a rather glaring light how far removed we are from the finished productions of the old stock companies.

The quality of new plays, as it seems, is in much the same case. "There is no place for a piece," a leading member of the new organization lately remarked, "that is merely 'interesting,' merely 'wholesome' or merely 'worthy of the support of intelligent playgoers.' It used to be possible to take hold of a play that hung in the balance and nurse it into success. Now you've got to hit the people at once in a new place—make them sit up in the theater and talk out of it." This amounts to saying that the watchword of the new order is one kind or another of sensationalism. The crudest play will go if it has the faculty of "hitting the public between the eyes"; but in proportion as a play is delicate in texture and subtle in its interpretation of modern life and thought it is in danger of being mangled in the whirring play machine.

The signal fact, however, is that the new organization is pledged, both by its explicit promises and by the economic necessities of the case, to maintain the open door. I shall not indulge in prophecy; but this much is already obvious: If we have, as a nation, anything to say in the drama the chief obstacles to its utterance were removed when the new combination bound the dominant faction of managers to the open door.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People urged her to cut the worthless husband adrift, but she refused on account of the children.

This woman not only kept them all at school but began to lay plans for acquiring a home. Saving a dollar, she got a metal bank from the local building and loan society and made it a rule that on the first of every month she would go and deposit whatever had been accumulated. Her struggle was pathetic. Many times the coins counted out by the teller came to less than a dollar, and it took six years to get one hundred and twenty-five dollars together. By that time the oldest girl had reached fourteen and could leave school to help at home.

Two additional washings a week were taken, increasing their income by three dollars. During the summer this girl also earned fifteen dollars a month and her board as a nurse-girl in a family with children. Presently the savings account touched two hundred dollars.

The woman found a tiny cottage of four rooms which could be bought for seven hundred and fifty dollars. It was old and a little dilapidated, but there was enough ground in the rear for a fine vegetable garden. The building and loan people inspected this property and decided that it was safe security for a five-hundred-dollar loan. That would involve a monthly payment of five dollars; but, as the wife had been paying seven dollars rent for their old home, that amounted to a saving that would cover insurance, taxes, and so forth. Mary, the eldest girl, had enough money put by to pay the cost of transfer, and it only remained to raise fifty dollars more to make up the cash payment of two hundred and fifty dollars that was needed. This additional sum the mother secured from one of her customers, who willingly advanced it without interest and agreed to take it back in the form of work.

A Surprised Husband

Finally there came an eventful day when the transaction was completed and the wife went back to the old home with the deed of her cottage in her pocket. That night the husband came home drunk. When he woke next morning she told him that she was now the owner of a house in her own name, shook the deed in his face as proof, and told him that unless he mended his ways she would not tolerate him any longer. That gave the husband a good deal to think about. As soon as he collected his fuddled thoughts he hunted up a lawyer who was a local oracle and asked him if it was possible, in a free country like the United States, for a wife to secrete savings from her lawful husband and invest them in real estate in her own name. The oracle assured him it was, absolutely. That impressed the husband, and the more he pondered matters the more the seriousness of the situation came home to him. When his wife was starting to church the following morning he announced that he would go along—something that had not happened for years. At church he told the parish priest that he wanted to take the pledge for a year. Next day he hunted up a steady job in a coalyard at ten dollars a week.

That was more than five years ago, and he has kept his pledge and worked ever since. The mortgage on the cottage has been cleared off and the erstwhile "widow" no longer goes out washing, but stays at home to take care of her children and to see that they get started in life.

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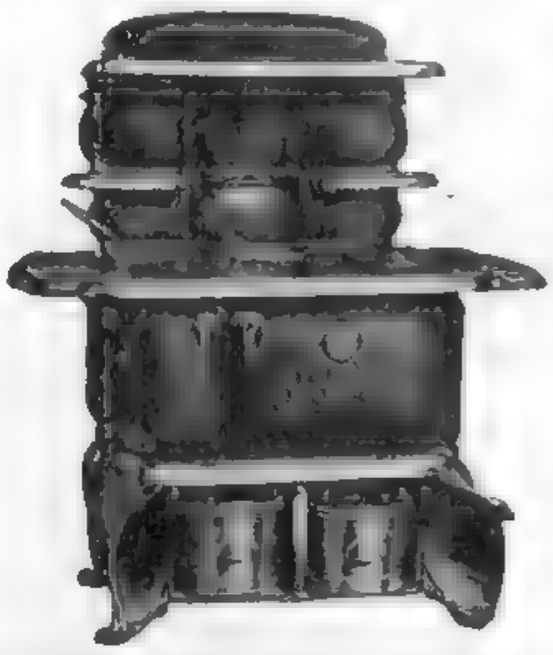

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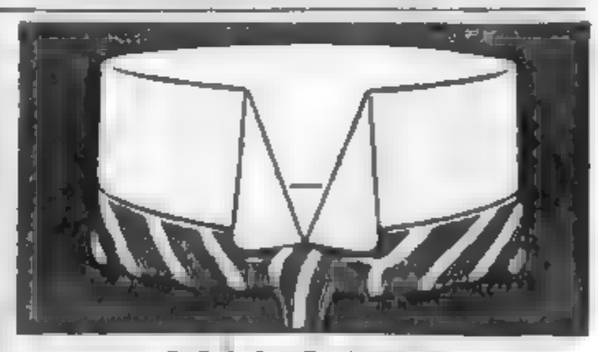

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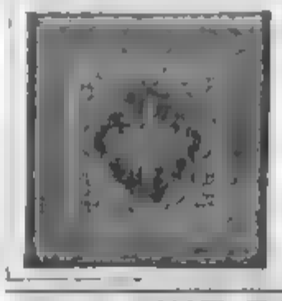

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Farming With Power and Electric Light

Continued from Page 7

against the horse. Power farmers are quick to respond to this point with the statement that the tractor engine does its work so much more efficiently than does the horse team that the difference in crop results forces itself to the front as the big consideration. This is especially true in the case of dry farming and of farming in any region where the rainfall is uncertain or under normal. In the section already referred to, where horseless farming is the prevailing fashion, the farmers point to the fact that theirs is practically the only region of the Northwest where a full flax or wheat crop has been harvested in this year of widespread drought. The reason for this, it is asserted, lies in the ability of the powerful tractor to follow the gang-plows with a heavy clod crusher the instant the ground is open and before the sun and wind have had an opportunity to exhaust its moisture. This applies to all of the processes of working the soil, so that in the operations on the land only the smallest fraction of moisture is allowed to escape.

Again, deeper plowing means millions of dollars in added yield to any wheat-growing section of the country, particularly in the dryer regions. The difference in the flax yield, as between team farming and horseless farming, in the region about Beach, North Dakota, is held to be three to five bushels an acre in favor of power cultivation. One farmer who was plowing his stubble for wheat with a six-horse outfit was stopped in the field and asked:

"Why don't you turn your soil to a depth of six inches as your neighbors do?"

"Because," was his prompt answer, "if I plowed six inches deep I wouldn't get through before it freezes. You can't do it that way with horses."

No humanitarian can travel through the wheat country of the Northwest without becoming an enthusiastic advocate of horseless farming, for the reason that the strongest and heaviest draft-horses, with the best of care and feeding, are subjected to a killing strain under the heavy work of the season. Literally hundreds of them drop dead in the fields every year, not because the farmer is lacking in consideration for his faithful animals, but because the work must be done and because that work is beyond the strength and endurance of the ordinary draft-horse. Under the pressure of his necessities the farmer overestimates the capacity of his animals. Again, the working life of a draft-team in the wheat-farming regions is probably shorter than it is anywhere else. At the same time, horses there seldom if ever suffer from underfeeding or from lack of care. The work is simply too much for the average team, and consequently the horse goes down under the strain, either by sudden death in the harness or by swift wasting. The oncoming of the age of horseless farming can have no warmer welcome than from the horse and his friends!

What Horses Cannot Do

It should be remembered also, in this connection, that the hottest and driest seasons, which are hardest upon horses, require the most fieldwork in order to make a crop. Every soil operation must be instantly followed by another until the crop is finally "put by" for the harvest. This means high-pressure work night and day in order to retain every particle of moisture in the soil—and the drier and the hotter the season, the higher the pressure! There seems to be no escape from the general verdict of farmers in the great wheat section that the horse has neither the power nor the endurance to do the necessary amount of work when it must be done to meet the demand of crop-making in a dry region or in a season of uncommon drought.

Other influences that are throwing the coming of the horseless age up to a high speed are the scarcity, the constantly increasing cost and the increasing inefficiency of common farm labor. Today a farmhand who plows five acres of stubble ground with a five-horse team, pulling a two-bottom gangplow, does a stiff day's work. Yet even one of the lighter tractor engines, manned by an engineer and a plow-pilot, will operate a gang of six to eight plows and break twenty acres of sod or turn twenty-five acres of stubble ground in a ten-hour day. In every operation of farming the use of the tractor greatly reduces the number of hands required. At the same time, the men who are employed by the horseless farmers are of a higher grade than the ordinary drifting field laborer of the Northwest. They are more easily handled, often become permanently attached to the place, and frequently become devoted to the interests of their employers.

There are millions of acres of productive land in Texas, Colorado, Wyoming and Idaho beyond the reach of irrigation at a practical cost. Dry farming is the only method by which these semiarid tracts may be coaxed into converting their fertility into crops. Here is undoubtedly where horseless farming will score its most signal success, for it is believed by practical observers that only the tractor engine has the power and endurance to subjugate these dry wastes and meet the strenuous demands that dry farming imposes upon the power that pulls the soil-stirring machines during the period of crop-making in a dry-farming region.

Many of the processes of dry farming in order to insure success at certain times call for an expenditure of power quite beyond the capacity of the horse. No team of horses, for example, is equal to pulling at one operation a set of plows followed by a subsoil packer, which is in turn followed by a leveler and a smoothing harrow; and yet the combination of all these processes is of the greatest advantage to the dry-farmer, when the loss of a small degree of the moisture already in the soil will certainly make a heavy discount in his yield.

To see a field where the young grain is already six inches high invaded by a tractor engine hauling a set of harrows is a sight to make an Illinois farmer shiver with righteous horror. Yet this is exactly what happens in the semiarid West, where dry farming is rigidly practiced up to the full standard of the theory.

Lessons in Dry Farming

On the Madison Plateau, west of Bozeman, is a farm operated by a former miner. When he began his agricultural operations there, about ten years ago, he was generously ridiculed. He started in a small way and found that he could raise paying crops on his plateau by the dry-farming method. The last rainfall generally comes early in June. Last year, after the last rain of the season, he went through some of his fields, where the grain was several inches high, and combed them with a smoothing harrow, the teeth of which slanted a little backward; but he wasn't able to cover all of his fields in this manner, as he was not then a horseless farmer. That harvest taught him a lesson. From the fields that were combed with the smoothing harrow when the grain had reached a stand of six inches he obtained a yield double that produced by the fields where the soil was undisturbed after the last rain. This year his horses were supplanted by a tractor engine, and from one thousand acres he harvested a crop of twenty thousand bushels of grain—nearly all of it wheat. His smoothing harrows are hitched to a long gaspipe drawbar and cover a swath eighty feet in width. By harvest time the eye cannot detect where the tractor wheels have crushed down the young grain. Another farmer covers eighteen hundred acres of growing grain twice in a season with smoothing harrows—a task manifestly impossible under horse-power.

In all wheat sections summer fallowing is the prevailing practice. Its main purpose is to expose the ground to the action of the sun and air for the purpose of liberating the plant food not available for the nourishment of the crop without that exposure. Incidentally, of course, there is the further and scarcely less important object of turning under the weeds before they reach the seedling stage. While the grain is growing and ripening the weeds are getting a good foothold, and as soon as the grain is cut they start up and grow at an almost unbelievable pace. Every day that is allowed to elapse between the cutting of a field of grain and the turning under of its stubble is a period of riot for the weeds. This is a problem of extreme difficulty to

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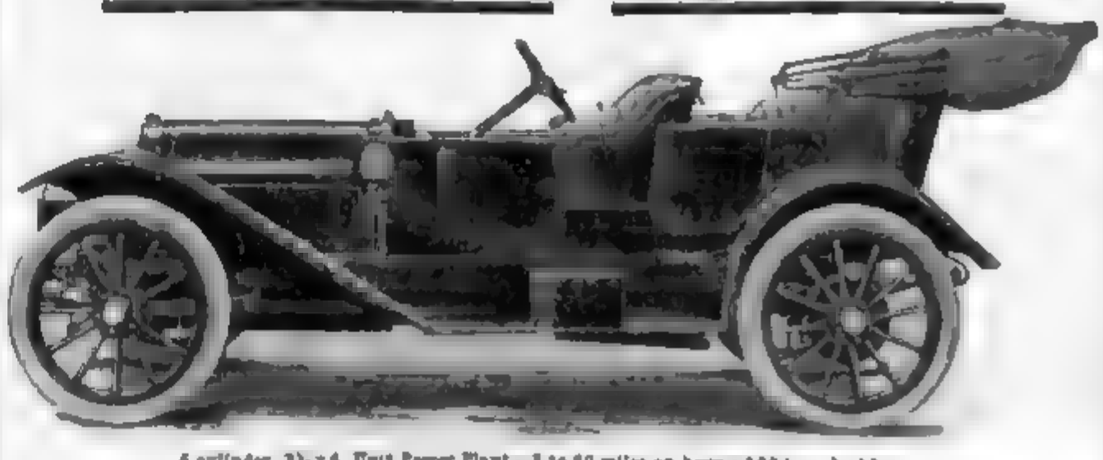

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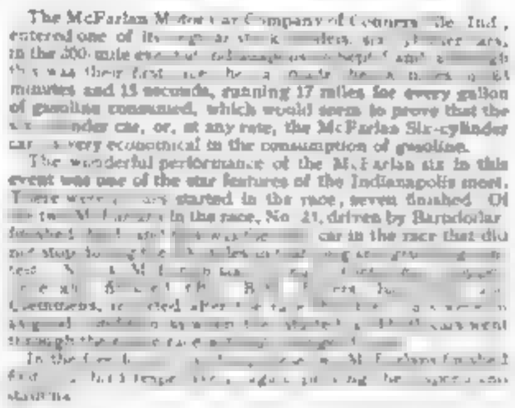

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the team farmer which is overcome with admirable ease by horseless-farming methods. After a reaper has cut one swath around the field it is mated with a six-bottom gang of plows and the tractor hauls them both around the field, the plows turning the soil on which stood the first swath of grain and the harvester cutting a second swath and dropping the bundles upon the freshly turned ground. With this combination the weeds have not a moment's benefit of their liberation from the overshadowing grain, and the soil is busy at its work of summer fallowing the instant the crop is removed. Contrast this with the slower process of team farming. No team outfit can handle more than one process at a time. Harvesting is the big thing—the crux of the season—and everything else must stand aside for that. It demands the full powers of every man and every horse at the command of the team farmer, and he is very fortunate if he does not find himself shorthanded under the pressure of the harvest. Therefore the weeds must stand from the cutting of the first swath until the last bushel of the crop is threshed and hauled. Perhaps this generally means several weeks of growth to the weeds in the fields first harvested; at any rate, the team farmer who is able to plow his fields within a week after the grain has been removed is both forehanded and fortunate.

Another vital consideration enters into this comparison between horse farming and power farming. In order to compass his harvest the team farmer with large acreage is often, if not generally, forced to start cutting when his grain is a little green, and before he has finished his last field it is overripe and is beginning to drop its kernels. Manufacturers of tractor engines claim that horseless farming saves forty to fifty cents an acre in the cost of plowing and thirty cents an acre in harvesting; that two to three bushels an acre are gained because of early harvesting, and another two to three bushels an acre in money value are gained because of early threshing—it being well known that wheat threshed early generally grades higher than the late-threshed grain. In other words, the horseless farmer can cut and thresh his grain when it is prime and right; the team farmer must often get a number-two grade for wheat that would have graded number one if he could have cut and threshed it at the right moment. These claims of economies, which annually amount to thousands of dollars to farmers with large acreage in grain, seem to be supported by the farmers who have had experience with both methods.

Again, it is undeniable that the early grain gets the cars, which is a vital consideration in the rush and pressure of the crop-moving season. Also the horseless farmer is generally able to get his seed into the ground ten days or two weeks earlier than his neighbor who must depend upon horse power—and the chances of a good yield are generally on the side of the fields that are sown early.

Ingenuity in the Wheatfield

Though a train of five huge harvesters, in tow of a tractor, cutting through a field of standing wheat is an impressive sight, modern farming furnishes nothing so spectacular as a night-plowing scene in a level, horseless-farming country, when the powerful electric headlights of these tireless tractors pierce the darkness with their funnel-shaped shafts of light that may be seen miles away. Such a scene visualizes the industrial greatness of America with a power that leaves little to the imagination.

To return to the diagonal tandem of harvesters, it has one metropolitan touch—a bell-cord, like that of street cars, which is pulled whenever any one of the machines is disabled. At this signal the hitch is so adjusted that the harvester next in order takes up the cut of the disabled machine, and the battalion moves forward with closed ranks and a diminished swath.

Sometimes a combined harvester and thresher is used with a tractor, but this is practicable only where the grain has a good, firm stand and is dead ripe. This is commonly called a "combine." Although in some instances the turning, pulverizing and seeding of stubble ground has been accomplished at one operation, usually it is done in two courses—the second rig that passes over the ground being a disker and seeder.

Working with a tractor by night is one of the very attractive possibilities of horseless farming because it enables a man, during rush seasons of the year, to do twice as much work in one twenty-four-hour period as he could otherwise accomplish. Night work with horses is not only impracticable but essentially impossible, as no farm could afford to maintain throughout the year a double force of horses in order to do night work in a special emergency.

Farming by searchlight might well be called crop insurance, because it is, in a large measure, insurance against a poor crop or a large amount of damage to a good crop.

In Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana and Canada the growing season is very short, and the man who can get upon his ground at the first opportunity in the spring, and disk up his fall plowing and seed his wheat, almost invariably gets a better yield and an earlier harvest than the man who gets his seed in ten days or two weeks later. The question of early harvest is a very vital one, especially in Canada, because the grain that matures early is more likely to escape the early frosts that are always a possibility in some parts of Western Canada and frequently do great damage to crops.

Harvest is another critical time in those sections; the weather frequently turns hot and the grain ripens up very quickly, and if a man has a large harvest he is unable to get it all into the shock when he uses horses for farming, until some of it has begun to shell or lodge. Furthermore, at harvesttime in those sections there is always great possibility of severe hailstorms that practically ruin a crop that is not in the shock, or heavy rainstorms that lodge it badly, causing great loss. The man who owns a tractor is insured against such calamities as these because he can go out, and with one tractor can cut from one hundred to one hundred and ten acres a day, working one shift. Then there is the added advantage of night work.

A high type tractor, for example, by working night and day, can disk one hundred acres of fall plowing in one twenty-four-hour period. It can seed the same amount in the same time, and in harvest can cover two hundred to two hundred and twenty acres in the twenty-four hours.

Plowing by Searchlight

Plowing is the easiest work to do at night by searchlight because there is very little to look after behind the engine. It was by working night and day during the breaking season of 1909 that Mr. J. R. Smith accomplished such a large amount of work. Had he not worked night and day he could not with two engines have broken, disked and seeded more than one thousand acres of flax in the one season. Possibly he might have made two sections with one engine, but the last of his seeding would have been quite late in June, and it can readily be seen that if he had only succeeded in getting a thousand or twelve hundred acres into crop his net earnings would have been about one-third of what they were.

A number of farmers, who operate a section or a section and a half with only one tractor, thresh with their engine during the daytime and plow with it at night. They thresh right out of the shock and arrange their work so that they clear off a strip the full length of their field the first day's threshing, and then turn the engine loose with the plows at night. They turn over twenty to twenty-five acres during the night, and the next day they thresh again. Threshing by artifical light is not now a general practice, but it seems altogether probable that it will become far more common as the advantage of night work, in emergencies, becomes more widely realized. Again, it is not unreasonable to expect that the general equipment for lighting will become improved so that some of the obstacles to night threshing will be eliminated.

There are two favorite methods of illuminating for night work with the tractor. One is by means of acetylene headlights, similar to those used on automobiles. In plowing, for example, a large headlight is placed on the front of the tractor and another on the rear to illuminate the plows. This outfit costs about fifty or sixty dollars and is generally very satisfactory.

There seems to be, however, some preference for the electric headlight. For this purpose a very powerful magneto is used—which also serves to furnish the current for the sparking device. Besides the two searchlights on the front and the

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rear of the tractor—a small hand lamp is hung in the top of the canopy. This is attached to a long cord so that it may be readily moved about the outfit for the purpose of exploring the engine or other machinery.

Where a man operates an outfit night and day he usually has one crew that works from morning until night, and another that runs through the night. A few of the horseless farmers, however, who have taken up the practice of night work at the high pressure point of the season have arranged their shifts to change at noon instead of at night and morning.

In the semiarid sections of the Southwest, where dry farming is rigidly practiced, this possibility of operating a tractor at night has immense advantages, as experience has shown the farmers that if their ground is plowed when it is moist the yield the following year will be twenty to twenty-five per cent greater than if it is plowed when it is dry. The same principle applies to any process of stirring the soil after a period of moisture. It is hardly too much to say that the ability of the dry farmer to conduct his operations through the night, in addition to the day, often makes all the difference to him of a good crop instead of a poor one or a failure on a large portion of his fields. His success depends upon retaining the scanty rainfall, and the only way this can be done is by stirring the surface of the ground quickly before the fierce sun can exhaust the moisture.

The Cost of Tractors

On the general score of economy it can hardly be denied that, compared with team farming, horseless farming has the best of it, as to the investment required, the labor involved and the cost of maintenance—to say nothing of more thorough and effective work. Good working teams today bring five hundred to six hundred dollars. Farmers seem to agree that a so-called twenty-horse-power tractor will do the work of ten horses. The cost of a tractor of this power, or near it, is in the neighborhood of twenty-five hundred dollars. In South Dakota, for example, a tractor of this power will average twenty-three acres a day of stubble plowing, the engineer receiving six dollars and the plow-pilot five dollars and forty cents. There is no doubt among farmers who have tried both methods that the maintenance cost of keeping horses capable of doing the work of the tractor is much in excess of the operating—fuel and lubrication—expenses of the machine; for horses eat all the year round while the tractor eats only when it works.

The head of a large farming enterprise in the Red River Valley has this to say regarding his experience in horseless farming:

"Last spring we took out three gas engines—two of thirty horse-power and one of twenty-five horse-power. The two larger tractors were set to breaking, each pulling eight sixteen-inch plows; and the other drew four large rollers next to the engine and three twelve-foot drills. With these three outfits we broke and sowed to flax fifteen hundred acres of prairie sod. This required forty gallons of gasoline a day to each engine. To turn and seed fifty acres a day required a crew of six men on the machines and one to handle the supply of water and gasoline. We figure that it would have required eighty-four horses and twenty-four men to do the same work."

The extremely heavy steam and internal-combustion tractor engines are not suited to any save the heaviest farmwork without an overexpenditure of power; but tractors of a lighter type may be fairly described as general-utility machines—the variety of uses to which they are put depending in large measure upon the resourcefulness and ingenuity of those owning and operating them.

In almost every emergency of farmwork requiring a heavy expenditure of power, the tractor engine may be brought into service, provided its owner has sufficient ingenuity. Not infrequently, for example, the horseless farmer has harnessed his tractor to a block-and-tackle outfit and moved farm buildings with ease and dispatch, without being compelled to resort to the services of a professional "mover."

There is a bigness, a swing and a spectacular charm to horseless farming that can scarcely fail to make it attractive to men who are of the sort to do big things, and to whom the old-style farming has looked petty and little.

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Illustrated Songs Burlesqued in the Home, Using Snapshots, Post Cards or Clippings

Words and music copyrighted 1909, U. S. and Canada, by Jerome H. Remick & Co., New York and Detroit

Selections from "Where the Daisies Bloom," showing how you can work up illustrated songs with snapshots of your friends, and show them, greatly enlarged on a sheet or screen, by means of the

Mirroscope

IMPROVED 1911 MODEL

A GALE of laughter will greet the singing of this song or any others, in your home, before your family and friends, if you illustrate it in burlesque with the Mirroscope.

If you use snapshots of two people known to all the company, the conjunction of picture and song can't fail to be funny—whether the poses are appropriate or not.

Previous preparation with a kodak can produce an uproariously funny set of illustrations by posing two persons in burlesque or melodramatic attitudes, or perhaps by catching them unawares. You can combine separate snapshots of two people who never expected to be seen in such close proximity. You can show the versatility of the young man by giving him a different companion in each picture. Or you can use comic picture post-cards—as they are, or with heads cut from family photographs and pasted on. Thus a little ingenuity will provide unique entertainment for many winter evenings.

The Mirroscope Makes it Easy

You need no expensive plates, slides or complicated equipment and connections. Five minutes to hang your screen and set up the instrument and you are ready to show your pictures.

Any snapshot, post-card, painting, sketch, clipped illustration or other object that can be put in at the back of the Mirroscope is instantly reproduced on the screen in original colors and magnified to several feet in diameter.

The Mirroscope is economical, very easy to operate and always ready on short notice.

Sold by Photo-Supply and Hardware Stores and by Photo Departments of Dry Goods, Department and Toy Stores.

Look for the name "Mirroscope" and accept no substitute.

If you can't find the style you wish in your town, send money direct to us and we will ship you the Mirroscope you select, express prepaid. In Canada add one dollar to cover duty and prepaid express.

The Mirroscope in Operation

The above picture shows family and friends at an evening of Illustrated songs and other Mirroscope entertainments

Many Mirroscope Uses

Among the many possible ways of using the Mirroscope are those suggested below. It is impossible to do more than hint at a few. The ingenuity and taste of each user will suggest many others.

The Mirroscope can be used to illustrate a great number of guessing games, such as "Autograph Ghosts," advertising trade-marks, popular proverbs, names of books, etc.

To show kodak, post-card, coin, stamp, autograph and other collections;

To illustrate familiar songs from snapshot photographs;

To illustrate vacation experiences, trips abroad, etc.

For plays and charades in miniature.

The Mirroscope has unlimited possibilities for amusing and interesting children:

Geography lessons—illustrated by views of cities, mountains, national costumes, famous buildings, racial types, products of soil, etc.

History lessons—famous men and women, great battles on sea or land, arts and inventions, etc.

Illustrated folk-lore, fairy-stories, Mother Goose, etc.

Natural-history talks—with pictures of birds, flowers, fish or animals.

The children can also entertain the family by reading or reciting original stories or well-known ones, showing illustrations clipped from periodicals.

Write for Free Booklet "Mirroscope Entertainments"

Many forms of Mirroscope entertainment described in detail by Mirroscope enthusiasts. Many others suggested. Several never before published. Complete Catalog and price-list

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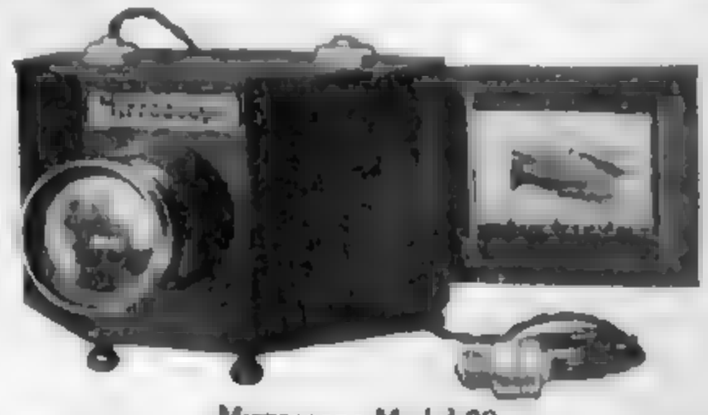


Mirroscope Model 99

Shown here as equipped for electricity, but is also made for gas and acetylene. Has double lens system, shows pictures clear to the edge, doesn't get hot, focuses perfectly, covered with leatherette. Price $15. Other models from $3 to $20

CAMPHOR AND THE HEAD HUNTER--By RENÉ BACHE

A CURIOUS problem, wherein the principal factors are certain trees, a few ingenious scientific workers and a large number of head-hunting savages, is now in process of working itself out through the operation of the inexorable law of supply and demand.

The trees are camphor trees, which grow in the forests of the island of Formosa. The scientists are clever industrial chemists who have found a means of making artificial camphor out of turpentine. The head hunters are tribes that dwell in the mountainous interior of Formosa and are chronically opposed to the business of distilling natural camphor for export.

The situation is interesting for more reasons than one, but especially on account of the enormous increase in the demand for camphor within the last few years. Great quantities of the substance are consumed in the manufacture of celluloid. It enters likewise into the composition of smokeless gunpowder, now used by the armies and navies of all the civilized nations. Other employments for it have rapidly multiplied, one of the latest being a leather substitute known commercially as "pergamoid."

Thus it came about that, whereas in 1868 a tub of camphor holding two hundred and twenty pounds could be bought for sixteen dollars and fifty cents, in 1907 the price was one hundred and sixty-eight dollars. Although exports of the stuff from Formosa and Japan were more than thirteen times as great in 1907 as in 1868, the wholesale cost of the crude article was multiplied by ten! This was very expensive to the consumer, and many housewives fell back upon "moth balls" and other cheap substitutes, mostly derived from coal-tar.

Now it was inevitable that, with crude camphor selling at seventy-five cents a pound wholesale, the attention of industrial chemists should be drawn to the possibility of producing the substance by synthetic means in the laboratory; in fact, they had already been at work for some time on that problem. In 1907, when exports of the natural product from the Orient were largest and prices highest, great quantities of artificial camphor were suddenly thrown upon the market by German manufacturers.

This caused a tremendous drop in the price. Exports of camphor from Japan and Formosa fell off nearly one-half in the following year, and it was generally supposed that the knell of the camphor-producing industry of the Far East had been sounded. Many new camphor factories were started in Germany and millions of dollars of capital were embarked in this new and promising enterprise.

The Moth Ball Rivalry

The processes used for making synthetic camphor were various and some hundreds of patents on them were taken out, but all of them depended fundamentally upon the discovery that "pinene," a substance existing in the volatile oil of turpentine, could be converted into camphor. One of the chemical methods of accomplishing this end consisted in heating oil of turpentine with oxalic acid, treating the resulting mixture with lime, and distilling the product to separate the camphor thus evolved from the "borneol"—a compound allied to camphor—with which it was mingled. Then the borneol was oxidized to convert it into camphor.

The makers of synthetic camphor, however, were by no means destined to have things all their own way. Quite the contrary, indeed. For the Japanese Government, which practically controls the natural camphor supply of the world—holding the industry in Formosa and Japan as a monopoly—promptly cut prices to a point where the manufacturers of the artificial product found themselves unable to compete. Consequently many of the manufacturers have gone bankrupt, and the future of synthetic camphor does not look very bright at the present time.

That the operations of a few enterprising chemists in Germany should give rise to war in the Orient seems surprising, to say the least; yet this is exactly what has come about as one of the consequences of the new competition between artificial camphor and the natural product. In view of the situation here described, Japan has decided that everything possible must be done to augment the output of the gum and to systematize the industry—the idea being, of course, that the monopoly shall be enabled to supply the world's market with all the camphor it wants at prices which the synthetic manufacturers cannot meet.

The first and most important step in this direction is to pacify the island of Formosa, which is the principal source of the camphor supply. This great island, which is about as large as Sardinia and Corsica put together, being two hundred and thirty-five miles long and seventy-five miles wide, has a very mountainous interior. Since prehistoric times the interior has been occupied by wild tribes, seemingly of Malay origin, which are uncompromisingly hostile to civilization.

Thus, during many centuries, the situation of Formosa in a political sense has been very peculiar. A narrow belt of civilization, so to speak, occupied mainly by Chinese, has encircled it along the seacoast, though the interior has been under an undisputed savage domination. Unfortunately the savages, being warlike and strong in numbers, have not hesitated to make periodical raids upon the coast settlements, such forays often resulting in considerable loss of life.

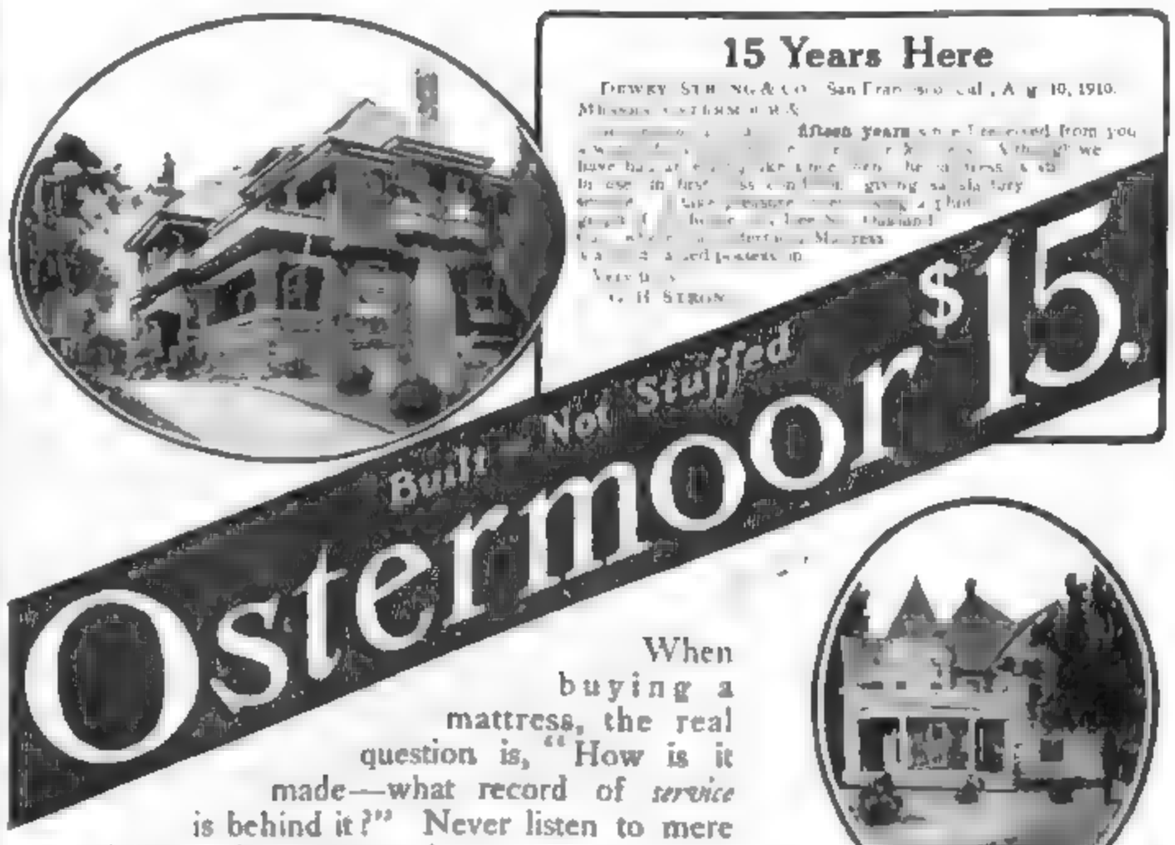
Exciting Times for Camphor Men

China—until recently the owner of Formosa—allowed this situation to continue, the problem being difficult to handle and easier to let alone than to bother with. As will be remembered, Japan took the island away from China a few years ago as the result of a war, and since then she has been trying to bring about a pacification by humane but effective means. The principal military measure consisted in the establishment of a so-called "guard line," which, with small fortified outposts at intervals along it, extended around the entire area occupied by the savage tribes. This cordon has been pushed steadily toward the middle of the island year after year, with the idea of restricting the hostile aborigines to a territory smaller and smaller until all of them should be brought under civilized control.

Under the plan as laid out, this process of compulsory pacification would have required fifteen more years, terminating in 1925; but the scheme has been upset by the recent trouble in the camphor market, and, as a result, the whole business is to be wound up inside of a year. Japan has appropriated seven million one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to pay the military expenses, and the work of putting things into orderly shape on the island will be telescoped, so to speak; in fact, it has already been begun. The savages are ferocious, but the Japanese, as all of their history has shown, can be ferocious likewise when occasion demands, and those of the bloodthirsty aborigines who decline to submit will take the consequences.

It is in the mountainous interior of the island that the camphor trees grow, and the camphor-getters, incidentally to their employment, are exposed to much danger. The savages are enthusiastic head hunters, and from their point of view there is nothing quite so desirable in the world as the head of a Chinaman or a Japanese. Any foreigner's head will serve their purpose, however; they do not care for those of members of rival tribes nearly so much. A young warrior with a thirst for glory will deem his time well spent in waiting many days, hiding near a lonely path through the forest, just to get one chop at a passing camphor-worker.

Bands of half a dozen or more head hunters will lie in wait for the camphor-getters or attack them while they are at work. Thus the business is attended by no little excitement, and camphor operators who establish distilleries in the forests are obliged, in order to obtain the requisite laborers, to pay them enormous wages—as much as ninety cents a day for a native



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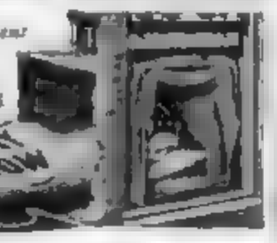

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or two dollars a day for a Japanese. This is about ten times the ordinary price of labor in that part of the world.

Unluckily the finest camphor trees seem to flourish in those regions where the fiercest savages dwell. This is especially true of the northern part of Formosa, where, over a wide area that is extremely difficult of access by reason of its rugged topography, the bloodthirsty Atayal hold sway.

Among the Atayal a lad does not achieve recognition as a man until he has taken the head of a Japanese or a Chinaman. Then the young women of his tribe begin to cast favoring glances upon him, coy, yet inviting. He chooses a bride, and with dainty fingers she weaves for him a network bag to serve as a receptacle for carrying heads. Finally, through distinction gained by taking many heads, he may become a chief. His collection of skulls will excite the envy of rivals, and he will place them on exhibition, in obedience to the tribal custom, on a series of shelves made of stone slabs.

The Japanese, in their military operations, will have their work cut out for them, inasmuch as somewhat more than half of the entire area of the island still remains in possession of the savages. They are split up into nine distinct groups, which are mutually hostile and differ in customs and languages.

As already stated, the camphor business in Formosa is a monopoly of the Japanese Government, the privilege of engaging in it being granted to individuals and companies upon application. A certain territory is allotted to each operator, and he must confine himself to the particular district designated in his license. Thereupon he sets up a "stove" or still in a suitable place, where camphor trees are conveniently at hand, and begins work. All of his product has to be sold to the Government, however, at a price set by the latter.

The tree is a kind of laurel and attains great size—sometimes as much as twelve feet in diameter. After being chopped down it is cut into chips with chisel-like knives—the smaller the chips the better for distilling purposes. The still is a crude affair, but does the work satisfactorily. It yields two products—crude camphor and camphor oil. The former is packed in tubs and boxes for export to America and Europe. The oil is shipped to Japan in old kerosene cans, which afford cheap receptacles of suitable size, and is there distilled, yielding a poor grade of crude camphor and incidentally a valuable by-product called safrol, or artificial oil of sassafras, used in compounding perfumes.

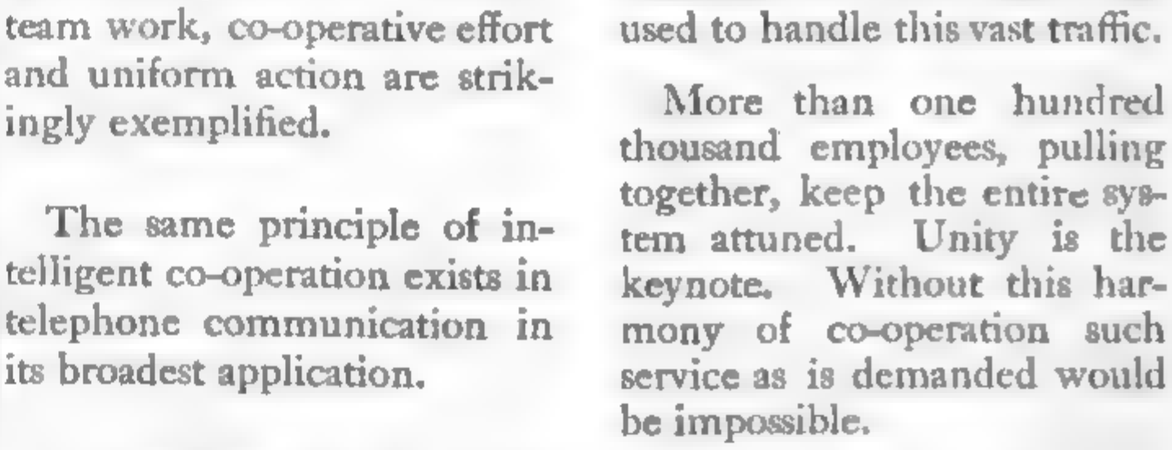
The Future of Camphor

The refined camphor which one buys in clear blocks, beautiful to the eye, is the result of subjecting the crude camphor to redistillation by a scientific method, the vapor passing into chambers lined with enameled brick, and falling to the floor as "flowers of camphor."

The total number of camphor stoves now in operation in Formosa is 7834. Twenty-five thousand natives and nearly five thousand Japanese are employed in the business, the yearly output of which is about 6,650,000 pounds. At this rate the camphor trees—mainly scattered over the eastern half of the island—should last about forty-five years. But the Government is enforcing laws to conserve this important natural resource, and is planting large areas with camphor trees to provide for the future. The seed is mostly imported from Japan and large nurseries of young trees are maintained for free distribution.

Everything possible is being done to maintain the camphor crop in perpetuity, and even to increase it. This does not necessarily mean that camphor will be cheaper to the consumer; but the Japanese Government, which controls the supply of the natural article, will get it at a much less cost, and will thus be able, with an ample supply always on hand, to fix the price at a point low enough to shut out the synthetic manufacturer by making the business of the latter unprofitable. Fortunately for the consumer, the competition of the synthetic product may be expected in the future to keep the cost of camphor far below what it was in 1907.

Much refining of camphor is done in the United States, the crude product being admitted free of duty, whereas refined camphor must pay six cents a pound.



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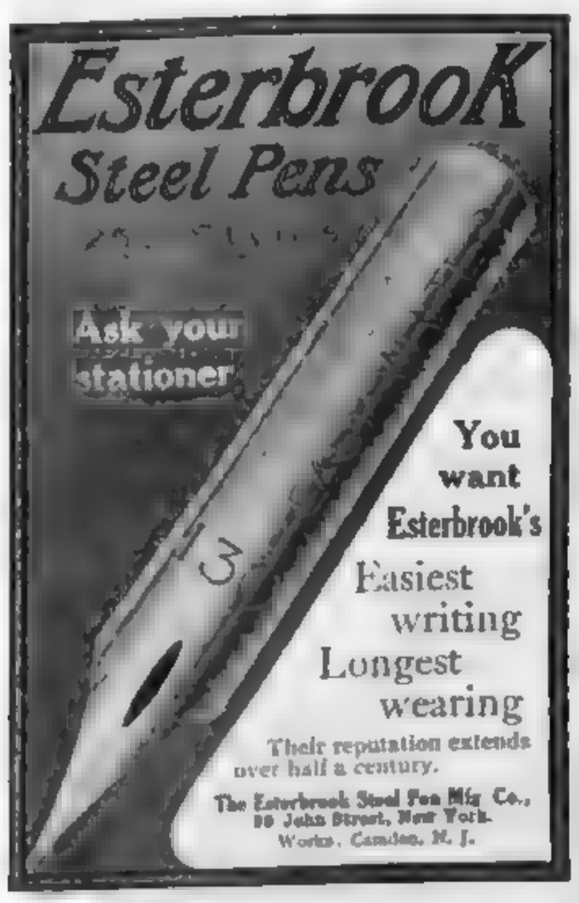

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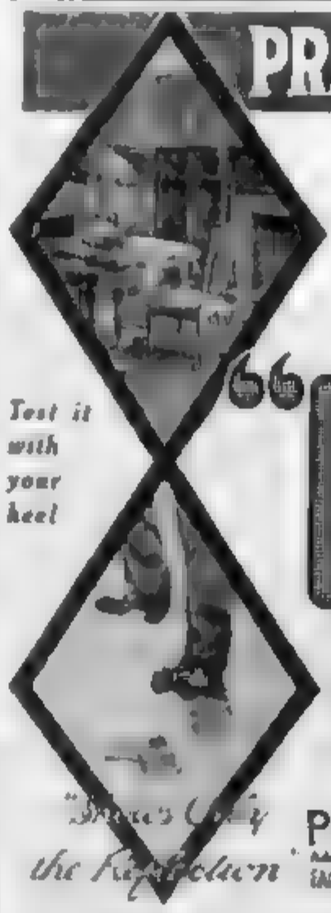

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THE FAILURE

(Concluded from Page 21

what small amount of cash I had in my pocket could go toward current development.

"Well," said Uncle George, "I'm glad to hear Old Piety is doing the decent thing at last. He owes me a good turn after the way he crabbed that laundry combine"—(ye gods! here was a new view of it). "Oh, it's quite true, though I suppose you're too young to remember! He saw it was a nailing good thing, so he spread rumors about the unsoundness of the business till he could buy in the one-pound shares at about four shillings, and so get control cheap. The trouble was he overdid it. People got scared when the slump set in, and wouldn't send their washing—afraid the combine would steal their shirts, I suppose. And so he got landed like every one else. Naturally he was sore. I'm glad he's seen the error of his ways and come into this new deal I'm able to offer him. I'll take darned good care he doesn't crab this, though. You see, it strikes me I'm getting a bit old and a bit sick, and I can't hunt around after soft things like I could. The Esperanza's simply got to provide my pile—and Mary's. Did I tell you Dalkeith left Mary without a centavo? Fact. Sank every copper he could raise in the Esperanza. So, naturally, I've made her my heiress."

I said a small swear to myself then, that I'd keep that heiress provided with a decent income for life whether she married me or whether she didn't. I'd have given four teeth and my left foot for pluck enough to propose to her, but couldn't work up to it.

Some girls, I believe, when you're courting them, like you to give them flowers, and others you take for motor rides, and so on; but Mary's form of amusement was getting work done on the Esperanza to please George William. She soon twigged I didn't believe in it. As you know, she's far too sharp a young woman for a silly ass like me to fool for many minutes together. But her idea of dissipation was to wheedle another week's costs out of me, and I can tell you it was just pie for me to hear her do the persuading. Sometimes I'd even get her to spin it out over a whole afternoon.

I hadn't much of an income then. You see, Father prided himself on paying by results, and, as he never thought I was much good at the business in Manchester, he didn't see the force of giving me more salary that I could get rid of pretty handily. But wages in Juaquatitlan weren't like Manchester. We got our drillmen for a dollar—Mexican—a day, which is about two and a penny, and muckers never ran above seventy-five cents, so that really I found a couple of sovereigns a week went a long way in pleasing Mary.

All this time, you are to understand, poor old Uncle George had been steadily growing weaker. I didn't know definitely what was the matter, and the doctor didn't know either, though he used long names and looked as wise as his squint would let him. But Uncle presently began to know he was booked, although he'd never say so, and his anxiety to see that mine strike bonanza was pretty hard to look on at. That, as much as Mary's asking, presently began to loosen my purse-strings for the weekly paysheet.

We had chucked the shaft by this time. There was no unwatering it except with a big new sinking pump and a new boiler, which I absolutely couldn't run to. But the foreman, in fossicking around through the mesquit bushes, had come across another old adit low down on the mountainside that he thought would tap the three-hundred-foot level, and presently we were at work cleaning out the caves in this, and retimbering the soft places, and then getting two rounds of shots per day into the face. This occupation of digging holes in the Sierra Madre didn't amuse me; but when a man you're very fond of, and who's dying before your face, asks you to do it you've no way out, especially if the girl you're badly in love with backs him up.

There were three other ragged mining men in Juaquatitlan, and most evenings they would drop in and talk mining shop with Uncle George, while the tin windmill that watered the garden squeaked in the night breeze. They were all three—to hear them—the owners of untold wealth, though to the Manchester eye they were all stone broke, and I doubt if any one of them had had a square meal for a month. The one thing they were always down on me for was for looking upon mining as at all speculative. Mining, according to them, was a plain business proposition. You had so much stuff in the ground at so much value per ton; the only problem was to get it out and convert it into bullion at the lowest possible rate. When I first came out Uncle used to watch me listening to all this stuff, and I used to see the shy laugh leaking out at the corners of his lips. But as the days went on he took less interest in the talk; he'd sit looking at the low-hanging stars beyond the horizon, about a million miles away, and I got an idea that soon he'd shut his eyes and not open them again.

I was beginning to have a bit of trouble of my own, too, about this time. Development work on the Esperanza had mopped up all my ready cash, and I cabled for more. Father cabled back, not in code either, "Have you fixed up Failure's pension? Wire clearly."

I didn't wire. To start with, I'd nothing I cared to say, as Father's view would be that I'd merely failed to carry out instructions. Also, cables cost two and a penny a word, and I was beginning to count my remaining coppers. It wasn't that I believed in the mine, you know, but there seemed a chance of Uncle's lasting another day or two, and I'd just got to keep him amused.

And so, perhaps, I'd better skip the details of how Mary and I pinched and squeezed, and sold her garden truck to the Indians in the plaza, and sold my watch and spare clothes to that infernal scoundrel, the *jefe politico*, and jump on to the time when we made the strike. For make it we did, with practically the last round of shots I could afford to pay for.

It was just the head of an ore-chute sticking up in the floor of the drift, but in places it was two-thirds pure silver with high gold values, and in twenty-five-ton lots it ran to about the value of fourteen hundred pounds sterling a ton. Of course it was a lenticular deposit, which widened for a bit and then drew together, but we did not know that then, and the ore-buyers came crowding into Juaquatitlan like turkey buzzards over a dead pig.

But even that couldn't keep Uncle alive. He just drifted out. He died in his chair on the piazza the evening after we had got into bonanza, looking at those far-off stars and listening to the squeak of the windmill.

I was for clearing out then. My usefulness seemed to have ended, you see, for Mary was a great heiress. But she wouldn't have it. She was awfully decent about it. So we were married by a bishop in the great amber-colored cathedral, with incense and acolytes and all the rest of it.

Of course, the Esperanza did not go on to the tune of fourteen hundred pounds a ton; but we bagged eighty thousand pounds before we cleared out that lens of ore, and we had got a pucka engineer on the job, and had done a lot of development work, and had put up a twenty-stamp mill, all out of the revenue; and besides this we had a good steady three-pounds-a-ton milling ore from twenty other faces rolling in as fast as we wanted it before the original chute finally pinched.

In fact it is from Esperanza I keep up the baronetcy now. The cotton business, as you know, soon dropped after Albert and my father died, and privately I always consider I was the Failure of the family, and not George William. You see, I always was a silly ass at business.

The Pacific Northwest is *the* Land of Opportunity

THE mighty **Columbia River** drains a fertile area that is larger than the German Empire. To the young man with a few hundred dollars saved, this section of the United States offers almost **unlimited opportunity** for the making of fortunes. The wealth is here. It is natural wealth. Ten acres devoted to orcharding or small fruit growing or poultry raising or gardening will make you **independent** in a few years if you are in **earnest** and **industrious.** Then, too, there are unlimited **opportunities** for the dairyman—the stock raiser—the lumberman—the wheat grower. The fishing industry is making fortunes.

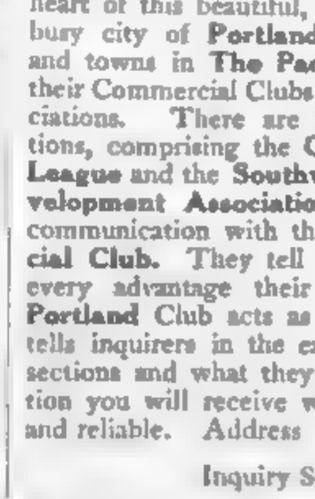
THIS great valley is rich beyond imagination. It offers absolute **independence** to millions who will come here and make their **home** and develop the land. Your **home** life will be a contented one. Your neighbors will be people whom you will like—progressive and thrifty. The climate is **ideal.** No severe cold in the winter, and no excessive heat in the summer. There are plenty of markets for anything you may raise on your land, and at **top prices.**

YOU who have a little money saved and who are interested in making most of **your opportunities**—send for **information.** The **Portland Commercial Club** is composed of 1,500 **Portland** Business men. The Club owns its own eight-story building right in the heart of this beautiful, healthful, wealthy and busy city of **Portland.** The smaller cities and towns in **The Pacific Northwest** have their Commercial Clubs or Development Associations. There are 148 of these organizations, comprising the **Oregon Development League** and the **Southwest Washington Development Association** which are in daily communication with the **Portland Commercial Club.** They tell the **Portland** Club of every advantage their section offers. The **Portland** Club acts as a clearing house and tells inquirers in the east about the different sections and what they offer. The information you will receive will be authentic, exact and reliable. Address

Inquiry Secretary

Portland Commercial Club
Portland Oregon

A "Fairy" Velocipede or Tricycle



Just anything on wheels won't do for *your* child The risk of accident from cheap machines is too great, they look common, are always needing repairs and are so hard to operate that injury to the child often results.

"*Fairy*" Velocipedes and Tricycles have *highest grade bicycle construction*—steel tubing—regular bicycle saddle—ball bearings throughout—are comfortable—easy running—afford beneficial exercise without enough effort to be harmful

The "Fairy" gives the best service—is the longest lived—costs the least for repairs—and is a little beauty. As well made as the best "man's size" bicycle. Write for descriptive booklet.

The Worthington Co. 312 Center St. ELYRIA, O.
Originators of Ball-Bearing Vehicles for Children

Eight Million People Buy "BALL-BAND" Rubber Footwear—Why?

An army of over eight million people buy "BALL-BAND" Rubber Boots and Arctics.

This famous line of Rubber and Woolen Footwear is sold in every part of the United States where foot protection is needed from rain, mud, slush, snow and cold.

More than forty-five thousand dealers now supply this host of "BALL-BAND" purchasers which grows by hundreds of thousands every year.

For nearly a quarter of a century rubber and woolen footwear bearing the "BALL-BAND" trade-mark has been the choice of wearers **who know.**

There can be only one explanation for this long popularity—for these thousands of "BALL-BAND" dealers—for these millions of "BALL-BAND" buyers.

"BALL-BAND" means everything in material—everything in workmanship combined to give the longest and most satisfactory service. (19)

Crude rubber has made amazing leaps in price in the last year—more than double its former cost.

This means temptation to cheapen the product. Buyers of *ordinary* rubber footwear will have to be more careful than ever.

But you take no chances when your rubber footwear bears the well-known "BALL BAND" trade-mark.

The **RED** Ball on Boot or Arctic means this season exactly what it has always meant—the longest wear with the hardest use—the comfort of warm, dry feet and protection from cold.

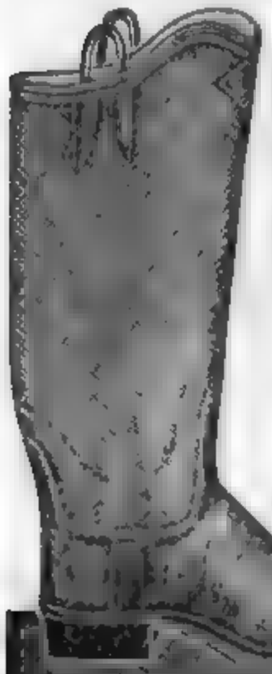
Ask your dealer for "BALL-BAND" Rubber Boots or Arctics. Be sure to see that they bear the **RED** Ball. Look on the heel.

To the Dealer!

We are making new customers for "Ball-Band" footwear in your community. These ought to come to you. With just a short letter—or even a postal card—from you we can help you make **more customers.**

Write today to our Sales Aid Department. State the conditions of the rubber footwear trade in your community. Our Sales Aid Department will give you, without any cost or obligation, important information that you should have **right now.**

Meanwhile, we are telling **everybody** about "Ball-Band" through great farm papers, newspapers and other publications, reaching twenty million people. This means every purchaser of rubber boots and arctics in reach of your store. This is going to be a great "Ball Band" year. Are you ready to meet the demand? Don't put off that letter a day.



Mishawaka Woolen Mfg. Co., Mishawaka, Ind.

Look for the TRADE MARK **NOT MADE BY A TRUST** **Red Ball**

Sense and Nonsense

Jamaica Ginger

ONCE when Charles Michaelson, editor of the Chicago American, came up from the West Indies he brought a bright young Jamaica negro with him and kept him as a servant for a year or two.

Then the Jamaica boy drifted away. Not long ago word came in to Mr. Michaelson from the anteroom of his office that a young colored man would like to see him. Mr. Michaelson had him shown in. It was the Jamaican, who was dressed to the nines in plaid clothes and looked very prosperous.

"Lord, Mr. Charley," said the visitor, "it's kind of different now than what it was in the old times, ain't it? We're both doin' pretty well an' got along in the world considerable. Here you is editor of a newspaper an' I'm a rubber for Jack Johnson."

Wanted: A Job

By a Capable Young Man

I'd like to get some pleasant job that's suited
to my skill—
Some daily task whose duties I could quite
completely fill.
Just what it is I do the best, or where I'd better
go
To look for it, I must confess I really do not
know;
But if some one is looking for a well-built,
handsome chap,
Who's just the kind that Fortune likes to
dandle in her lap,
If he will call me on the 'phone, or write a note
of hand,
He'll find me always ready to be dandled at
command.

For instance, if you're seeking for a living
ornament
To grace a quiet Drawing Room you'll find
that I'm for rent.
I look well 'gainst a mantelpiece; I'm grace-
ful in a chair,
I occupy a sofa with a most distinguished air.
Of all the human bric-à-brac that ever you
did see
There's precious little anywhere superior
to me.
I go well with all colors and am really at my
best
In giving to a Drawing Room a tasteful sense
of rest.

Or if, perchance, some Tailorman would like
a figure smart
To advertise a perfect fit for garments à la
carte,
He'll find a figure in this very graceful form
of mine
That's said by connoisseurs to be O. K. in
every line.
I'm willing, if this Tailorman should wish to
use the same,
To wear his garments in a way that's sure to
win him fame;
And every afternoon each day a little after two
To put them on and walk abroad upon the
Avenue.

Or if some Yachtsman on a cruise would like
an extra guest,
Who would enjoy a foreign trip with an un-
usual zest,
I'll gladly go along with him to lands and seas
afar—
I really do not care a jot how very far they
are—
And do my share in helping him enjoy the
things he sees
And give him some relief from all the irksome-
ness of ease—
I carry ease so very well, indeed with such
éclat,
I'd be a find at any cost in such a line as that.

But best of all the things I do is hanging
round a house,
Protecting some sweet maiden from the preda-
tory mouse;
Escorting aged ladies to the shops on bargain
days
And making myself useful in a thousand
different ways.
I ornament an opera-box, I look well in a
car,
And I am full of lively talk on subjects
popular.
And, though I do not say that it is all I'm
fitted for,
I really think I'd make a hit as some one's
Son-in-Law. —*Horace Dodd Gautt.*

The Return of the Exile

A gifted bard of Caledonia wrote
These lines which I with due submission quote:
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wand'ring on a foreign strand?"

When Walter Scott thus touched his tuneful
lyre,
Inspired by Scotch or patriotic fire,
He little dreamed, in distant years, unborn
Legions would quote his burning words with
scorn:
Exiles, home wand'ring from a foreign strand,
Who'd come to damn their own, their native
land;
Exiles from far-flung corners of the globe,
Who scoffed at Scott and imprecated Loeb.

They may rejoice their native land to see
And greet its shores with tearful ecstasy;
It may their patriotic fires arouse
Before they meet their country's custom house;
And then their patriotic ires will flame—
Then will they rend their native air; the name
Of Loeb will cause their eyes with wrath to glint
While they use language that's unfit to print.

The trav'ler learns, with mingled rage and grief,
His country treats the exile as a thief;
The dainty things, a wife and daughter's pride,
Tousled and tossed, are scatter'd far and wide
On dirty docks before the vulgar gaze;
While they themselves are subjects for X-rays.
He's welcomed home as one who wears the
brand
Of Cain in this, his own, his native land.

We ask: "Breathes there a man with soul so
dead
Who leaves one epithet he knows unsaid,
Who finds his declaration is outlawed,
Whose native land regards him as a fraud?"
We say, if such there be go mark him well—
Brand him abnormal if he does not yell!
If to the skies he raise no anguished shriek
He's either a philosopher or freak.

Ah, Walter Scott, you lived in halcyon days,
Before collectors sought the limelight's rays;
Were you alive to pass through Loeb's brigade
I'd love to read the emendations made
To those old, burning, hackneyed lines you
wrote
Which schoolboys spout and politicians quote.
I fear your patriotism would be wrecked
Where tariffs tax and Loeb-sters rude inspect.

—*Joseph Smith*

The Buffalo Up a Tree

PRIVATE JOHN ALLEN claimed there was a man in Tupelo by whom you could prove anything. This man, Allen said, would back up any statement and admit it if the statement was made persistently enough by somebody he knew.

To prove it, Allen took some friends one day and looked up this man.

"Where've you been, John?" asked one of the friends in the hearing of the ready believer.

"Oh, out West, shooting," replied Allen.

"Have any luck?"

"Fair; biggest thing I got was a buffalo."

"Buffalo, eh? Where did you get him?"

"Oh, I shot him out of a tree."

"Shot him out of a tree. Now, here, John, that's too steep. You know buffaloes can't climb trees."

"Can't climb trees?" shouted Allen. "Well, I want you to know they can climb trees. I shot this buffalo out of a tree. He was up there eating grapes. Of course I didn't find him. One of the guides did that, but I shot him just the same right out of that tree where he was eating grapes."

"Oh, cheese it, John. You know a buffalo can't climb a tree."

"I tell you they can. Don't argue with me about things you know nothing about. I should say they can climb trees—can't they, Charley?"

Allen turned to the credulous chap. He wanted to support Allen's statement, but he hung back some.

"Can't they, Charley?" asked Allen again.

"Well," said Charley judicially, "of course buffaloes ordinarily ain't much on climbing trees, but," he added hastily as Allen looked reproachfully at him, "they'll go anywhere to get grapes."

PERSON—PRIDE—PURSE

The New Richelieu Union Suit

Note absence of seams

WHAT a woman wears touches her PERSON, PRIDE and PURSE.

The new Richelieu union suit adds to the comfort of her person, gives her pride in her underwear, and touches her purse but lightly, for it sells at a dollar and a dollar and a quarter.

The only fine-ribbed union suit that is glove-fitting at the waist line, and has no side seams to torture the flesh beneath the corsets, is the Richelieu.

Guaranteed in fabric, fit and finish.

On sale at leading department and dry goods stores at a dollar and a dollar and a quarter. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and address, together with your height, weight and bust measurement, and we will see that you are served.

FRISBIE & STANSFIELD KNITTING COMPANY
Department "B"—Utica, N. Y.

For ten years manufacturers of the famous Richelieu Underwear.

When an operator tells you that she uses the

Remington

she stands up a little straighter.

She knows as well as you do that her choice of the Recognized Leader among Typewriters is a fine recommendation—one which raises her in your estimation.

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

Economical Heating

Air must be driven out, and kept out, if a Steam Heating outfit is to do its best work. Air and steam, like oil and water, do not mix. Air sneaks into the radiator through ordinary valves, and stops circulation of steam the moment the fire lags—acts as a cushion in keeping back the steam from filling the radiator. Air steals the heat you are paying for. There is just one way to stop this fuel waste—by keeping the air out of radiators and piping with

NORWALL Vacuum Valves

They keep air out of the system, and insure full heating value of radiators, and with far less coal burned.

Water, when open to the atmosphere, must be heated to 212 degrees before it can boil, but without air in the radiators or piping, water boils at 170 degrees, which enables you to get heat from your fuel even when the fire lags or when the fire is banked. This represents a large saving in fuel, usually 15% to 20% (many users save as high as 40%).

NORWALL Vacuum Air Valves and NORWALL Packless Radiator Valves when fitted to your radiators in place of the ordinary valves enable you to steadily keep the radiators hot and working. Made solely of brass—will not wear out. Never need adjusting—cannot be tampered with by irresponsible persons.

Send for free book, "New Aids to Ideal Heating," of much value to owners and tenants.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. R Chicago

Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

Shur-on SPECTACLES

Different from all others and the difference is the improvement.

As Comfortable As They Are Inconspicuous

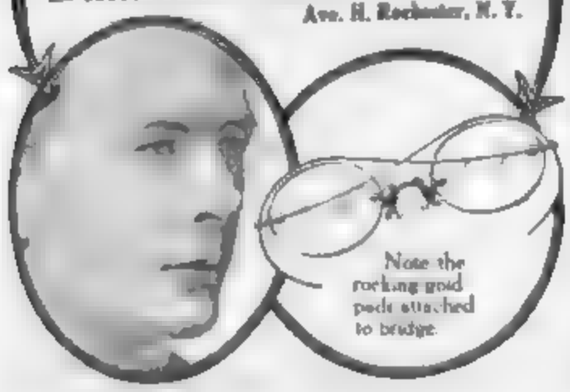
Lenses held in position by two small rocking gold pads. Properly adjusted, they will not mark the bridge of the nose, slip down or hurt behind the ears.

AT ALL BEST OPTICIANS

Send for descriptions and information that will instruct and protect you.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO. Est. 1864

Ave. H, Rochester, N. Y.



THE CAREER OF FARTHEST NORTH

(Continued from Page 17)

"Like hot cakes," Farthest replied cheerfully. "How soon can you get some more made up?"

Suspicion at once came uppermost. "Huh!" Mr. Gindle grunted, "when I get more made up hell'll be frus over."

But at the end of another week Farthest called for seven hundred razors, paying cash for them on delivery. Only three days later he notified Mr. Gindle to bring over the remainder of the stock. He seemed much disappointed when Mr. Gindle reminded him that as there had been only two thousand to begin with there were but five hundred left, and before Mr. Gindle's eyes he picked the money to pay for that five hundred out of a drawer half full of bills.

"Of course I've got plenty of other business on hand," he observed with a touch of regret as he handed over the money, "but it's really a shame to throw this little bonanza away."

Mr. Gindle let the money lie on the desk without even counting it. "Mr. North," he said respectfully and with an earnestness that was almost solemn, "is there really good money in them razors?"

"Why, see for yourself," Farthest replied, as though he were fairly out of patience with the caller. "The two thousand that I bought from you I've sold at three dollars apiece without any trouble at all, and I've got the cash in my hand before I've delivered a razor—even before I paid you for them."

Mr. Gindle was plainly dumfounded. "Three dollars apiece!" he repeated.

"Make up five thousand more," said Farthest confidently, "and I'll pay you a dollar apiece for 'em and sell 'em for three dollars apiece. I've really got so much on my hands I oughtn't to fool with this any longer; but it's a shame to throw away the money. Who owns this razor anyway? Who holds the patent?"

"The patent," Mr. Gindle replied, "is owned by a company, and I hold fifty-one per cent of the stock in it."

"Who owns the other forty-nine per cent?" Farthest demanded. "Can you buy his stock cheap? Is he up to snuff?"

Mr. Gindle leaned over the corner of the desk, his red wart glowing with a kind of infernal affection. "The man that owns the other forty-nine per cent," he said solemnly, "ain't got as much sense as a settin' hen."

"Well, great Scott, man!" Farthest exclaimed in astonishment; "what are you thinking of? Why don't you buy his stock, take over the whole thing yourself and clean up a fortune on it?"

Mr. Gindle's heavy frame seemed to quiver as a hungry dog does when it smells meat. "But how do you sell 'em?" he appealed.

"Easy as falling off a log," Farthest replied lightly. "Simply advertise 'em in the country papers—weeklies, you know, published in country towns. Here's all there is to it." Speaking thus lightly he opened a drawer in his desk and picked up the topmost of a pile of folded country newspapers. He laid the paper before Mr. Gindle and pointed to a cut two columns wide on the badly printed page. "There's the ad that sells 'em," he said.

Mr. Gindle's eye lighted on the cut, which showed the back and part of the handle of the Thayer safety razor life-size. He carefully perused the reading matter that surrounded the cut, then laid the paper down and stared speechlessly at Farthest a moment. Again he took up the paper and deliberately reread the ad. His mouth gradually opened and expanded. After that process had been going on for some time he emitted a dry chuckle.

They conversed for some minutes further. Going out, Mr. Gindle paused at the door, turned and chuckled again, nodding his head deliberately up and down. "You're all right, young man!" he pronounced with profound approval. "You've got a headpiece all right!" With that encomium he stumped out, widely agrin.

Farthest gave him time to get out of sight, then hastened to his press-agent office. Edith and her father were there awaiting him.

"Well," he said, seating himself and striving to subdue his excitement, "I've had another talk with Mr. Gindle and

Short Cuts and Money-Making Methods

Tells how to cut Expenses and Increase Efficiency in

Advertising Sales Auditing Pay Roll and Shipping Depts. and in the Secretary's Office

Get a Copy of this $1.50 Book FREE

Here is a Book Written by 512 Big, Broad-Minded Successful Business Men

"Short Cuts and Money-Making Methods" was compiled from actual methods hammered out through years of experience and brought up to date by managers and executives in 250 distinct lines of business. These men need no introduction. They have faced a thousand times the same kind of problems in handling lists of names that now confront you. The same difficulties of perfecting systematic [illegible] methods—the same delinquencies in the auditing department of prompt and correct statements—the same perplexities in your pay and shipping departments that you are dealing with today. These men have dealt with and eliminated at a profit by the money-saving short cuts explained in this book.

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Addressograph

the machine that makes the office boy the equal of twenty clerks in the handling of [illegible] names in each and every department. [illegible]

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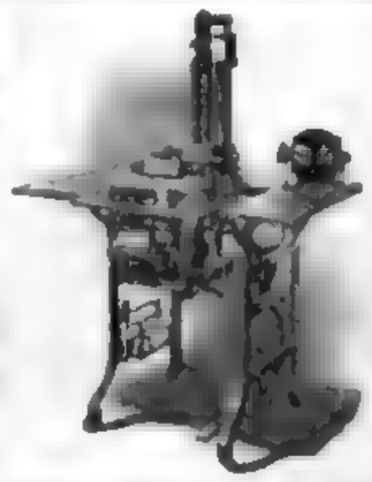

ADDRESSOGRAPH CO.
905 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

HOW can a man be thoroughly up-to-date without improved *Duofold* Health Underwear?

How else can he have such warmth without weight; fresh airy cleanliness without chill; perfect fit; and complete protection in any weather? *Two light-weight fabrics in one with air-space between*—that is the secret. A smooth cotton, linen or silk surface against you; a wool, pure silk or silkoline surface outside. Isn't that the ideal combination?

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349 Broadway, New York

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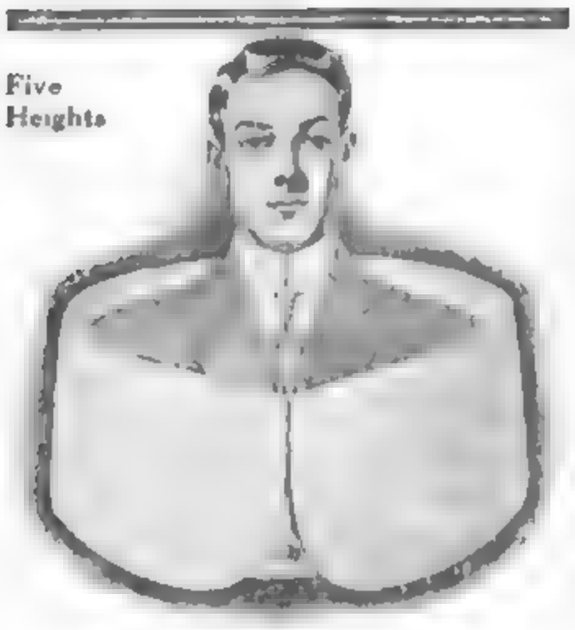


"COUNTRY CLUB"

To get a collar that looks right—not nearly right or fairly well, but right—is a great satisfaction to any man. Put "Country Club" on, and adjust your scarf—you'll get this satisfaction. It comes with

Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collars

2 for 25¢

In Canada 20c; 3 for 50c.

"Country Club" and other Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collars at the best shops. *New Style Book on request.*

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. V, Troy, N.Y.

Two Sweet Successes

It's marvelous how popular Colgan's Mint Chips and Violet Chips are!

No, it isn't, either, when you realize that here are two of the most delicious flavors imaginable, held captive in the purest and freshest of gum, all ready to delight and satisfy your desire for lasting sweet enjoyment!

Ten thin, dainty, round chips kept clean and good in their round metal box, so handily carried in vest pocket or hand bag. You certainly ought to taste them!

Mint Chips

Flavored like the good old-fashioned peppermint stick candy.

Violet Chips

Like the perfume wafted from sweet violet meadows.

Best for breath, teeth digestion. Best made flavored

5¢

Famous ball player's picture in every box.

Most [illegible] stores sells Colgan's Mint Chips and Violet Chips. If you can't [illegible]

COLGAN GUM CO., Inc.
Louisville, Ky.

WONDER OIL LAMP

Marvelous new light. Six times brighter than electricity cheapest most brilliant most satisfactory in the world. White, steady, incandescent, 100 candle power light. 40,000 sold.

FREE LAMP TO AGENTS

[illegible] wants have made from $5 [illegible] write quick—opening [illegible] version of the age. Send [illegible] stamp for your own home and [illegible]

United Factories, Dept. 10, Kansas City, Missouri

I've persuaded him he can make money selling the razors. He'll come around to buy your stock, Mr. Thayer; I'm sure of it. And now," he added very earnestly, "you hold out for five thousand dollars; but when he offers five thousand for Heaven's sake take it quick!"

"Gosh! He can have the stock for five thousand quick enough," said Mr. Thayer.

Edith said nothing at all—until her father had gone out. Then she regarded Farthest a moment with sweet gravity, impulsively inclined her shining head and held out her lovely hands. "Frank, dear! How much we owe you!" she exclaimed in simple-hearted gratitude.

Ten days later Farthest sat on the veranda of a small, obscure and inexpensive New England inn.

He was intensely happy, yet rather afraid. His acquaintance with mythology was limited, but he thought there was, or should be, some dreadful penalty for the crime of stealing a goddess. That crime he had committed. A minister had declared that Venus here beside him was his wife!

"Here's Mother's letter," she said, looking over at him with a brighter smile and offering the written sheets. "They're so happy," she added melodiously. "The place is all paid for now, and with the thousand dollars you lent him Father's getting the ground ready. We owe it to you, you clever man! But, Frank, how in the world did you persuade old Gindle to buy Father's stock? You promised to tell me."

"Oh, it was simple enough!" Farthest replied hastily. "I just mapped out a plan of advertising and told him he could sell the razors if he followed that plan."

"Really?" she exclaimed, admiring him more than ever. "Do you know, dear," she added in tender playfulness, "I believe you could do anything you tried! I'm not a bit afraid of the future, even if you haven't any settled business and only a few hundred dollars."

Farthest's heart expanded. Such was his sweet reward for having resisted the temptation to mislead her concerning his financial position. His soft, dark eyes shone at her with grateful affection. "I'll find the money all right," he affirmed confidently. "I'm going to get into something that's right now. I don't know just what it will be, but I'll find it and we'll make a go of it too!"

About the same hour Mr. Gindle also was quite happy. He sat in the shabby office of the McCormick Distributing Company opening a pile of letters and extracting from nearly every one of them three dollars in currency, bank draft or postal order.

While he was thus joyously engaged a modestly dressed, brown-bearded stranger entered and inquired courteously whether he was Mr. Gindle.

"That's my name," said Mr. Gindle.

"This is your advertisement, I believe," the stranger observed, extending a folded country newspaper.

"Well, what of it?" said Mr. Gindle, glowering belligerently—for he seemed to detect an inimical purpose in this caller.

Although the newspaper was different, the advertisement was the same that Farthest had shown him—the one, indeed, that the company invariably used. It contained a cut of the Thayer safety razor, showing the back and part of the handle of that implement. Above the cut, in large type, appeared the legend, "We Guarantee That a Child Can Run It." Beneath, the following argument was printed:

"Why break your back trying to SHAVE your lawn? Why not MOW it? There were reapers before McCormick's, but they were failures because they used a straight-edged, rigid blade. Our machine uses a notched or serrated blade that plays back and forth between projecting teeth exactly like the reaper blade. Why not adopt the true McCormick principle on your lawn? Our machine runs so easily that a child of ten can operate it for hours without fatigue. Get one now. Send three dollars to The McCormick Distributing Company."

"What's the matter with the ad?" Mr Gindle demanded threateningly. "The machine's got a notched blade all right. We don't say it's a lawn-mower, do we?"

"You will have an opportunity," said the stranger mildly, "to explain all that to the court. Meanwhile, come along with me. Here's the warrant."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Payne relating the adventures of Farthest North. The fifth story will appear in an early issue

Seventy-six Christmas Presents FOR THREE DOLLARS

It is feared (with some reason) that the spirit of Christmas is becoming mercenary; the price tag is a little too self-conscious.

If you have any friends of finer mind, and truer taste than the average, they will especially appreciate the compliment of a good magazine as a Christmas gift. No transient bauble this; but a kind, frequent, year-long troop of gifts.

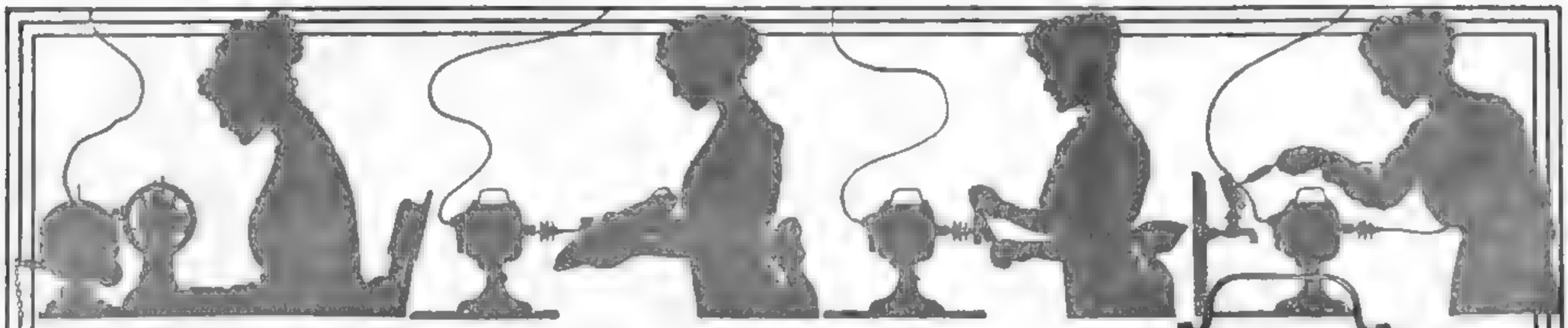
We make it easy for you to do your Christmas shopping. FOR THREE DOLLARS we will send THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL (to the same address or separate addresses) for one year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest-young and the youngest-old magazine in America. People who were never greedy before in their lives snatch it from the newsstands Thursday mornings.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, now published twice each month, is to the women of America a gospel of clothes, foods, manners and homes. In the coming year it will be especially attractive to the woman who is interested in adorning her home as well as her person, and we will tell you (in perfect confidence) that men also like to read THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

To get these seventy-six magazines for yourself send us THREE DOLLARS and then (at the same rate) do a good deed to your friends.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA



A Brand New Westinghouse Motor

It Has a Dozen Household Uses

Every woman who has electric light in her home will have a dozen uses for this perfect little motor. Every man who uses a kit of tools or who putters around the barn or garage will want one.

It runs the sewing machine. (Just this is worth its price.) It polishes the silver. Grinds the knives or any tools. Cleans faucets and door knobs. Blows away cooking odors from the kitchen. Ventilates any room. Forces up the furnace. Helps heat radiation in a cold room. Cleans the brass work on an automobile. Runs the boy's lathe—in short, it does any number of things that usually take time and exertion.

To change from one kind of work to another requires merely the use of a few simple, inexpensive attachments. Uses very little current, sometimes less than one electric lamp, never more than two.

This is a real motor, not a toy. Built as strongly for its work as the sturdy Westinghouse motor that runs the electric trolley car—and by the same organization, known everywhere for the correct design and honest construction of electrical apparatus for all purposes. The motor will last for years and needs no attention beyond occasional lubrication.

There is a Lighting Company or a dealer in your neighborhood who will show you the motor and how it works. Send us your name on a post card and we will tell you where to see it, *and also send you a booklet describing the motor and telling in detail what it does.* Write for "General Utility Motor Book" to "Westinghouse, Dept. of Publicity, Pittsburg."

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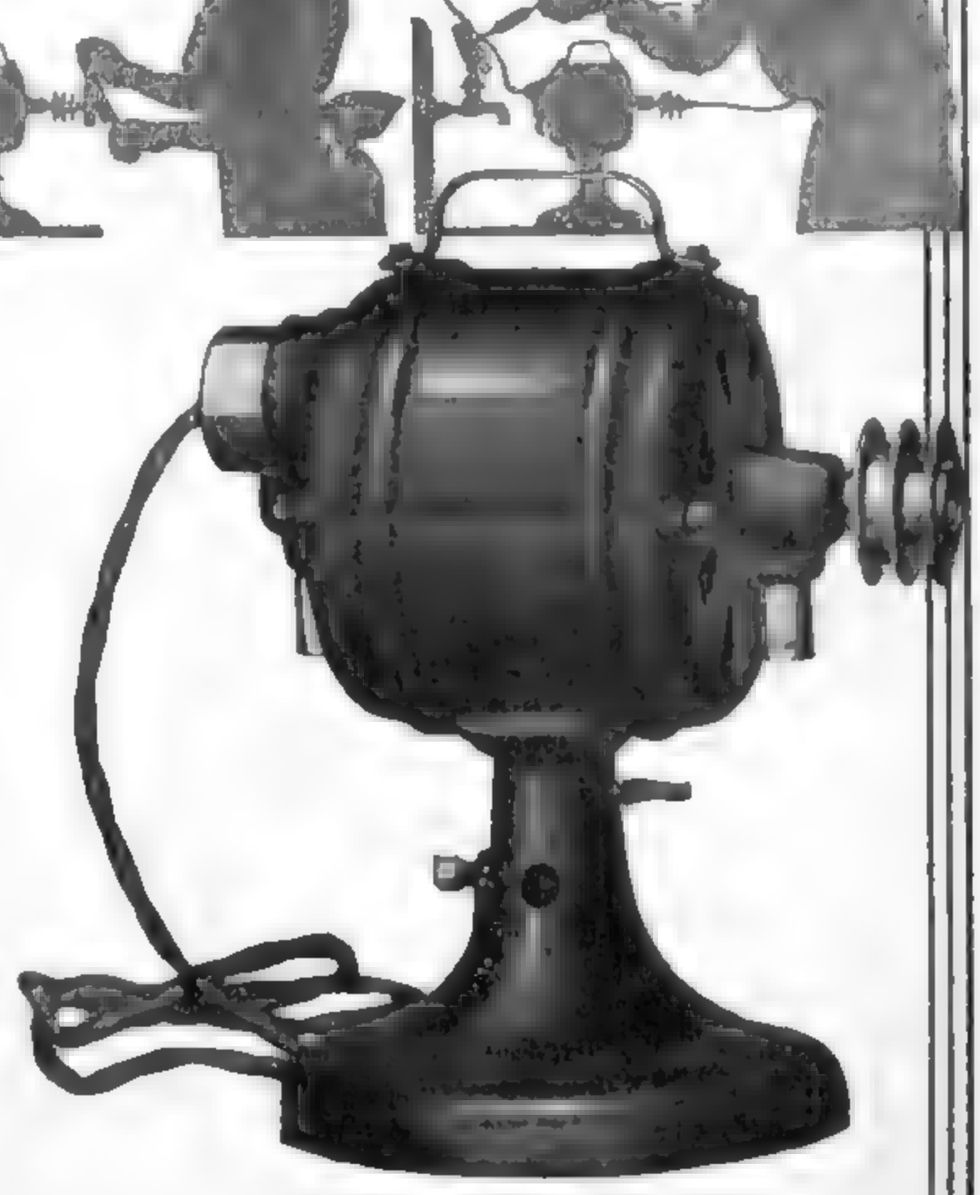

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Guaranteed for one year

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It is the only low priced, portable typewriter using a ribbon—it is as small as an efficient machine can be (11x5x2 inches—weight 4½ pounds in case). Simplicity makes possible its low cost.

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Send name and address for free illustrated catalog. Agents wanted for a few unfilled territories.

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UKC

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VELLASTIC is the best fitting, best feeling, best wearing underwear you can buy. Ribbed for smooth, easy fit—fleece-lined for comfort and warmth. It is warmer than many of the heavy, bulky underwears and more comfortable.

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VELLASTIC offers best money value because it is one of the Bodygard underwears. At your dealer's.

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Look for the Bodygard Shield. It is your safeguard. Write for Bodygard Book No. 1.

UTICA KNITTING CO., Utica, N. Y.

Makers of the famous Bodygard Underwears—Lambsdown, Twolayr, Springtex, etc.

UKC

FAIR PLAY

(Continued from Page 5)

and that's my name; for I'm Mrs. Rosalba Watt and nobody else. Ha-ha!"

Dan remained uncomfortable, shifting his grip on the frail barrier.

"Yes—yes, o' course," he responded, like a man cornered at last. "O' course we are neighbors, if you ——"

Mrs. Watt beamed, and tossed her head so that all her salad finery trembled.

"There now!" she cried; "I'm so glad you think so!" She rose, and by a flank movement capturing Dan's hand, shook it heartily. "I mustn't be setting, because I must be going, but it's real nice to have the ice broken, I'm sure. Now we can be neighbors!" Gathering her skirt, she retreated toward the door, rosy with conquest. "Be neighb'ly," she called back, smiling. "Don't forget; be neighb'ly!"

Gitcombe returned from bowing his farewells in the veranda, and stood watching Dan with a malign smile.

"What an odd growth!" he observed dispassionately. "What a deuced odd growth! Poor, dear lady!"

Dan, his cheeks a still more swarthy red, went flinging up and down the room.

"That—that fifty-year-old kitten!" He shook his fist in a paroxysm. "She never missed her chance! There's women for you! Year and a half she watched us, till Joe dropped his letters for her to pounce on. She's got through. I'll nail Joe's hide on the barndoor!"

Back and forth, muttering, stamped the defeated manager.

"A good, honest woman, of course; none but honest women wear such freckles. All the same, old fellow"—Mr. Gitcombe, like a jaded Mephistopheles in yellow, wagged a threatening finger—"All the same, old fellow, mind your eye! There's trouble coming. She'll have you round that Kite-shape Track ——"

Dan swept his arm ferociously, as if plagued by a hornet; then, snatching at the letters, he sat down to open and read them with unnatural zeal. Over his shoulder he flung the brief command:

"If you're done eating you can go."

Something in the tone caused the gopher man to obey. He went debonair and grinning; but he went.

Silence fell in the room, except for the crackle of paper as Dan tore open, scowled at and flung aside piece after piece of his evening mail. Suddenly his chair crashed on the floor. He had jumped afoot, holding a sheet of gray notepaper.

"* * * 'so that we shall arrive,'" he read, "'on Wednesday evening, the tenth. Yours very truly, Janet Woodgate.' Wednesday, the tenth. Why, that's to-night! She's coming here to-night!" Dan gave a stifled groan. "Any minute now." He shook the letter slowly, eying it with venom. "Carried in Joe's pocket since last Saturday—and she'll arrive any minute!"

The gopher man peered from the veranda.

"Anything wrong, old chap?"

The little Chinaman shuffled in and stood blinking.

"Everything!" cried Dan. "Women! It's raining women! Whole place wrong! The owner's coming—the old maid—to-night! Tau, clear off that table! Run! Quick! Gitcombe, go light the lantern on the post!"

Tau, serene and cool in his white tunic, had collected an armful of plates and saucers, when his master suddenly wrested them away, crying out a new order:

"Here, Tau! You go kill chicken, cook him. Boss woman she come quick now; catchee supper. Boss woman—you savvy?"

The Chinaman, at this news, gave a contortion of mirth.

"Heh-heh!" he cackled. "She no likee this place! One time—look-see—no come no more!"

Languidly approaching the mantelshelf, he took down his master's great revolver, broke it open, squinted wisely at the cartridges, snapped it shut, and scuffed out through the veranda as though on some errand of murder.

Dan, putting his head out at window, called into the night:

"Oh, Brannif! Tom Pancoast! You men! Come, run your dunnage out of here! Hurry up!"

The men came slouching in. With a few words and gestures Dan set them to clearing the room, like a crew of dusty pirates sacking a humble but multifarious store. They went cheerfully, hauling from corners a tangle of harness-leather, slickers, coils of rope, and broached packing-cases, meanwhile crying to each other in a hubbub: "Been here since the flood, I guess!" "Somebody lend me a stump puller!" "Git up to the rack, Johnny!" "The Old Woman'll fire you, all right!" At the height of the dust and trampling uproar young Brannif, dodging in and out with a cairn of dishes in his arms, bumped and let all go with a monstrous ringing crash of tin and crockery. The sound, like huge cymbals in a finale, produced a lull of astonishment. In the midst of this there rose a little squeal of feminine distress.

At the same instant a pistol shot cracked without, close at hand.

"Oh!" The note of distress ran higher and more treble. Two women in the doorway shrank together, then clasped each other tight, as past them, into the disorder of the room, darted a barbarian dwarf flourishing a giant revolver.

"I kill him!" The assassin grinned. "I kill him in a dark—one shot! I fix him!"

"Oh, Janet!" cried one of the women, her face pressed against the other's sleeve. "Oh, Janet, he's killed a man, and they're laughing!"

Indeed, among the pirate crew several voices applauded, while the Asiatic flitted by to his kitchen, pistol in one hand, and in the other something white, limp and fluffy.

Dan, though badly staggered, was the first man to recover. With cheeks flaming he made a stiff but not unsoldierlike bow and bluntly addressed the two hesitating figures.

"Don't be scared, ladies," he stammered. "Tau ain't shot—Tau hasn't shot a man. He wouldn't hurt a chicken. Er—that is—he has, I mean, for your supper." Seeing the visitors checked upon the threshold—"Honest," he urged. "Only a chicken."

A quick, deferential hush fell over that rude company. Each dusty hat came off with a speed that put to shame even the best graces of C. Hamer Gitcombe. The younger of the ladies, with face still averted, held her more timid companion by the hands and drew her gently forward into the lamplight.

"Don't be frightened, dear," she was saying in a pleasant but far from resolute voice. "None of these gentlemen would like to think you were afraid of them."

Tom Pancoast, the lank and sour, did himself proud.

"You're right, ma'am; we don't," he spoke up. "Nothin' else you wanted us for, Mr. Blake? Boys, pull out!"

As the men trooped away with their burdens Mr. Gitcombe paused, murmuring behind Dan's back:

"Pretty average charming voice for this old girl with the ringlets?"

Dan made a futile backhand sweep and groaned—not so much in answer as in self-reproach; for meanwhile the younger woman, still holding the other's hand, courageously faced him.

The younger woman: that would hardly fit. She was a creature not of the comparative degree but of the positive. Miss Janet Woodgate owed nothing to contrast, but could stand by herself, young in her own right. Build, coloring, the light of inward spirit shining outwardly on the face, and something like a happy impatience in movement or poise—all these triumphantly proclaimed her youth.

Dan, to his further confusion, saw her advancing.

"Did my letter reach you, Mr. Blake?" Her voice, perhaps too gracious by an overtone, roused him like a hidden rebuke or challenge.

"Only a minute ago, Miss Woodgate." Dan met her look with his old composure. "It went astray."

The girl's hair and eyes, he noted, were of the same bright color, a luminous brown; they might have given her face more than its rightful share of feminine softness but for the straight, determined line in which her nose and eyebrows broadly met.

"Mother," she turned to the gray-haired lady, "this is the manager, Mr. Blake." Then, like one who had finished a point of duty, she wheeled once more upon Dan. "We thought you wouldn't mind our coming. I want to see for myself, you know."

Dan bowed gravely. A look and a smile had told him all that he should need to

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One box Free for the asking

We have some new dainties—the finest examples of the baker's art. If you will send us your address we will mail an assorted box.

Never before has anything like them been made on this side the Atlantic.

We want you to taste them—then judge for yourself what they mean to your table.

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Write today for booklet and easy payment plan. AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 258 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Indiana

know about the mother; about the daughter he felt by no means certain.

"You are the owner, Miss Woodgate," he quietly acknowledged. "The place is yours, o' course; and I'm—I'm your humble servant."

II

DAN, having placed the two ladies at the head of his table, strode into the kitchen to see, guide and invigorate the whole polity of Yee Tau. This errand proved neither short nor easy; and when, relaxing from the strain of much diplomacy, he came back with a hopeful report, he found that more difficulty had grown up, quick as a weed, during his absence.

At the supper table, smiling and affable, sat Mr. Gitcombe. He had changed his yellow khaki for gray flannels, well-worn but neat, which altered his whole state of man. Cool, sleek and greatly subdued in manner, he took his ease there, like a man skilled in charming away all tedious delays. He had made some quip, not unsuccessfully; for Miss Woodgate, beside him, had been laughing.

She looked up as Dan drew near.

"Oh, Mr. Blake," she said, in a ready, offhand way which—as Dan at once perceived—meant a complete reversal of mood. "Mr. Blake, you won't object?" She had laughed on equal terms; now—no matter how freely or with what good humor—she spoke from a higher level to a lower. "It's very hot, and we're a little tired. Should you mind just having something light for us? Tea and toast, perhaps? This gentleman"—she smiled at the gopher man, transformed in his tidy gray flannels—"This gentleman has made the suggestion, and it's very welcome. We're giving you a great deal of bother. But the chicken might be—a little bit—too recently alive?"

Dan came fresh from doing his best for the sake of hospitality. No man, as Dr. Samuel Johnson observed, is pleased to have his best neglected. Nor was it recompense to find Mr. Gitcombe so far outstripping and outshining in civility.

"All right, Miss Woodgate. I'll see to it." Though strangely discomfited, Dan fell back in good order on the kitchen. Tau received his countermand with a yell, and sent a crude, naked fowl hurtling across the room, from oven to sink. Plan A for supper being thus disposed of, plan B required the more delicate negotiation; all of which—to Dan, after a long, hot day's work—seemed far from soothing.

Nor had he better comfort when, at last joining his visitors at the revised and belated supper, he found that Gitcombe and Miss Woodgate, to their mutual content, kept all the talk between them. They discussed, gayly and with many points of laughing agreement, some place on the continent of Europe where Dan had never set foot.

Once, later, the girl turned suddenly for an appeal.

"Oh, Mr. Blake, that's not so! He's joking, isn't he? Mr.—your assistant says ——" She caught a little gleam in Dan's eye. "He is your assistant, I suppose?"

Dan let a grin escape him.

"Yes, Mr. Gitcombe's an assistant, you might say."

Gitcombe refused the title, explaining airily:

"You see, Miss Woodgate, I'm only the gopher man. Blake means that, but he's too generous to say it outright."

He squinted at his master, knowing and impudent, as though he had scored a touch.

"Gopher man?" echoed the girl. "What is that? What do you do?"

"Oh, I trap the beasties generally," said Gitcombe, "and keep 'em from boring your levees; like the little Dutch boy in the storybook, who stuck his thumb—don't you know?—into the dyke. Trapper cum inspector-general. It's rather good fun, is gophering. Awfully pleased to show you any time you care."

Dan had the cold privilege of seeing Miss Woodgate's face light up at this proposal; then of hearing her debate, with animation, the time and place best fit for her convenience and the gopher's. It proved a great relief when, devoting himself to the girl's mother, he found an amiable listener. Mrs. Woodgate, a quiet little gray-haired widow, had given her daughter those light-brown eyes, but kept in her own some gentler quality, a look that youth might not inherit. Subdued, half-hidden yet bright, there lived in it that flexible, unconscious dignity, rare among women, which can poise balancing between sadness and a private sense of drollery. Dan could not put this into words, but he knew it on sight. So ought a woman to look. He presently caught her smiling at whatever he had tried to say; the smile gave him courage to say more; and by the end of supper he sat amazed and delighted. Women could be thus after all. The fact had never crossed his life before. Somewhere, darkly in the back corridors of his mind, he had opened a vacant room, founded a gallery of noble dames. The one portrait hanging there was Mrs. Woodgate's, in the foremost place; and by her all likenesses to come thereafter would take their worth and ranking.

"We'll not sit up tonight, Mr. Blake," she said as the party rose from table. "The train was very hot and trying. Thank you—if your Chinaman will show us our rooms?"

Her daughter's voice interrupted them. Miss Janet Woodgate, on tour of her surroundings, had paused by the desk in the corner and taken up the small blue book that Dan had left there, face downward.

"Why, how funny!" cried the girl. "The Golden Treasury, of all things!

"So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed . . .'

And open at the very place! Who was reading this? Were you?"

She turned, in a pretty flush of surprise, toward Mr. Gitcombe.

"I?" said that cosmopolite readily moving alongside. "Oh! Yes, I did happen to be turning the leaves over." He gave Dan a brief, astucious look. "Contradict me," it said, "if you want to." Then, nodding at the little blue volume, he added heartily: "Delightful things in that, eh? Your favorite?"

The girl glanced at him.

"Lycidas? And the day-star part?" She smiled; and Dan, superfluous bystander, felt the barb of envy. "Why, it's meeting old friends in a new country!"

"Quite," the gopher man chimed in. "Always my favorite, too."

By chance, as Janet put the book aside, she caught sight of Dan's face, clouded. Misreading his thought, she laughed quietly and said:

"I suppose, Mr. Blake, poetry and farming don't go together?"

Dan, once rendered stubborn, could stay so.

"They don't overlap much," he answered, with a dry though friendly smile. "I'll take your word for it."

The reply sounded honest enough; so at least the girl thought; for, looking more kindly on her sunburnt retainer, she hesitated for a moment, then came forward impulsively. Her eyes were not yet the eyes of her mother, but young and wholly serious.

"You know," she began, like one who grapples unpleasant duty—"You know, Mr. Blake, why I came here? We should have to speak of it later; we may as well start with a clear understanding."

Dan liked her somewhat better; she could look straight and propound squarely.

"Well, Miss Woodgate," he replied, "I took it you came because you—because you weren't satisfied with things here."

The girl made a slight inclination.

"If I say so frankly, you won't bear any grudge?"

Her question was unfortunate. Dan, mildly incensed, made a curt answer.

"It ain't—it's not my place to hold grudges."

Yee Tau entered, a tin lamp in each hand, and shuffling across the room waited for the ladies beside the farther door. His face, gilded by the lamplight, shone impassive. His little slant eyes peered sidelong, downcast, watching both mother and daughter—studying them on the sly, as only a Chinaman can study those to whom luck has given riches.

"I shall want to see everything," said Janet Woodgate. "To have it all explained. Between you and this gentleman"—she made a friendly gesture toward Gitcombe—"I shall hope to learn a great deal."

Mr. Gitcombe bowed neatly and promptly.

"Charmed, I assure you," he responded.

Dan returned a more tardy allegiance.

"Between this gentleman and me," he admitted, "you ought to pick up some facts."

"Thank you." The mistress of the Blue Knoll divided her acceptance fairly. She

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turned toward Tau the lampbearer; then paused, facing Dan as if by an afterthought, with an obvious yet graceful effort of conciliation. "I know you've had great experience, Mr. Blake. What is the hardest thing one has to learn?"

Dan gave a short laugh.

"The hardest?" He considered. "The hardest? Well, long and short, it's—judging men."

The girl's straight eyebrows lifted perceptibly.

"That?" She seemed to weigh his words and find them lighter than expected. "Really? I should have thought ——" She broke off, moved away. "But, good night! We'll begin tomorrow." At the door she paused again, her face bright in Tau's little domain of radiance. Her parting look fell to Mr. Gitcombe. "Don't forget, I'm to see your gophers. Good night!"

She was gone, following her slave of the lamps, and leaving that end of the room darker, somehow, than it had been throughout the evening.

Her mother halted on the way, to give Dan a moment of quiet surprise.

"Mr. Blake, I think you and I are going to be friends." Mrs. Woodgate's smile forestalled the words; her lowered voice made them a matter of private audience. "I feel too tired for talking. My daughter has all the energy for us both. She will rouse you out with the lark tomorrow. So, will you let an old lady offer a bit of advice? Don't allow Janet to give you too much trouble. She's very young, very confident; she worships power, and thinks —— No; I'm too old-fashioned to tell you what a girl thinks, or is, nowadays. But, if she tries your patience ——"

Dan grinned his broadest.

"Oh, it's all right, Mrs. Woodgate!"

His new friend gave a little nod, as though fully satisfied.

"I'm sure of that. But still"—her brown eyes twinkled archly—"Janet hasn't quite that gift you spoke of."

"Gift?" Dan stood puzzled.

"Of judging men." Mrs. Woodgate put forth her hand. "Good night."

She lightly acknowledged Mr. Gitcombe's bow of ceremony. Tau met her in the passage, with his remaining lamp. The door closed after her.

An interval of silence passed. Dan stood looking out through the veranda into the night. Stars, high and low, sprinkled a far expanse before him, burning in such broad multitude as covers only the sea or the plains. The hot wind fitfully poured and rustled through unseen walnut leaves. Staring out-of-doors, the young man remained oblivious to sight and sound. He was smiling unaware, for his thoughts revisited that newly opened chamber in his fancy, the gallery of noble portraits. A man's mother belonged there, it was likely. "I can't remember mine," he pondered. The loss had never struck him so nearly, as a due withheld from him alone.

"Well, old chap! Charming, isn't she?"

Dan had forgotten this intruder; and now, as he found Gitcombe standing beside him in a posture much like his own, he forgot also the heated rebuke he had reserved. His answer was even cordial.

"She is! You're not far off it."

Gitcombe vacantly regarded the stars and listened to the north wind in the walnut tree.

"Charming, absolutely!" he drawled. "Young—pretty—oof, no end—but not a bit spoiled!"

Dan wheeled sharp away.

"H'm! Didn't notice," he grunted. "I meant the mother!"

"Oh, come now!" his companion cried impatiently. "I know better. Of course, it's *matre pulchra filia*, so on. But you understood well enough. I meant the daughter. Confound it, Blake, don't play the sly dog!"

At this, the anger of a patient man blazed out.

"Gitcombe, go easy!" Dan's voice was curbed, his eye dangerous. "I stood a heap from you tonight. These ladies didn't come here to see if you approved of 'em. To h—l with your Latin! I'm talking English."

Dan stalked over to the table, slewed one of the benches away, and sat down in dudgeon. The gopher man paced a turn across the door, laughing. Then he stepped forward briskly in front of his chief.

"You talk it, of sorts," he allowed cheerfully. His well-trained smile played wrinkling in his cheeks. "Now, that's better. That's better. You dislike me altogether, and we know where we stand. You do me wrong, though, really. I'm not a bad sort at bottom."

Dan looked up, mollified.

"Never said you were," he grumbled.

"You think it, but I'll prove the contrary." Gitcombe dragged a chair between them and bestrode it cavalier-fashion, his arms crossed on its back. "Look here. Didn't notice the girl, you say? Nonsense! You did. I did. Noticeable top to toe, that girl. Like the young Johnny's dancer friend in the old play, 'she cannot long remain hid!' Eh? She's the first real thing you have noticed these ten years! Come! Well, now here's what I mean to say."

From the passageway the weazened Chinaman returned, went past them forcing a little cough of discouragement, and slipped through to his kitchen. Gitcombe watched him out of the room, then glanced about for eavesdroppers.

"Here's what I mean to say." His gray eyes contracted, the smiling lines twitched at his lips. "You'll find me quite aboveboard. Quite. This girl. She's pretty. Good. Not spoiled. Simple enough, in all conscience, to say downright she likes poetry! What? And a good tidy fortune; this patch of land here is one, only one, of her playthings. Imagines, of course, that she can do for herself, be independent, go it on her own. Women all think so; but they can't! Well?" The speaker tilted his chair forward and lowered his voice. "Now comes the point: She'll be staying here, say, a fortnight!"

He reared his chair backward, nodded and grinned significantly.

"Well?" Dan sat unmoved. "What of it?"

Gitcombe outstared the lamp, as though its comfortable glow contained his enigma.

"A fortnight," he continued at last, "is fourteen good long days. Ample time. Propinquity: that's the word. Girl's bound to run smash on the right man sooner or later. Why not soon? Eh? Why not you?—or me?"

He whipped out this climax, and sat waiting. Dan shifted, crossed his knees, and yawned.

"You're talking crazy," he observed.

"I'm dead in earnest!" cried the gopher man, springing afoot with an energy that brought Dan bolt upright on his bench, wide awake. "Dead earnest! I'll race you to her. A fair field, a flying start, and no hard feeling, whoever wins. Is that plain? A sporting offer, I call it!"

Dan stood up slowly and remained in his tracks, appearing to study a multilateral problem, round and round.

"I've read about people like you," he declared in a curious tone of unbelief; "but I never thought 'twas so. Most Englishmen I've run across are mighty good fellows."

Gitcombe, stepping lightly back and forth, watched him with expectant eye. There came no further outburst.

"Way of a man with a maid, that's all." The challenger, halting, spoke in freedom and candor. "Nothing extraordinary, except that I should put the case to you square. Good fellows? What's this but fair play? A clean race. Mug-hunting? Perish the thought, old chap! We only follow the Quakers' rule:

Don't thee marry for money,
But go where money is!

Oof, yes. The child has plenty of oof. But a devilish pretty girl; not hard to fudge up a liking for. Come! At least a fortnight. Why not you or me? There's the whole thing. You or me. No favors!"

The young manager's coat of tan deepened until his cheeks burned like an Arab's.

"I'm not," he answered sourly, "a racing man."

Gitcombe laughed, more friendly than before.

"All the better: I'll go it alone. The Maiden Sweepstakes; entries close tonight. Only, I've served fair notice. Now I can go it alone."

"And I," Dan retorted with sudden virulence, "can fire you first!"

The other bent on him an odd look, merry and sagacious.

"Oh yes, my dear chap, you can! But you won't."

"Won't I?" Dan growled. "Why not?"

Gitcombe's manner dropped at once into the confidential. He moved alongside and tapped his angry master on the arm.

"Because," he said with pert emphasis—"Because that would hit rather below the

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belt. I made a straight offer, when I might have come side-winding in. You won't discharge me."

Dan turned aside, irresolute and sullen.

"If you did," continued the gopher man blandly, "you might be thought jealous. A very sneaking form of jealousy."

Dan faced him again.

"That's enough! You've made your talk."

"Right, old fellow! I'm off." He paused in the veranda and looked back, smiling. "Better sleep on my offer. Not too late to change your mind and race me. Good goods for the guineas! It's worth the running!"

The stars burned clear in the doorway. He was gone. For a long time Dan stared into the night, alone with the first real puzzle of his life. Decisions, plain cleavages of right and wrong, Blake knew how to slash into and rough-hew at a stroke. This was different, queer, and, like all emergencies, had a strong color of the unreal. "I don't know," he muttered. "I don't see —— Comes of bringing women under the same roof!" Gitcombe, through all pretext of candor, he knew for a double strategist. What was worse, the strategy held. "Only two ways," thought Dan: "discharge this fellow or else tell her mother. I can't. Neither. He's got me." The young manager wagged his head. Strange, he felt it, that a case so flimsy could prove so binding. He was like a horseman who rides through a floating spider's web, and cannot see for sticky threads. The more he brushed at his doubts, the closer they clung and twisted.

With drooping head, elbows on knees, Dan sat and watched the black dust thinly curve or creep straight on the floor.

A plank of the veranda creaked. "I report for duty, sah b," called a low, musical voice.

The Sikh marched into the room. Under his black turban his pale brown face wore the quiet light of confidence. One hand gripped a good, thick staff of solid male bamboo, cut on some Eastern hillside. This he grounded like a gun and, saluting, stood tall and proud, a man refreshed.

"I report, sahib," he intoned gravely.

Dan had forgotten this dependent.

"What you want now, Lal Singh?"

The warrior from the Five Rivers turned, waving his hand slightly toward the door.

"My brothers," he murmured. "They to thank the sahib for that foodings."

A pair of tall, dark figures stood bowing in the veranda, lowering their turbans—one yellow, one dirty cardinal.

"We finish hungerry," said their spokesman. "Now it is work?"

Dan rose and looked upon them—three notable brothers, powerful though slender. They in turn looked solemnly upon him, like men who had at last found a real sahib among the rabble of a strange country, the strangest country in the world.

"Yes, there's work," replied the young man. Here was plain masculine matter, easy to comprehend. "In a few days we'll be picking hops. Tonight, let's see what kind o' watchmen you make. Those hoboes are camping down among the live-oaks, and I fired a friend o' theirs on account of drink. They're too near the hay-barns. You savvy, big buildings?" He pointed into vague distance. The Sikh gave a nod and a gradual, competent smile. "Good. See nothing goes wrong down there."

Lal Singh, bowing, fell back to join his brothers in the dark.

"We good-night watchman," he said, raising his bamboo like a staff of office. "We watch."

At the door he faced about.

"The sahib can tell?" he asked, frowning as he struggled to match word and thought. "What is the man we seeing?—here—out." He leveled a brown finger at the outer darkness. "A man going there, we coming here—what man is that, sahib?"

Dan shook his head. For a moment the question baffled him. Then he guessed. The Sikhs, approaching the house, might have passed his retreating enemy, Gitcombe.

"Oh, that man?" he answered scornfully. "That man is nothing! He work, no good! See you work better!"

The tall Indian smiled at this order and saluted in farewell.

"Good working, sahib," he promised. "Good watchman!"

The three brothers showed their teeth, and trailed out into the starlight.

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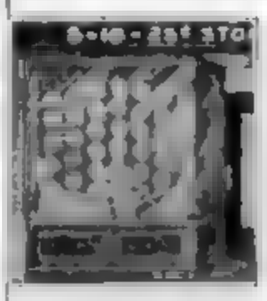

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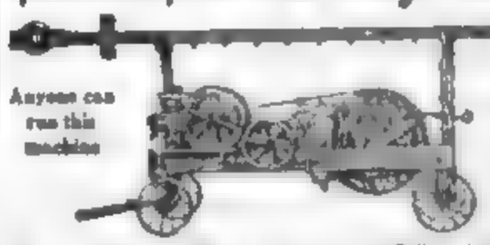

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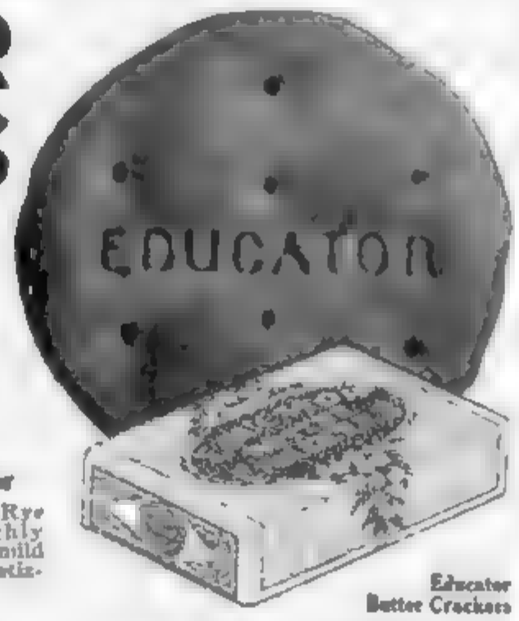

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There can be no more thoroughly appreciated gift than a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and it does not end with the passing of the holidays—it just commences. Each week for a whole year the magazine continues to come. It is really fifty-two gifts.

THE POST'S way of announcing the present adds immensely to its attractiveness. We have this year prepared a beautiful reproduction of Botticelli's Madonna, in all the lovely colors of the original. This reproduction is "tipped" on the third page of the artistic four-page announcement which measures 6x9 inches. The first page bears this statement in beautiful, illuminated design:

At the direction of

[illegible]

we have entered your name on our list for a year's subscription to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We hope that the 52 copies we shall have the pleasure of sending will prove a pleasant reminders of the friend who sends this holiday remembrance

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia

Give your own name and address, as well as the names and addresses of the recipients, when you remit.

One of these announcements, bearing the name of the person who orders the subscription, will then be mailed in a sealed envelope so as to be received on Christmas by each person for whom a subscription is ordered.

Order at once sending $1.50 for each subscription. The cards will be sent so as to be received on Christmas morning, bearing your name as the donor.

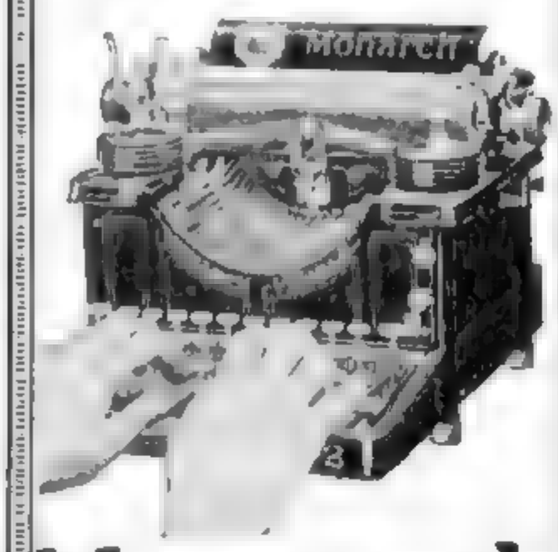
The Saturday Evening Post

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

A Typewriter Test that Means Something

Blindfold yourself. Have ten typewriters of different makes placed in a row—a Monarch somewhere among them.

Try each keyboard in turn. The machine with the lightest touch will be the



Monarch
Light Touch

and you can locate it every time no matter how its position be changed.

Just as the proper tools produce the best work, so does a responsive key action increase the efficiency of a stenographer. It saves her strength. Therefore, she has a better grip on her work, is more accurate, more rapid, gets a greater quantity of work done. There is no "three-o'clock fatigue" where the Monarch is used, and a few days' trial will convince you of this fact.

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Learn the reasons for Monarch superiority. Then try the Monarch, to the end that you may know that Monarch merit rests in the machine itself, not merely in what we tell you about it.

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Local representatives wanted everywhere, also a few more dealers for large territories. Write for details and attractive terms.

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The Law and YOUR Collars

There is a law for Linen.
The New York State Laws say a collar must not be stamped Linen unless it is Linen.
Barker Brand Collars
Are Plainly Stamped "Warranted Linen"
and are the only 2 for 25c collars for sale everywhere that are so stamped.
If Style, Comfort and Long Wear are what you are looking for in collars, look for the dog's head trade mark. All styles and shapes.
¼, ½ and ¾ sizes. 2 for 25c everywhere.
WM. BARKER CO., Makers
Troy, New York
NEW YORK STATE LAWS

THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT

(Continued from Page 11)

"'Let's have a nip on it,' said Patsy Horan.

"'Sure!' said Carter Watson.

"And arm in arm they ambled to the nearest saloon."

IV

NOW from the whole adventure Watson carried away no bitterness. It was a social experience of a new order and it led to the writing of another book, which he entitled Police Court Procedure: A Tentative Analysis.

One summer morning a year later, on his ranch, he left his horse and clambered through a miniature cañon to inspect the rock ferns he had planted the previous winter. Emerging from the upper end of the cañon he came out on one of his flower-spangled meadows, a delightful, isolated spot screened from the world by low hills and clumps of trees. And here he found a man, evidently on a stroll from the summer hotel down at the little town a mile away. They met face to face and the recognition was mutual. It was Judge Witberg. Also it was a clear case of trespass, for Watson had trespass signs up on his boundaries, though he never enforced them.

Judge Witberg held out his hand, which Watson refused to see.

"Politics is a dirty trade, isn't it, Judge?" he remarked. "Oh, yes! I see your hand, but I don't care to take it. The papers said I shook hands with Patsy Horan after the trial. You know I didn't; but let me tell you that I'd a thousand times rather shake hands with him and his vile following of curs than with you."

Judge Witberg was painfully flustered, and as he hemmed and hawed and essayed to speak Watson, looking at him, was struck by a sudden whim, and he determined on a grim and facetious antic.

"I should scarcely expect any animus from a man of your acquirements and knowledge of the world," the judge was saying.

"Animus?" Watson replied. "Certainly not. I haven't such a thing in my nature. And to prove it let me show you something curious, something you have never seen before." Casting about him, Watson picked up a rough stone the size of his fist. "See this? Watch me."

So saying, Carter Watson tapped himself a sharp blow on the cheek. The stone laid the flesh open and the blood spurted forth.

"The stone was too sharp," he announced to the astounded police judge, who thought he had gone mad. "I must bruise it a trifle. There is nothing like being realistic in such matters."

Whereupon Carter Watson found a smooth stone and with it pounded his cheek nicely several times.

"Ah!" he cooed. "That will turn beautifully green and black in a few hours. It will be most convincing."

"You are insane," Judge Witberg quavered.

"Don't use such vile language to me," said Watson. "You see my bruised and bleeding face? You did that with that right hand of yours. You hit me twice—biff, biff. It is a brutal and unprovoked assault. I am in danger of my life. I must protect myself."

Judge Witberg backed away in alarm before the menacing fists of the other.

"If you strike me I'll have you arrested," Judge Witberg threatened.

"That is what I told Patsy," was the answer. "And do you know what he did when I told him that?"

"No."

"That!"

And at the same moment Watson's right fist landed flush on Judge Witberg's nose, putting that legal gentleman over on his back on the grass.

"Get up!" commanded Watson. "If you are a gentleman, get up—that's what Patsy told me, you know."

Judge Witberg declined to rise, and was dragged to his feet by the coat-collar, only to have one eye blacked and be put on his back again. After that it was a red Indian massacre. Judge Witberg was humanely and scientifically beaten up. His cheeks were boxed, his ears cuffed, and his face was rubbed in the turf. And all the time Watson exposited the way Patsy Horan had done it. Occasionally and very carefully the facetious sociologist administered a real bruising blow. Once, dragging the poor judge to his feet, he deliberately bumped his own nose on the gentleman's head. The nose promptly bled.

"See that!" cried Watson, stepping back and deftly shedding his blood all down his own shirtfront. "You did it. With your fist you did it. It is awful. I am fair murdered. I must again defend myself."

And once more Judge Witberg impacted his features on a fist and was sent down to grass.

"I will have you arrested," he sobbed as he lay.

"That's what Patsy said."

"A brutal [sniff, sniff] and unprovoked [sniff, sniff] assault."

"That's what Patsy said."

"I will surely have you arrested."

"Speaking slangily, not if I can beat you to it."

And with that Carter Watson departed down the cañon, mounted his horse and rode to town.

An hour later as Judge Witberg limped up the grounds to his hotel he was arrested by a village constable on a charge of assault and battery preferred by Carter Watson.

V

"YOUR HONOR," Watson said next day to the village justice, a well-to-do farmer and graduate thirty years before from a cow college, "since this Sol Witberg has seen fit to charge me with battery, following upon my charge of battery against him, I would suggest that both cases be lumped together. The testimony and the facts are the same in both cases."

To this the justice agreed, and the double case proceeded. Watson, as prosecuting witness, first took the stand and told his story.

"I was picking flowers," he testified—"picking flowers on my own land, never dreaming of danger. Suddenly this man rushed upon me from behind the trees. 'I am the Dodo,' he says, 'and I can do you to a frazzle. Put up your hands.' I smiled; but, with that, biff, biff, he struck me, knocking me down and spilling my flowers. The language he used was frightful. It was an unprovoked and brutal assault. Look at my cheek. Look at my nose. I could not understand it. He must have been drunk. Before I recovered from my surprise he had administered this beating. I was in danger of my life and was compelled to defend myself. That is all, your Honor, though I must say in conclusion that I cannot get over my perplexity. Why did he say he was the Dodo? Why did he so wantonly attack me?"

And thus was Sol Witberg given a liberal education in the art of perjury. Often from his high seat he had listened indulgently to police court perjuries in cooked-up cases; but for the first time perjury was directed against him, and he no longer sat above the court, with bailiffs, the policemen's clubs and prison cells behind him.

"Your Honor," he cried, "never have I heard such a pack of lies told by so barefaced a liar ——"

Watson here sprang to his feet.

"Your Honor, I protest. It is for your Honor to decide truth or falsehood. The witness is on the stand to testify to actual events that have occurred. His personal opinion upon things in general and upon me has no bearing on the case whatever."

The justice scratched his head and waxed phlegmatically indignant.

"The point is well taken," he decided. "I am surprised at you, Mr. Witberg, claiming to be a judge and skilled in the practice of the law, and yet being guilty of such unlawyerlike conduct. Your manner, sir, and your methods remind me of a shyster. This is a simple case of assault and battery. We are here to determine who struck the first blow, and we are not interested in your estimates of Mr. Watson's personal character. Proceed with your story."

Sol Witberg would have bitten his bruised and swollen lip in chagrin had it not hurt so much. But he contained himself and told a simple, straightforward, truthful story.

"Your Honor," Watson said, "I would suggest that you ask him what he was doing on my premises."

"A very good question. What were you doing, sir, on Mr. Watson's premises?"

"I did not know they were his premises."

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Note the Reinforcement Where the Arrow Points

Here's a mantle made as two separate mantles and then "blended" into one *solid, strong* mantle that will outlast *six* ordinary mantles.

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It takes nearly twice as long to make such a mantle to say nothing of the extra material, so the price is 25c each.

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You can get one to try without cost by saving the covers of the boxes containing Block "Vy-tal-ty" Mantles—our 10 and 15-cent unlined grades—the very best mantles made for the money.

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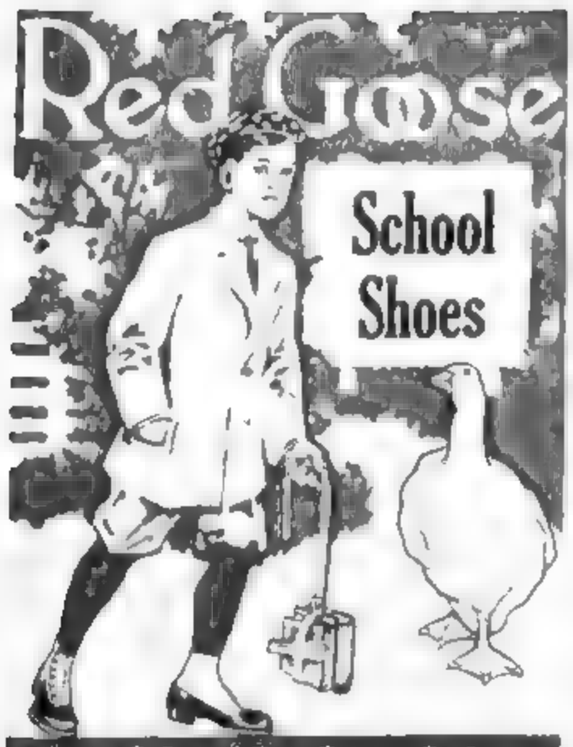

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$400 In Cash Prizes for Boys and Girls. We want every boy and girl in America to become acquainted with RED GOOSE School Shoes and are offering $400.00 in cash prizes for the best drawings of the RED GOOSE, the trade-mark of this celebrated line. Contest closes December 15. Full particulars of this great offer sent free on request.

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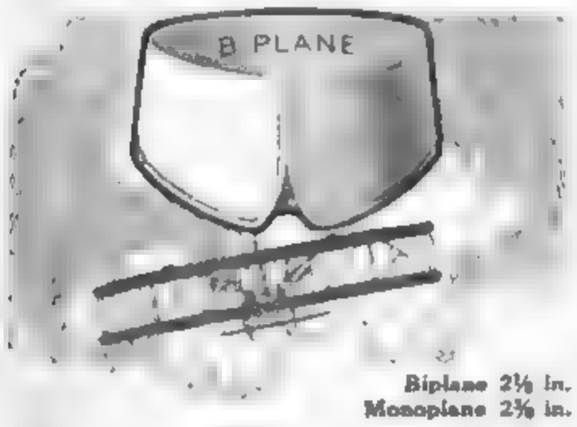

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C. W. Ransom, 728 Ridgeway Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

"It was a trespass, your Honor," Watson cried. "The warnings are posted conspicuously."

"I saw no warnings," said Sol Witberg.

"I have seen them myself," snapped the justice. "They are very conspicuous. And I would warn you, sir, that if you palter with the truth in such little matters you may darken your more important statements with suspicion. Why did you strike Mr. Watson?"

"Your Honor, as I have testified, I did not strike a blow."

The justice looked at Carter Watson's bruised and swollen visage, and turned to glare at Sol Witberg.

"Look at that man's cheek!" he thundered. "If you did not strike a blow how comes it that he is so disfigured and injured?"

"As I testified ——"

"Be careful," the justice warned.

"I will be careful, sir. I will say nothing but the truth. He struck himself with a rock. He struck himself with two rocks."

"Does it stand to reason that a man, any man not a lunatic, would so injure himself and continue to injure himself by striking the soft and sensitive parts of his face with a stone?" interposed Watson.

"It sounds like a fairy story," was the justice's comment. "Mr. Witberg, had you been drinking?"

"No, sir."

"Do you ever drink?"

"On occasion."

The justice meditated on this answer with an air of astute profundity.

Watson took advantage of the opportunity to wink at Sol Witberg, but that much-abused gentleman saw nothing humorous in the situation.

"A very peculiar case, a very peculiar case," the justice announced as he began his verdict. "The evidence of the two parties is flatly contradictory. There are no witnesses outside the two principals. Each claims the other committed the assault, and I have no legal way of determining the truth. But I have my private opinion, Mr. Witberg, and I would recommend that henceforth you keep off of Mr. Watson's premises and keep away from this section of the country ——"

"This is an outrage!" Sol Witberg blurted out.

"Sit down, sir!" was the justice's thundered command. "If you interrupt the court in this manner again I shall fine you for contempt. And I warn you I shall fine you heavily—you, a judge yourself, who should be conversant with the courtesy and dignity of courts. I shall now give my verdict:

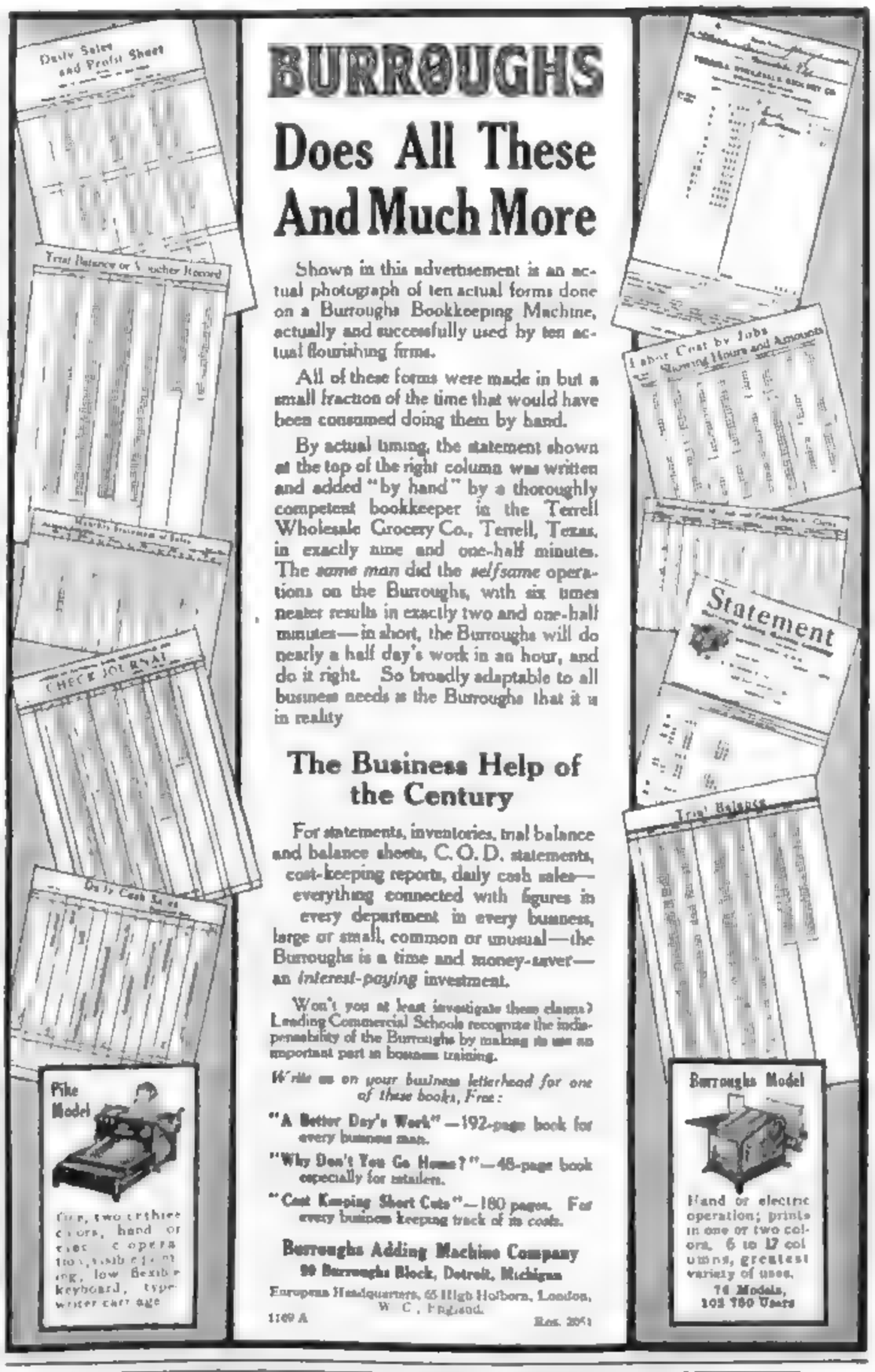
"It is a rule of law that the defendant shall be given the benefit of the doubt. As I have said, and I repeat, there is no legal way for me to determine who struck the first blow. Therefore, and much to my regret"—here he paused and glared at Sol Witberg—"in each of these cases I am compelled to give the defendant the benefit of the doubt. Gentlemen, you are both dismissed."

"Let us have a nip on it," Watson said to Witberg as they left the courtroom; but that outraged person refused to lock arms and amble to the nearest saloon.

Ill-Built Operas

THE celebrated Greek tragedies were really operas. In the original tongue, the descriptive word itself signified a song—literally a "goat-song"—but except as a man who has been engaged in producing grand opera contemplates his bank account, there is no need to insist upon the "goat" at this day. The unconscionable part taken by the chorus, especially in the earlier of these classic productions, rather puzzles a modern reader.

The Greeks were a very artistic people, and the long-winded intervention by the chorus served an artistic end. It was for the purpose of permitting that portion of the audience which is always late at an opera to rustle in leisurely, exchange greetings and chat awhile pleasantly about politics and the crops. As the chorus was merely spouting stuff about the Trojans and various Olympian personages, with which everybody was perfectly familiar, no one minded the confusion. With a less fine sense of esthetic fitness, our impresarios often put matter in the first part of an opera that a good many in the audience would like to hear. The result is hard feelings on their part.



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74 Models, 102 750 Users

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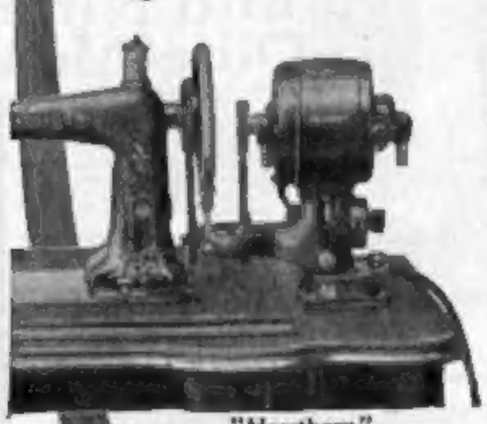
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WRITE US TODAY. Send the coupon with small first payment if you wish *immediate* delivery. Send for the catalog if you prefer to make a preliminary investigation. (57)

The Oliver Typewriter Company
43 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Quick Delivery Coupon and Order Blank
The Oliver Typewriter Co.
43 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

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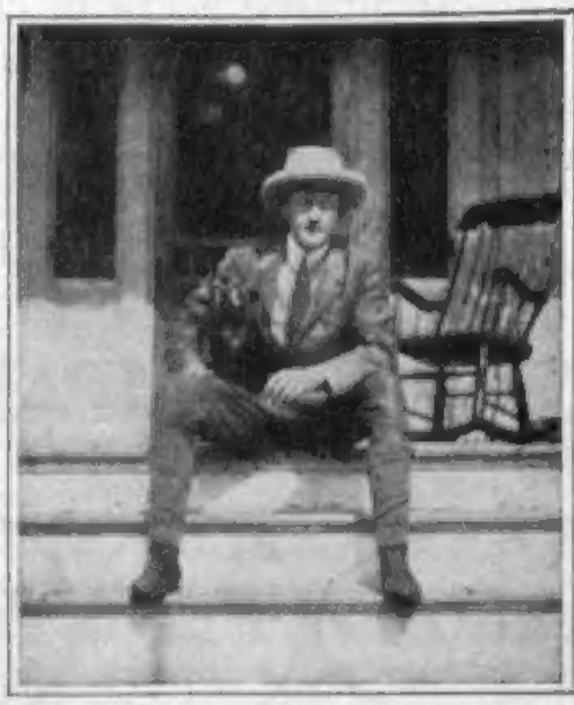
MAGAZINE MEN

Peter B. Kyne (on the Right)

Charles Battell Loomis and Jerome K. Jerome (The Handsome Man is Loomis)

Henry C. Rowland, as Applebo in The Pilot-Fish

Maude Radford Warren, Taking a Little Gentle Exercise



Two Former Chicagoans (John Corbin on the Left; Will Payne on the Right)

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Look Into This

We offer a worsted and balbriggan underwear plant now operating and has made money.

An attractive proposition for a man to get into the business, or an underwear concern to take it over.

We are specialists in manufacturing properties, and offer only good, paying propositions.

T. R. SIMMONS, Factory Broker, 60 Wall St., New York
Exclusive handler of factory properties. Going concerns a specialty.

Class Pins
THAT WEAR
Send for new free book of designs.
McINTIRE & COMPANY, 1011 Chestnut St., Phila.

Wear Just Right
Feel Just Right
Look Just Right

And they *are* just right, else we couldn't guarantee them for *six full months*.

That Everwear is far superior to the ordinary and "merely guaranteed" hose is best proven by its astounding popularity and our wonderful success. No other maker of hosiery enjoys such phenomenal growth.

In less than 4 years we have achieved what it has taken others many years to attain, and today we make and sell as many guaranteed hose as any other manufacturer in the world.

Everwear
TRADE MARK
HOSIERY
For Men, Women and Children

Everwear Hosiery is made to resist wear where the wear comes most—the rub and the stub of the heel and the toe.

These vital points are skillfully reinforced. You can *see* this reinforcement, but you *cannot feel* it on the feet. That insures comfort as well as strength.

Everwear Hosiery fits perfectly snug just where you *want* fit; at the instep and ankle, the heel and the toe. And its remarkable elasticity retains this fit despite its hard wear and many washings.

Go to the dealer today and get Everwear. Examine it closely. Note the absence of seams. Feel its soft, smooth texture; read the positive, six-months' guarantee.

Insist on Everwear—Refuse all "Merely Guaranteed" kinds. If your dealer doesn't carry them, send us price, stating size, style and kind desired, and we will promptly ship them express prepaid.

Merchants should write today for special Christmas trade offer.

FOR MEN

Silk Lisle—$3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, light and dark shades of blue and gray, hunter green, reseda green, purple, and gun metal.

Egyptian Cotton—$1.50 a box. Extra light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan, light blue, and brown.

WOMEN

Silk Lisle—$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

Egyptian Cotton—$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

The close ankle fit gives that neat, stylish appearance so much desired by every woman of taste.

The close heel fit, toe fit, and the fine soft texture assure absolute comfort in the shoe.

CHILDREN

Extra Long Staple Cotton—$2.00 a box. Colors, black and tan.

The knees and feet are especially durable, being extra reinforced by the Exclusive Everwear Process. The leg, or body, is made with twice the number of stitches used in other children's hose. This allows them to stretch freely when needed; yet they are not bungleosme and coarse as is often the case in this class of hose, and fit, comfort and appearance have not been sacrificed for wearing qualities.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 11, Milwaukee, Wis.

Did you ever make a Phonograph Record? Did you ever hear yourself talk, or sing, or play?

Talk about entertainment—there is nothing that approaches the fun and fascination of making records at home on

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

THE EDISON will record what you or your friends say, or sing, or play, and then instantly reproduce it just as clearly and faithfully as the Records you buy are reproduced.

This is a feature of the Edison Phonograph you should not overlook. It is entertaining, instructive and practical. You can send your voice to a friend, preserve the sayings of children, record your progress as a speaker, a singer or a musician.

Anyone can make records on an Edison. It requires no special machine. The blank records can be used over and over.

Go to any Edison dealer to-day and let him demonstrate this great feature of the Edison Phonograph and when you buy make sure you get an Edison, the instrument that gives you not only the best renditions of the world's best entertainers, but also the opportunity for home record making.

There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at $15.00 to the Amberola at $200.

Edison Standard Records	$ .35
Edison Amberola Records (play twice as long)	.50
Edison Grand Opera Records	.75 to $2.00

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both the Edison Standard and Amberol Records and get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

The Edison Business Phonograph stands right at your elbow. With it, you dictate just as if you were talking to the man to whom you write.

National Phonograph Company, 11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.